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Pratt Book Review

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Braille Book Review, January, 1933

Book Announcements

Editor's note: The presses are beginning to emboss books in the Standard English Braille. In this magazine the term "Grade 2" accompanied by the initials of the braille press will be used instead of the phrase "Standard English Braille."

Allen, N.B. United States, geographical and industrial studies. To be embossed.

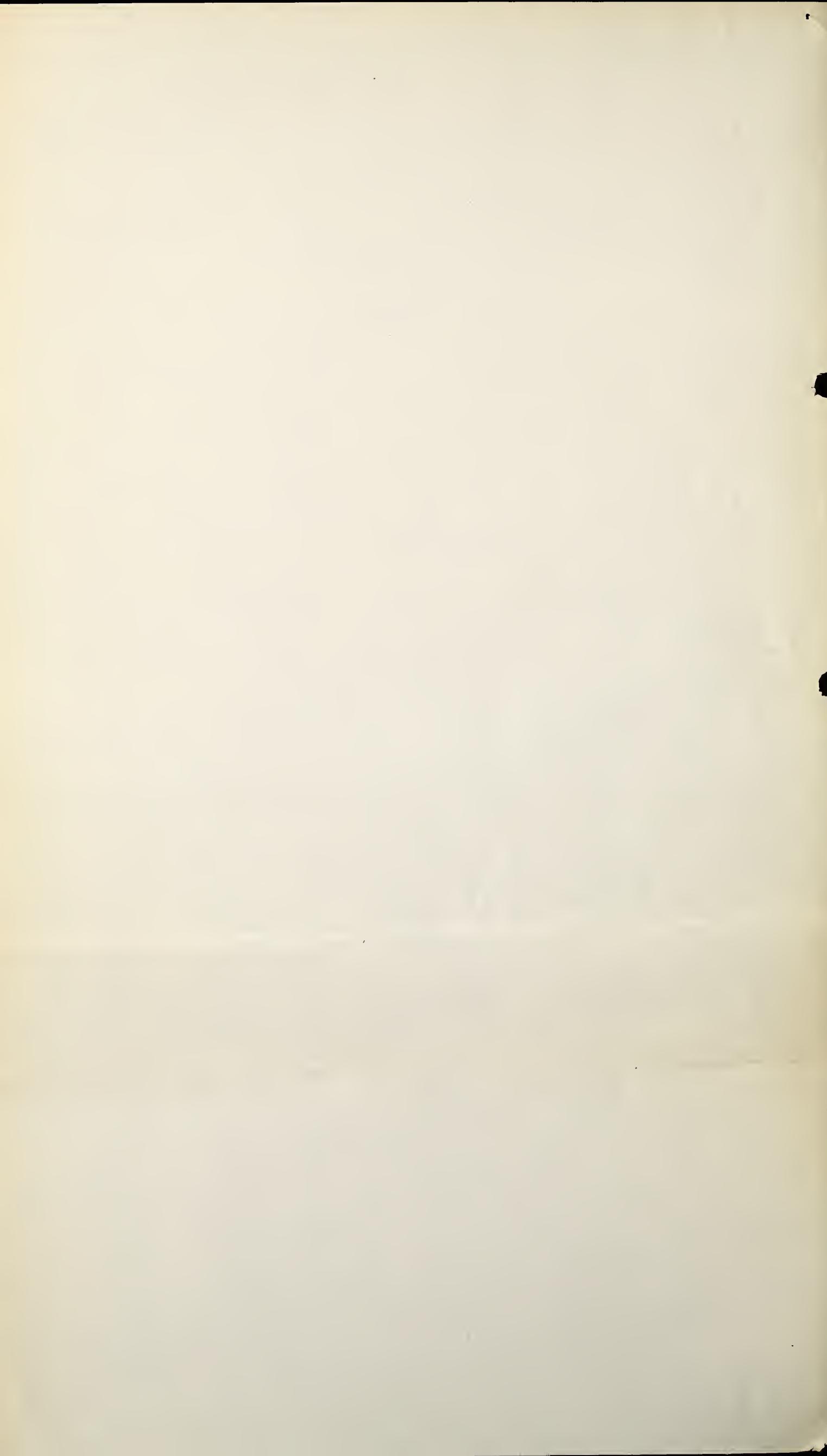
Bridge, Ann. Peking picnic. v.? 1932 FF A group of sophisticated English, French, and Americans go on a week-end party to an ancient monastery near Peking. The central figure of the group is Laura Leroy, a gracious woman of charm and understanding, the wife of an expert Orientalist attached to the British legation at Peking. The week-end proves to be the turning point in the lives of several people thrown intimately together in an atmosphere strangely quickening to the emotions. There is plenty of excitement in the story along with the realism, with the accurate picturing of a life strange and romantic to most readers, and through this action all sorts of unexpected things develop. The really important thing in the book, however, is the character of Laura Leroy. A stroke of genius has gone to the creation of this character.

Buck, Pearl. Sons. v.? FF This sequel to "The good earth" opening with the death of Lung tells the stories of his three sons: the eldest who became a self-indulgent rich man; the second, a miserly merchant; and the third, who is the hero of this book, Yang the Tiger, who became a great war lord. It is an excellent piece of work, wholly after the fashion of "The good earth". It has everything that "The good earth" had in the way of tangible literary qualities. It is, in its own right, as memorable a picture of a country and a civilization remote from ~~our~~ our own as was "The good earth". Yet there is a difference of opinion among the critics as to the value of this sequel when compared with the first book.

Chase, Stuart. A new deal. v.? 1932 FF Mr. Chase describes the growth of our present economic system and of modern industrialism, proposing a way to revise the economic structure without breaking entirely with the past. Stuart ~~the~~ Chase - one of economics' brightest and most readable gifts to man - here takes a long breath, commands his soul to John Maynard Keynes, and goes off the deep end into the infinitely complicated welter of our present economic disasters. Despite the rather superficial manner with which he assails these complex problems Mr. Chase seems to have a surer grasp of the philosophical intricacies involved than some other practitioners. Most readers will be stimulated by "A new deal", whether or not they agree with the theories put forth. The style is for the most part vigorous and honest, though it tends now and again towards slanginess.

Cohen-Portheim, Paul. England, the unknown isle. v.? 1931 FF A young Austrian who interned in England during the war years is the author of this shrewd and brilliant study of the characteristic features of the English nature in many spheres - social life in town and country, politics, education, art, literature, the theater, and the press. Mr. Cohen-Portheim is a sympathetic critic, even a flattering one, in his estimate of England's significance to civilization. To say that this book is at once compact and pertinent, is to give it no small praise: but it is more than that - it is profound and truthful. It is, in fact, a masterpiece of analysis and exposition, a book that is very possibly on its way to becoming a classic. Anybody with an interest in England should make a point of having this book on his shelf; and it would be no exaggeration to say that anybody who is thinking of traveling in England will find it the very best of guides. It is not on the surface a tourist's book, but while it does not tell us ~~so much~~ it does tell us what to expect - in other words, how to see.

Tinet, Ernest. What we live by. 2v. 1932. BIA FF This serene meditation of the true, the beautiful, and the good is in reality a manual of ~~the~~ happy living. "Anxiety about great issues gives our life its nobility," says the Abbe; and as he leads us to thought on its higher levels: the nature of the universe; God and the soul; the meaning of beauty in art and literature; the attainment of spiritual beauty. "What we live by" is a philosophic hand-book of conduct, ethical and spiritual; but a handbook conceived with such clarity of thought, and written with such clarity of diction, the reader does not realize he has been lured into the pursuit of philosophy! An achievement in itself attainable only by a Frenchman.



Fosdick, Harry E. *A I see religion*. 1v. 1932 CPM FF No one can read the book without appreciating Dr. Fosdick's fairness, calmness, balance and sanity. He knows his people - thinking people, well read people, educated people. They do not want to scrap religion for the fun of getting rid of it. They would prefer to keep it if it could be fitted into their concepts of the world we live in. Dr. Fosdick sets up the problems fairly, and his answers will seem to many of us the best that religion can give today. It is a book to make people think, not a book that tells them what to think. Therefore its pages may be scanned without fear by those whose professions are other than Dr. Fosdicks; they may be read by the freethinker without danger of contamination, and the atheist need not avoid them least he find himself confronted by too bold a resurrection of the image of the God he has abolished.

Heyward, Du Bois. *Mamba's daughters*. 6v. ARC Mamba comes out of the darkness of Charleston's underworld, the Catfish Row of "Porgy," to work without pay in Wentworth's kitchen, for the sake of the distinction which would come to her from being connected with quality white folks. The story of old Mamba, her daughter Hagar, and Hagar's child Lissa, runs along parallel with that of her adopted family.

Hudson, W.H. *Afoot in England*. 2v. BIA FF A famous volume of nature essays published in England in 1909. The reader shares the writer's delight in the English country-side in its roads and villages, in its birds, beasts, and people and in the legends that haunt its byways.

Hylander, Clarence J. *Cruisers of the air*. 2v. 1931 BIA FF The story of lighter-than-air craft from the days of Roger Bacon, first prophet of the flying machine to the making of the ZRS-4. Though written for boys the book has great interest for older readers.

James, William. *Letters*, edited by his son, Henry James. 7v. 1920 BIA FF Reveals the intimate and delightfully human side of America's foremost philosopher. His wide interest in philosophy, medicine, painting and writing as well as the home and Harvard life are disclosed in these letters.

Jessup, Alexander, editor. *Representative American short stories*. 17v. To be embossed. One of the most complete collections of short stories ever printed.

Lincoln, J.C. *Head tide*. To be embossed.

Macy, John, editor. *American writers on American literature*. 7v. 1931 APH FF A collection of essays on the writers and the literature of America, by thirty-seven contemporary writers and critics. Partial contents: Thomas Paine, by Van Doren; Irving, by H.W. Boylston; Emerson, by Hazlitt; Hawthorne, by Bromfield; Prescott, Motley, Parkman, by Allan Nevins; Howells, by Hamlin Garland; American journalism, by D.C. Seitz; Aboriginal American literature, by Mary Austin; Negro literature, by W. White; American drama, by P.H. Boynton; Contemporary fiction, by Llewellyn Jones; Contemporary poetry, by L. Untermeyer. The volume contains a general introduction by the editor, and a Who's Who of the contributors.

Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. *A princess in exile*. v.? ARC FF Continues the account of the life of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, begun in "The education of a Prince." The present book opens with the arrival of the Grand Duchess at Bucharest in her flight from Russia. From Bucharest she went to London to rejoin her brother Dmitri, from London she went to Paris, where she lived some time, and from there to America. Most of the book is concerned with her struggle to find suitable employment and her valiant efforts to fit herself for life in her new and strange environment.

Meurisse, Andre. *Atmosphere of love*, tr. by Joseph Collins. 5v. 1929 ARC Absorbing psychological study of love and jealousy, narrated in two parts, the first by Phillippe, recalling his devotion to his dead wife Odile, and the second by Isabelle, who became his second wife.

Miller, Grace M. *Miller system of correct English*. 3v. BIA

Muzzey, David S. *The United States of America*. 14v. 1924 edition? BIA FF A study of the development of the American ideal of democracy from colonial days to the Coolidge administration.

Oller, William. *A way of life; an address delivered to Yale students*. 1v. ARC

Priestley, J.B. *I for one*. 2v. BIA FF Essays.

Robinson, William A. *10,000 leagues over the sea*. 3v. 1932 BIA FF In a voyage that took about three and a half years the author sailed 32,000 miles around the world in a small cruising boat, stopping at out-of-the-way places as the mood seized him. A good many



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books have described similar small-boat circumnavigating journeys, but Mr. Robinson's is one of the best of them all because he has excellent skill with words and his mind is receptive to the appeals of imagination and beauty.

Steffens, Lincoln. Autobiography. 10v. 1931 CPH FF Mr. Steffens' verbal snapshots and detailed portraits of the many famous Americans and Europeans his widely-reading, life touched; his memories of the great historic events, all of which he saw and part of which he was; his lavish use of anecdote, running like a vein of quicksilver through the copious text, and his trenchant studies of various vital world problems, make a notable autobiography. This book deserves a place beside "The education of Henry Adams" as an American ~~document~~ document. It has not the literary quality of Adams' record, but what it reveals is of comparable importance. It is a book to study and ponder. Especially should it be studied by young men, for the wisdom of Steffens at sixty-five should be in the possession of every young man of twenty who faces the world today.

Tomlinson, H.M. Gallions Reach. 2v. 1927 BIA FF Gallions Reach is a section of the London waterfront. This is a novel of shipwreck and adventure by a master of style. H. C. Gaskins of the Saturday Review of Literature, in writing of it places the author among the best of contemporary writers and says in sheer beauty of imagery, in magic where magic belongs, and power where power is needed, he has no superior.

Williams, Blanche C. Handbook on story writing. 4v. 1930 APH FF The author was for many years a lecturer on this subject at Columbia University and is now Head of the English Department at Hunter College, N.Y.C. This handbook has been successfully tested out for fifteen years with students many of whom have contributed to Leading magazines. Illustrations exemplify the principles set forth; questions and suggestions for exercises makes this one of the best practical guides for the young writer. She has also written a brief outline on the ~~next~~ subject called "Short story writing" which forms one of the RWAP series and is in braille.

Hand-copied Books

Buchan, John. Castle Gay. 8v. 1930 Sacramento. A tale of adventures which take place in the Scottish moors when a famous journalist is kidnapped.

Butler, Nicholas Murray. Looking forward; what will the American people do about it? 6v. 1932 NYPL These thirty addresses constitute one of the few important contributions to contemporary thinking since the depression began (The Nation). They testify to Dr. Butler's erudition and to his ability as a constructive thinker (The Survey). Partial contents: A planless world; Forces that are making history; Unemployment; The Republican form of government; Some present tendencies in American life and opinion; The lingering zest to persecute; Disarmament; The constitution after one hundred and forty years.

Dillon, George. The flowering stone. 1v. 1931 NYPL This book of poems confirms Dillon's place among the more distinguished of his fellows. Was awarded the 1932 Pulitzer prize.

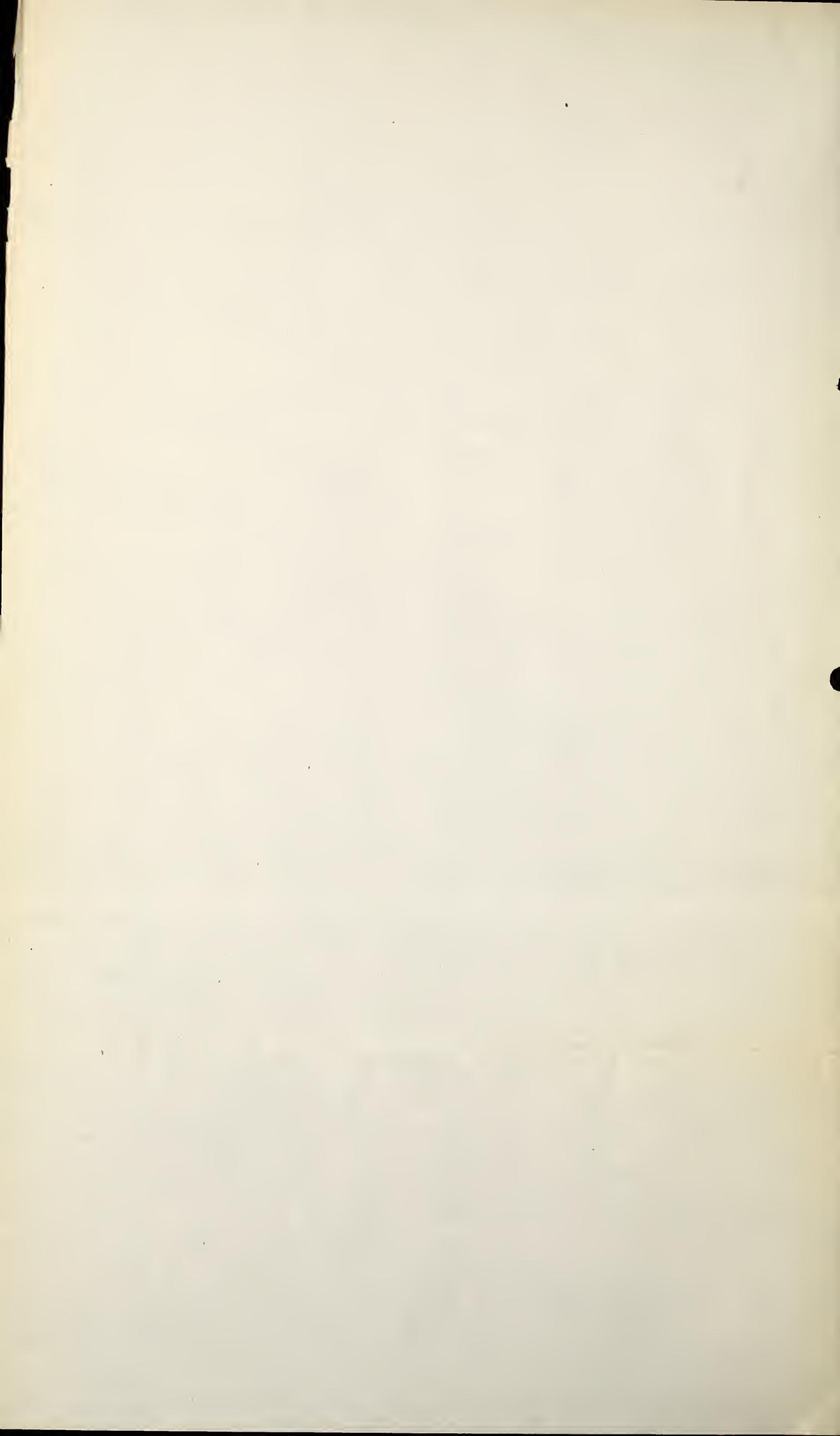
bridge, R.L. Manga Reva, the forgotten islands. 5v. 1931 Sacramento. A painter writes about the island in the Gambier Archipelago where he lived for eight months, his Polynesian neighbors, their customs and their ghosts, and something of the island's history in which the made priest Laval played a strange part.

Fordick, Harry Emerson. The second mile. 1v. 1908. LC Reflections upon the conduct of life

Geller, James J. Famous songs and their stories. 3v. 1931. NYPL A collection of fifty-five American songs with a short history of each. A remarkable job of condensation and the information is accurate. The songs are grouped as follows: The sacred seventies; The elegant eighties; The naughty nineties; The turn of the century; and Before jazz.

Haworth, Sheila. Susan Spray. 10v. 1931 LC The story of Susan Spray, born in Sussex in the disastrous days prior to the repeal of the Corn Laws. Susan was the oldest of the numerous progeny of a bitterly poor farm laborer, who was a member of an obscure religious sect known as the Colgate Brethren. At the age of six Susan saw her first "vision," and from that day became a power among the Brethren. Thruout the rest of her life Susan's recurring visions helped her in her many vicissitudes, and we leave her the triumphant pastor of a new church, the Church of Jehovah-Jireh.

Kolland, Clarence B. Speak easily. 5v. 1932. Detroit. A college instructor receives a good sized legacy and is forthwith dismissed by the president with the instruction to go and see the world. His adventures are amusing! Said to be of special interest to New York



LeGallienne, Richard. There was a ship, a romance. 5v. 1930 LC The setting of this historical romance of love and high adventure is England during the reign of Charles II.

Leslie, Henrietta, pseudonym of Mrs. G.H. Schutze. Mrs. Fisher's war. 5v. 1931 LC The war from the point of view of an English woman married to a German, with an English-born son, is the theme of this novel. Janet Fischer finds herself, at the outbreak of the war, in a tragic situation; her husband, Carl, is fighting in the German army, and her son, John, has enlisted in the British army. Janet herself, torn emotionally and suffering social ostracism, fights the greatest battle of them all.

Lowell, Joan, pseudonym of Mrs. Thompson Buchanan. The cradle of the deep. 5v. 1929 LC This book purports to be the story of the author's girlhood at sea from the age of eleven months to seventeen years. When first published its veracity was much discussed. The publisher finally settled the discussion by a public announcement that the book is not an autobiography but a romanticized version of a girl's life at sea. The scenes are mostly among the islands of the South Seas, on the coast of Australia and up and down the Pacific ocean.

Mather, E.A. The sea. 5v. 1930 NYPL A popular survey of oceanography, setting forth what science has learned about the form and nature of the oceanic basins, the characteristics of the waters in these basins, and the movements to which their waters are subject. A most welcome addition to this field. The author is to be congratulated upon producing a book of such interest on a subject familiar only to a few who have had special opportunities for study and research. Recommended to all interested in a popular but authoritative work of physical oceanography including its vital relation to human affairs from the earliest time to the present.

Mavor, Daniel G. Tune in, America; a study of our coming musical independence. 3v. 1921 NYPL In a series of brief and pungent chapters the author considers the effects upon us, good and bad, of mechanical inventions such as the phonograph, motion picture, and radio, and how new institutions such as school and college choruses, orchestras and bands are affecting our national taste.

Pinchot, Gifford. A refuge for lap dragons. 1v. LC A magazine article descriptive of the South Sea Islands.

Play, A.I. Lectures para principiantes. Spanish text. 5v. 1921 NLB

Poland and how to grow them. (The amateur's book of the garden series). 3v. 1924 LC

Snaggs, C.B. Neighboring with the wolves; and Tennis for two, by Valma Clark; magazine articles. 1v. Detroit.

Sommer, Albert. The primal forest, a doctor's work in Africa. 4v. 1923 Sacramento.

Somerville, Judith and V.F. Martin. Some experiences of an Irish R.M. 6v. NYPL, Seattle. Further experiences of an Irish R.M. 5v. NYPL, Seattle. There are rollicking stories of hunting, shooting, with truly Irish emotions. Take for instance the story of "The parsoned fox." From the misguided efforts of the photographer to take a picture of the hounds on a sheltering August day, all through the untimely chase of the old fox to the discovery of Tommy Flood sewn up in a feather mattress in the loft of the vicar's stable, and the raid of the hounds upon the wedding breakfast at the manor of the entry of the guests there is not a moment in which to draw breath. It is life itself with all the added quickness to its revolutions and intensity to its vicissitudes it can give.

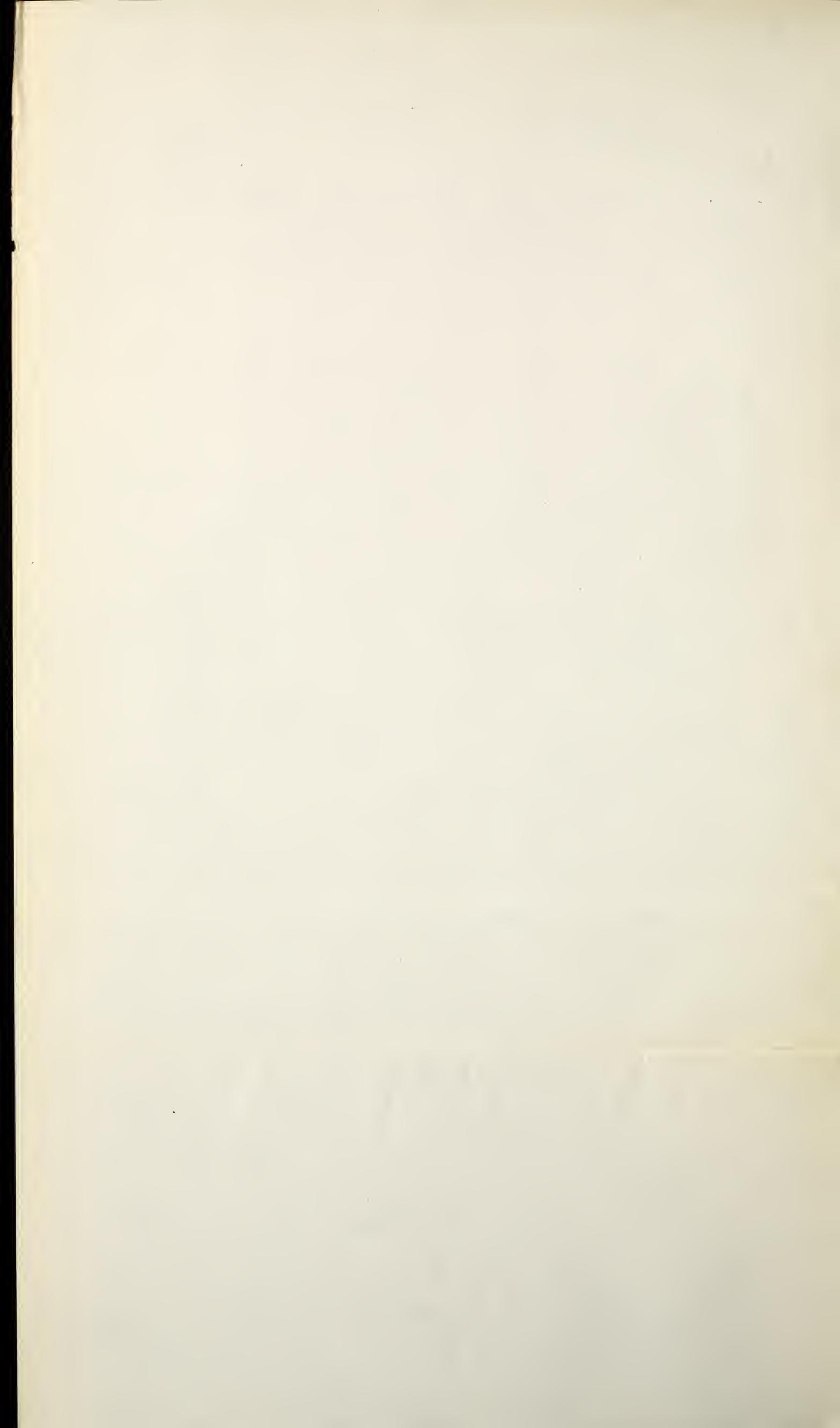
Spillane, Vincent. The eleventh juror, from "The world's 100 best detective stories." 1v. 1928

Taylor, W.L. God is at the organ. 4v. 1927 LC A book of sermons.

Whipps, Hugh. Judith Parries. 1lv. 1931 LC A sequel to Rogue Herries. The story is that of half of Judith Parries' life, Judith the red-headed turbulent daughter of Hugh Parries and his gypsy wife, who lost both father and mother the day she was born, and spent her life hating, and loving, Fighting and protecting her father's descendants.

Whitney, Elmer. The world on one leg. 5v. 1928 Detroit. The high-hearted recital of a man who started to walk his way round the world. He got as far as Honolulu and in a series of operations lost a leg. Whistling up his spirits, he kept on, or crawled, and earned his way round the world, and back. His book is not so much remarkable for what its young author saw and did, but for the way in which he did them and the spirit which carried him thru.

Wilde, Ernest. Daniel und der Kaiser; a magazine article. 1v. LC



brid, E. *The Taxicab People*, he brows. 1 v. Detroit. A group case study
litt. in story form, based on the author's experience in the Cuyahoga Country
court in Cleveland, Ohio. The acts in the studies are drawn from the same
nation which are either below par mentally or off their balance psychologically.
series of sketches of the people, undiscovered by most of us who drive taxicabs,
hash, cast votes, all yearn to see their photographs in the tabloids.
ite, W.A. *A certain rich man*. 12v. 1909 LC. The evolution of an imaginative, skillful
Kansas boy into a hardened, corrupt, power-loving financier of great wealth and
commercial influence is followed with leisurely detail. An absorbing though tragic
story, with a developing Kansas town for a background.
lder, Thornton. *The long Christmas dinner* and other plays in one act. 2v. 1931 NYPL
ork, Alvin C. *Sergeant York*, his own life story and war diary. 5v. 1928 NYPL Probably
the most dramatic story that came out of the conflict. It is an interesting fact that
York ~~was~~ was not a professional soldier nor a volunteer. He was a drafted man who ~~had~~
went to war reluctantly and with misgivings. Yet he became "the outstanding civilian
soldier of the war" according to Pershing Foch said that he did "the greatest thing
accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe."



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New Magazines

John Milton Magazine

The religious magazine in Braille, forecast last spring, is to begin its monthly appearance by early January, 1933, under the name, "John Milton Magazine". It will be devoted in part to general religious articles and news, and in part to Sunday School Lessons following the Uniform Lesson System.

The religious articles and news will be chiefly from leading religious publications, denominational and interdenominational; the purpose being to make the best in print available in braille, so far as the limits of the magazine allow.

The magazine will be free. Applicants should send their names and addresses clearly written; their denominational connection or preference; and ten cents registration fee; to Honorary Secretary, Rev. L.B. Chamberlain, 210 Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

The Nebraska Quarterly

This is a new magazine devoted to articles concerning the work for the blind and the achievements of outstanding blind people. It is published four times a year in braille with the additional contractions now in use. Price 25¢ per copy; \$1.00 annually. Contents for January: On Reading "1492" (a serial article); The Rally of the Association of the Blind - Omaha; Training Dogs for Blind Guides; Items of Interest.

Subscriptions should be sent to the editor, Miss Nellie G. Flegg, 4106 North 18th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

The Venture

Though not new, readers are reminded that this magazine published under the auspices of the Boy Scouts' and Girl Guides' Associations by the National Institute for the Blind, London, contains articles, stories, and other features of interest to blind scouts and guides. Your attention is called to this as there is some request for scout material. It may be borrowed from the New York Public Library, 42nd Street and 5th Avenue, New York City. Any other library circulating it please notify us. Subscription price, 1s. 6d. per annum.

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The Nobel Prize

John Galsworthy, British novelist and playwright, long recognized as one of the masters of modern English literature has been chosen as the recipient of the 1932 Nobel prize in literature. Dr. Irving Langmuir of Brooklyn, New York, was awarded the prize in chemistry.

Last year the prize in literature, worth about \$31,000, was awarded posthumously to Erik A. Karlfeldt, Swedish poet. Sinclair Lewis, the first American to achieve the honor, received the award in 1930.

Since 1901, when the prizes were established under the will of Alfred B. Nobel, Swedish scientist, who invented dynamite, two other Englishmen have won the award for literature. Rudyard Kipling took it in 1907, and George Bernard Shaw in 1925.

Mr. Galsworthy, who is now sixty-five years old, was born into a propertied family of the very upper middle class he satirizes in his major work, "The Forsyte Saga." After an education at Harrow and New College, Oxford, he traveled and studied for the bar nearly ten years before publishing his first novel, "Jocelyn," in 1898. Neither it nor his next three books achieved more than mild success, although with "The Island Pharisees," last of the three, published in 1904, he produced his first social study, in this case of the British landed aristocracy.

Two years later came Galsworthy's first popular success, "The Man of Property," the opening story about the Forsyte family, from whose history he has since strayed only once or twice in such novels as "The Freeland." "The Man of Property" is a magnificent satirical portrait of Galsworthy's own milieu, the solid, rich people who take precedence over every one in England except the "Island Pharisees." The book, perhaps better than any of the stories in the "Saga" which followed it, shows strongly the influences of the author's favorites - Dickens, Turgenev and de Maupassant. In it is introduced the character of Soames Forsyte, who was to become, after Galsworthy had dropped out the disagreeable qualities, the personification of his "good John Bullism."

In 1906 with "The Silver Box" began the plays, of which there are more than a score. They have a somewhat different cast from the novels, treating more definitely social problems and the relation of the individual to society. Galsworthy's somewhat sentimental view of that relationship foreshadows, perhaps, the exaggerations of his latest novels.

Through the World War and afterward he continued to write both plays and novels. In 1922 the Forsyte books were collected and published as the "Saga." Since then have come more Forsyte stories, which properly ended with "Swan Song," in which Soames is killed. He transferred Soames's "John Bullishness" to the landed aristocrats into whose families the Forsytes had married, however, and in "Maid in Waiting," the first part of another saga, it reaches an intensity almost of caricature. "Flowering Wilderness," a continuation of "Maid in Waiting," has been published recently.

Galsworthy's influence on English and European letters has been profound among the older writers. He was widely translated before the war and has steadily retained his popularity on the Continent.

It has been said that whatever may be thought of the later novels, with the great "Saga" Galsworthy earned himself a unique position by simultaneously creating a work of considerable beauty and putting a whole stratum of society on paper.

Winners of the Nobel Prize in Literature

American: Lewis, 1930.

Belgian: Maeterlinck, 1911.

Danish: Gjellerup, 1917; Pontoppidan, 1917.

English: Kipling, 1907; Shaw, 1925; Galsworthy, 1932.

French: Sully-Prudhomme, 1901; Mistral, 1904; Rolland, 1915; France, 1921; Bergson, 1927.

German: Mommsen, ¹⁹⁰² 1908; Eucken, 1908; Heyse, 1910; Hauptmann, 1912; Meyerhoff, 1922.

Indian: Tagore, 1913.

Irish: Yeats, 1923.

Italian: Carducci, 1906; Deledda, 1926.

Norwegian: Bjoernson, 1903; Hamsun, 1920; Undset, 1928.

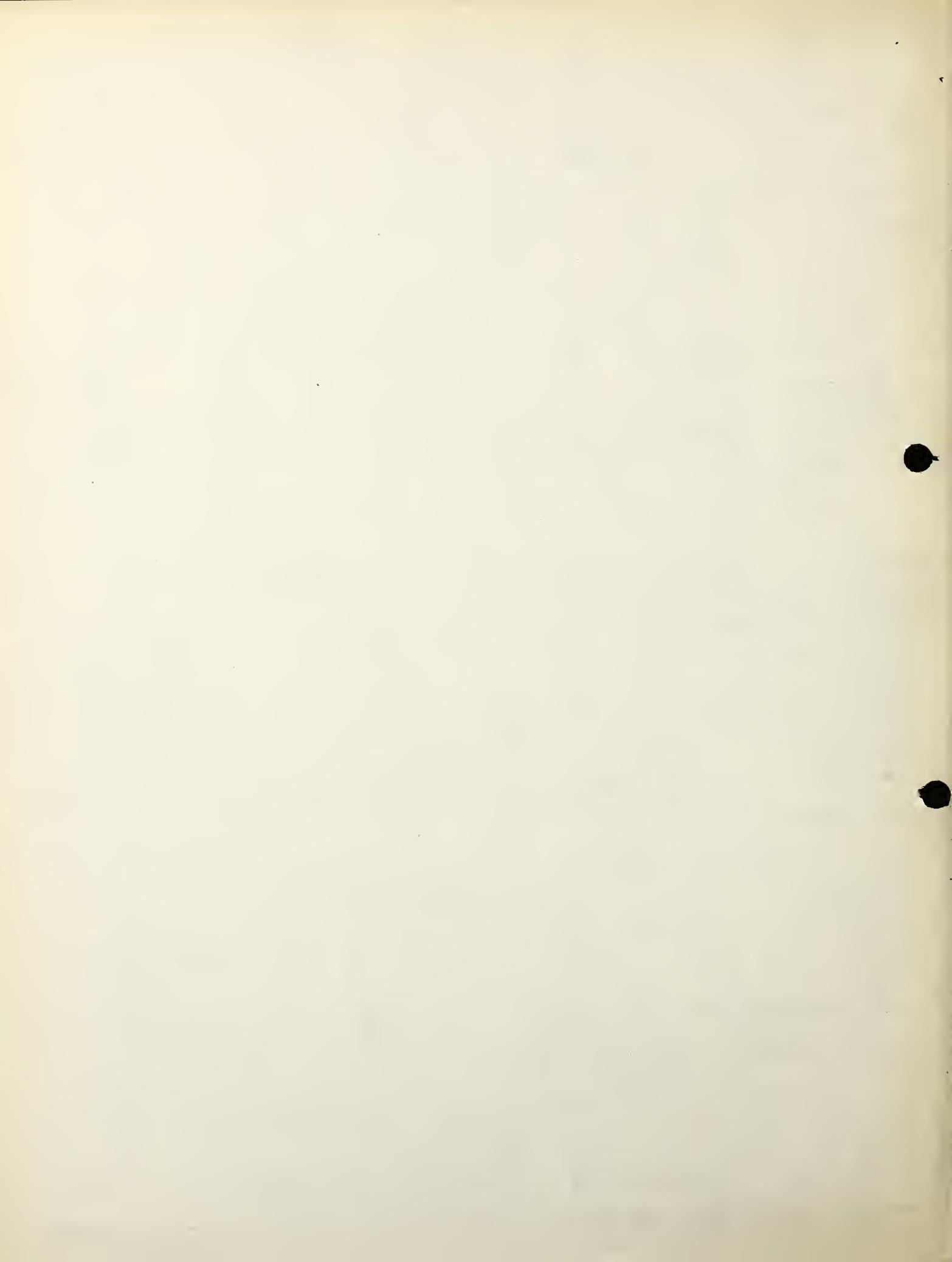
Polish: Sienkiewitz, 1905; Reymont, 1924.

Spanish: Echegaray, 1904; Benavente, 1922.

Swedish: Lagerlof, 1909; Heidenstam, 1916, *Karlfeldt*, 1911

Swiss: Spitteler, 1919.

No awards for 1914 and 1918.



13

Butler Looks Back Over Fifty Years. From
The New York Times Magazine.

1932 was a year of anniversaries for Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. It marks the seventieth year of his birth, the fiftieth of his graduation and the thirtieth of his presidency of Columbia. The alumni throughout the world paid tribute with appropriate ceremonies to the man under whose guidance Columbia has grown from a college with an enrolment of a few more than 3,000 students to a university in which almost 50,000 are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge.

In the half century that has passed since Butler received his diploma at the hands of Dr. Barnard in the old gray stone building which stood at Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street, many changes have taken place in our system of education, changes in which he himself has played a leading part. But despite the pressure of his academic work he has not permitted the college walls to circumscribe his view of the world at large, nor has he confined his action to campus curricula. Like Eliot of Harvard, Wilson of Princeton and Hadley of Yale, he takes a large interest in public affairs.

Sitting by a tall window in the library of his home on Morningside Drive he looked back on his career and the changes that had occurred during his lifetime. Despite his three score and ten years there is nothing of the aged pedagogue about this man, who is alert both mentally and physically. The years have treated him kindly. His hair has thinned on his high forehead and his short, stubby mustache is white, but about him is no sagging of flesh, no loss of robustness.

Books in built-in cases rise to the ceiling of the room, and on the tables and shelves are autographed photographs of his friends. Pope Pius XI, Briand and Stresemann, Mussolini and von Hindenburg, Root and Chamberlain are all there, three of them, like Dr. Butler himself, winners of the Nobel Peace Prize.

The desk at which he works, its top completely covered by brown blotting paper, stands at right angles to one window and parallel with another, so that as he sits and works he can raise his eyes and, in one direction, see the lower part of the city and, in the other, far out over the Sound.

It is a different city that Dr. Butler looks out upon from the one to which he came daily in a puffing ferryboat from New Jersey to attend classes at old Columbia College. The tall

buildings, the bridges and the passing airplanes, which he can see from his window, were hardly dreams when he was born in 1862 in Elizabeth. From there his family moved to Paterson where his father became president of the Board of Education. After young Butler received his diploma from Columbia College, he entered the graduate school; at 21 he received his Master's degree and in the following year that of Doctor of Philosophy. Then he went abroad and for two years studied in Paris and Berlin as a Columbia fellow in philosophy.

In 1885 he returned and became an assistant in that subject. In a short time he was president of the New York College for the Training of Teachers, which he organized and founded, still retaining, however, his connections with Columbia. Since then he has been as prominent in college as in social and political work. As head of peace societies, president of clubs and voted for Vice President on the Taft ticket, he has coupled his academic career with outside interests.

"It seems a long time ago that I entered college," said Dr. Butler, "and many changes have occurred in the fifty years since I was graduated. In those days the president of a college was much like the principal of a high school. Usually he held classes and he knew most of the pupils who attended the institution. My position today resembles more nearly that of a minister of education in a Continental country. The problems with which I am confronted are chiefly executive ones and questions of policy, and much of my time is devoted to planning for things likely to happen a year or more hence."

"In my native state of New Jersey I took part in establishing a State library system, in working for the introduction of manual training in the public schools and in getting the school system out of politics. When I moved to New York I took part in the fight which finally gave this city and State their far-reaching reforms in educational administration. These culminated in finally putting education under the supervision of a non-political board of regents. From that day up to the present time public education has increased in all its material aspects by leaps and bounds. School attendance has grown, teachers have become more numerous, better trained and more adequately compensated."

Dr. Butler looked up at me and smiled. "But that is not all of the story," he went on. "In my judgment our American school education, though it has made splendid advances on the administrative and material side, has in some respects gone distinctly backward in the form

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and content of education itself. We have not by any means the broad, general culture today which was in evidence when I was a young man. I can distinctly remember before I was 30 years old making a trip throughout this country and as far north as Alaska. I had occasion to make a number of speeches, and I am sure that the classical and biblical allusions which I used in them and which were understood in those days, today would have no import. The authors of Greece and Rome are practically unknown. The Bible is almost a forgotten book, and I think you would have difficulty in discovering the name of the author of 'to be or not to be' from many of our young people.

"This results from the complexities of our modern life and the pressing needs of economic problems," he continued. "Leisurely reading for pleasure has greatly declined. Young men often feel, if they do read, that it must be for profit, not realizing that they may profit most from something not connected with their particular line of endeavor. Specialization is bound to lead to narrowness. What we need today is not narrow men but broad men sharpened to a point. In other words, education should begin with breadth and let its applications deals with narrowness, if need be.

"Does the fault, then, lie with the young people?" I asked.

"No, it is the usual thing for an older generation to find fault with the young of its time," he answered. "This may, after all, be a natural expression of dissatisfaction with a changing environment or an inability to adapt one's self to it. On the other hand, it may be a sound and just criticism, based upon the failure of youth to seek or to achieve fine standards of character, intellectual life and interests.

"I know that when I was a young man there was a keener interest in fine literature than there is today, and moreover, I am sure that much modern writing which is devoured by our young people will die a natural death in a short time.

"Distinction and correctness of speech, appearance and manner are no longer esteemed as once, and unconcern for standards of excellence and overconcern for quick satisfaction of one's own personal convenience have combined to undermine that respect for age, for accomplishment and for high standards which some years ago marked the cultivated gentleman."

I inquired as to what he attributed this.

"That is difficult to say," he replied. "Probably the anti-philosophies and the pseudo-

psychologies which are so much in vogue at present and which are having such evil effects upon instruction, play a large part in bringing about this state of affairs. Moreover, the passing of the family as a controlling factor, together with the practical collapse of the educational influence of churches of various denominations, has combined to put upon the school too heavy a burden. Education, after all, should have its beginning in the family; the school should be called upon to give only formal instruction, but it can never take the place of the family and the church. It is asking too much of it to demand that.

"If the family does not meet the responsibility which belongs to it and if the church continues to fail in its educational duties, it is to be taken for granted that those traits and influences which it is the business of the church and the family to foster and strengthen will disappear from society."

I asked Dr. Butler what service a university could render in these troublous times. For a moment he stared at the blue sky, then he replied:

"We are passing out of an old era and into one which is wholly new. I do not think that anything equally important or epoch-making has happened since the fall of the Roman Empire and certainly not since the Renaissance, which rediscovered the classic achievements of Greece and Rome. Today one great human effort is exhausted and a new effort is being put forth. Nation-building has come to an end. But now that that has been accomplished, what is the next step forward? Are these nations going to look upon themselves as political and military competitors and rivals or will they regard themselves as independent, self-directing cooperating citizens of a new world, each of which can only prosper if the rest of the world prospers?

"I should say that the new relationship between nations is to be found in the relationship of society itself. Personal liberty is not personal license but rather the right to make the most of one's self on the highest possible plane while granting to every other citizen precisely the same right.

"It does not seem to me that the highest type of nationalism is to be found in the desire for national glorification or aggrandizement, but rather in making the most of a nation's capacities and opportunities for service and at the same time granting the same rights to other nations.

"All that is needed to do this is intellectual insight and the moral power to act as national citizens of an international community.

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"To represent, inspire and guide this movement are both the duty and opportunity of the university and the university man. Knowledge knows no geographic limits and does not speak a single language. The twentieth century university fails of its mission if it does not seek to claim this leadership in the new movement of international understanding, responsibility and cooperation for meeting the grave problems which face the world at the present time.

"You must remember that an institution of learning possesses a freedom of thought and action which the organized State does not enjoy and which is impossible among the diverse and conflicting forms of religious belief. It is the natural leader toward the new day and no matter in what country it may be situated, no matter what language it habitually speaks, it should stand not only as the expounder of ~~the~~ and defender of old and well-established truth, but also as the leader and dispenser of the truth that is new."



Warwick Deeping

Warwick Deeping likes to think of his life in terms of the Phoenix, that is to say, as one who "rises on the stepping stones of his dead selves to better things." He was born at Southend, Essex, England, in 1877. He was educated at Merchant Taylor's School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1898, and his M.A. and MB., in 1902. He studied then at Middlesex Hospital and began to practice medicine. But he had begun to write while still a medical student. Soon after receiving his degree, the success of his first book enabled him to give up the profession which his father and grandfather had pursued, and to embrace at the same time a literary and a marital career. Both have rewarded him. He returned to the practice of medicine, however, during the war, joining the P.A.M.C. in 1915. [REDACTED] served thru the Gallipoli Campaign, and afterward in France, where he was for a time, a liaison officer for a New York Division.

Mr. Deeping wrote for years, and had a large number of novels, upwards of twenty, behind him, before he wrote "Sorrell and Son". He somewhat deplores his earlier works, which did not exactly set the world afire. "I wish the work I did before the war had never been written," he once said. "I was living a self-absorbed, dreamy life. The war pulled me out of that. I think I came back with bigger, more human enthusiasms. I felt I had to make a fresh start. I began in France - I scribbled in dug-outs, huts, and billets. I came back feeling I had not got anywhere near where I wanted to get, but that I had to get there. I was after humanity, and the life of the day, and how it would express itself thru me." Here is where the Phoenix analogy comes in, for, beginning with "Sorrell and Son", Mr. Deeping began an almost new career. Since then all his books have appeared on the best seller lists, as soon as they have been published. His books have usually originated out of a meeting with striking characters. At different times Mr. Deeping met Sorrell and old Pybus at country inns, and was so struck by their qualities as men that in each case a novel resulted. He lives with his wife at his home at Weybridge, where Fanny Kemble and Mrs. Siddons spent their childhood. Here Warwick Deeping works three hours a day in the absolute quiet that he needs for results. Mr. Deeping does not hesitate to admit that his wife has constantly been a pillar of encouragement during his entire career. He lives a regular, secluded life, cherishing his garden and his golf.

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He very much dislikes to be interviewed, and attending literary dinners is one of his aversions.

He prefers carpentering and all out-of-door work.

Mr. Deeping's recent publications, since the beginning of his "new career," are "Sorrell and Son", 1925, "Doomsday", 1928, "Roper's Row", 1929, "Exiles", 1930, "Stories of Love, Courage and Compassion", 1930.

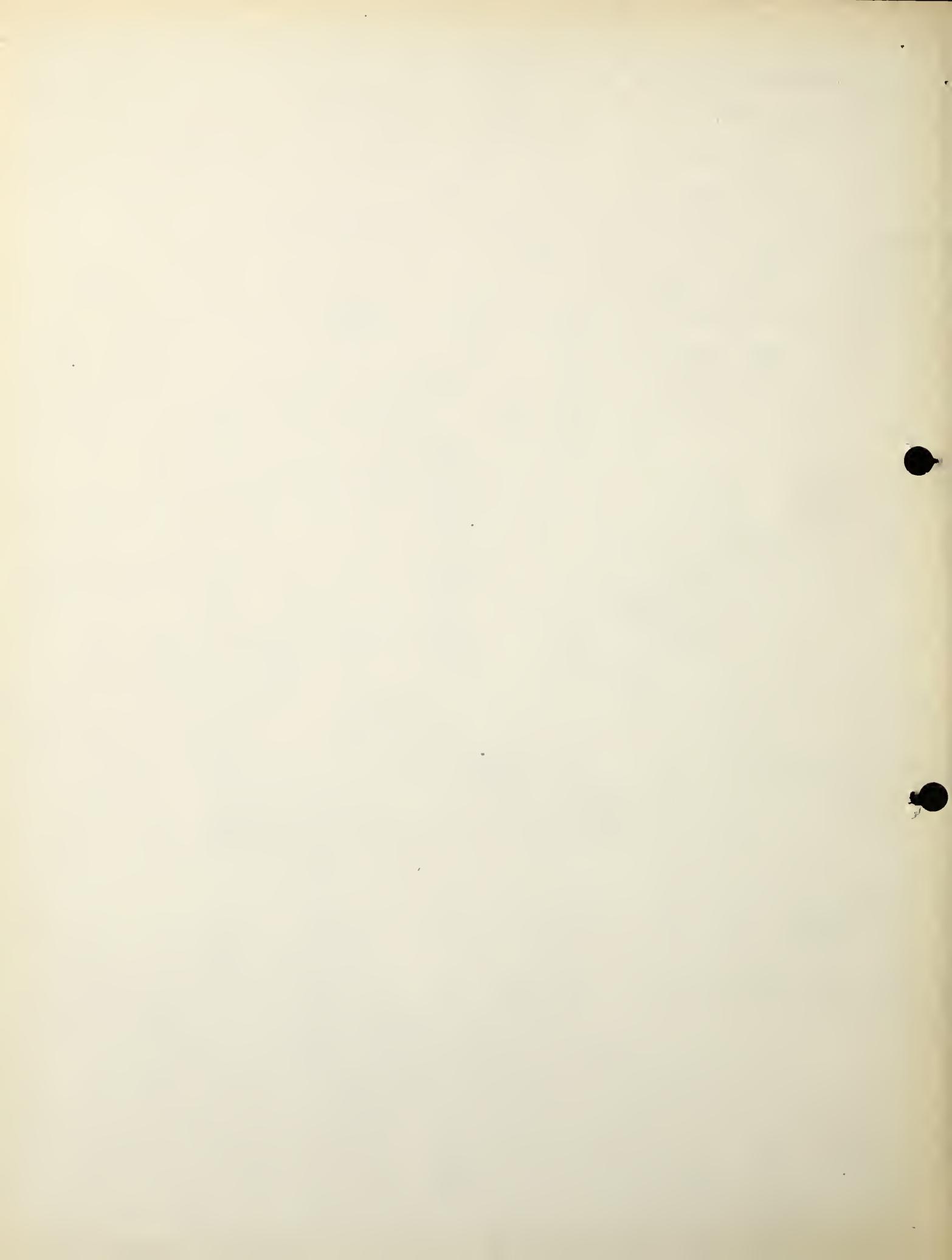
Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

Exile. 10v. Sacramento.

Old Pybus. 11v. Chicago, Cleveland, LC, Perkins, Sacramento.

Sorrell and son. 4v. APH

Stories of love, courage and compassion. 3v. Sacramento.



The Very Reverend Abbe Ernest Dimnet, canon of Cambray Cathedral, was born in 1869 in the little town of Trelon in French Flanders, the wheat-raising lowlands of the Nord, close to the Channel and the Belgian border. He grew up in stormy times, when the Monarchists and Republicans were engaged in an intense political struggle for supremacy in France. In his very first years came the terror of the Prussian invasion.

As a young man he became interested in English life and literature, growing so familiar with the English tradition that he was invited to teach English at the College Stanislas in Paris, where he remained for many years. As early as 1898 he was writing articles for the English magazines, serving as French correspondent to the Pilot, 1899-1903, and to the North American Review, 1904-1909. Many of his articles have appeared in the Nineteenth Century and later and in leading French, English and American periodicals. His religious education and later in his religious duties as a priest in the Roman Catholic Church seem to have promoted rather than thwarted his cultural interests. His early publications were in French and revealed both his ecclesiastical and literary persuasions. Their titles were La Pensee Catholique dans L' Angleterre Contemporaine and Figures de Moines, which was crowned by the French Academy.

It is a commentary on his cosmopolitan tolerance that his next book was the study of an English Protestant family of geniuses, Les Soeurs Bronte, the first book in French on the Brontes and an acknowledged authority in any language. Translated from the French, The Bronte Sisters was published in this country in 1928.

Abbe Dimnet's subsequent publications constitute a varied shelf of books: Paul Bourget, a literary biography; France herself again; France and her problems; and the spectacularly popular Art of thinking, by which his name is known everywhere in the United States.

Abbe Dimnet was the Lowell Lecturer at Harvard University in 1919 and French Lecturer at the Williamstown, Mass., Institute of Politics in 1923. There he did much to promote understanding between France and the United States in that difficult and suspicious time of the parleyings over war debts and reparations.

He has a deep-rooted and fervent love for his native France, balanced by a temperamental fairness and a scholarly sense of justice. "The good Abbe" is described as "charming to meet, kindly serene, with the white hair of his sixty odd years, and humor in his dark eyes. He



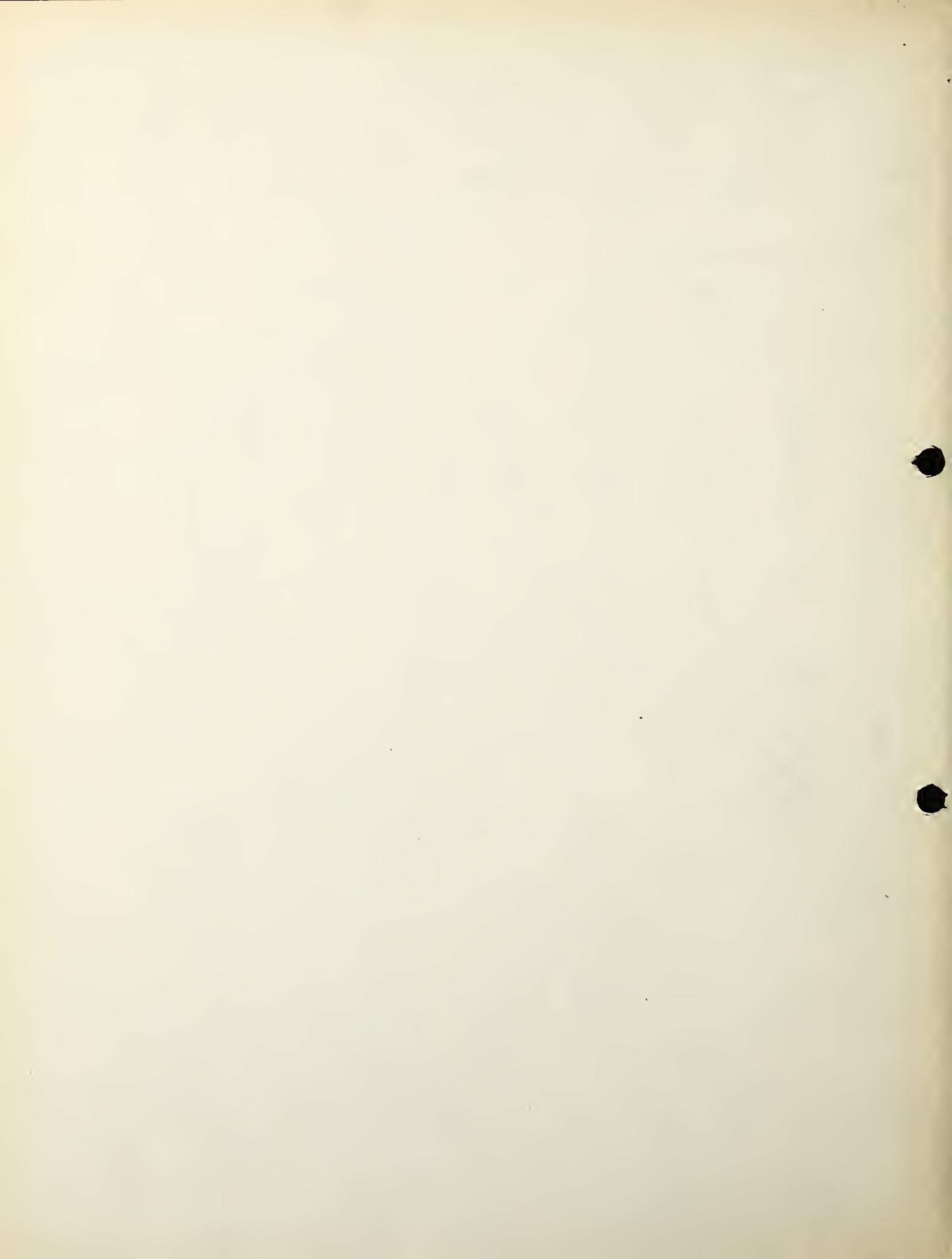
speaks with a cultivated voice. . . The qualities of mind which appear both in his conversation and in his writings are those which we are accustomed to find with delight in the French Classics, - clarity, a kind of astringent simplicity, tolerant wisdom, vigor, tonic wit, firm uprightness." He is at work on a study of morals.

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

The art of thinking. 2v. ABFRB

The Bronte sisters. 5v. LC

What we live by. 2v. BIA



Sheila Kaye-Smith

As Hardy was the writer of rural Wessex, so is Sheila Kaye-Smith the novelist of Sussex. Her father was Edward Kaye-Smith, member of the Royal College of Surgeons and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. St. Leonards-on-Sea, near Hastings, was their home.

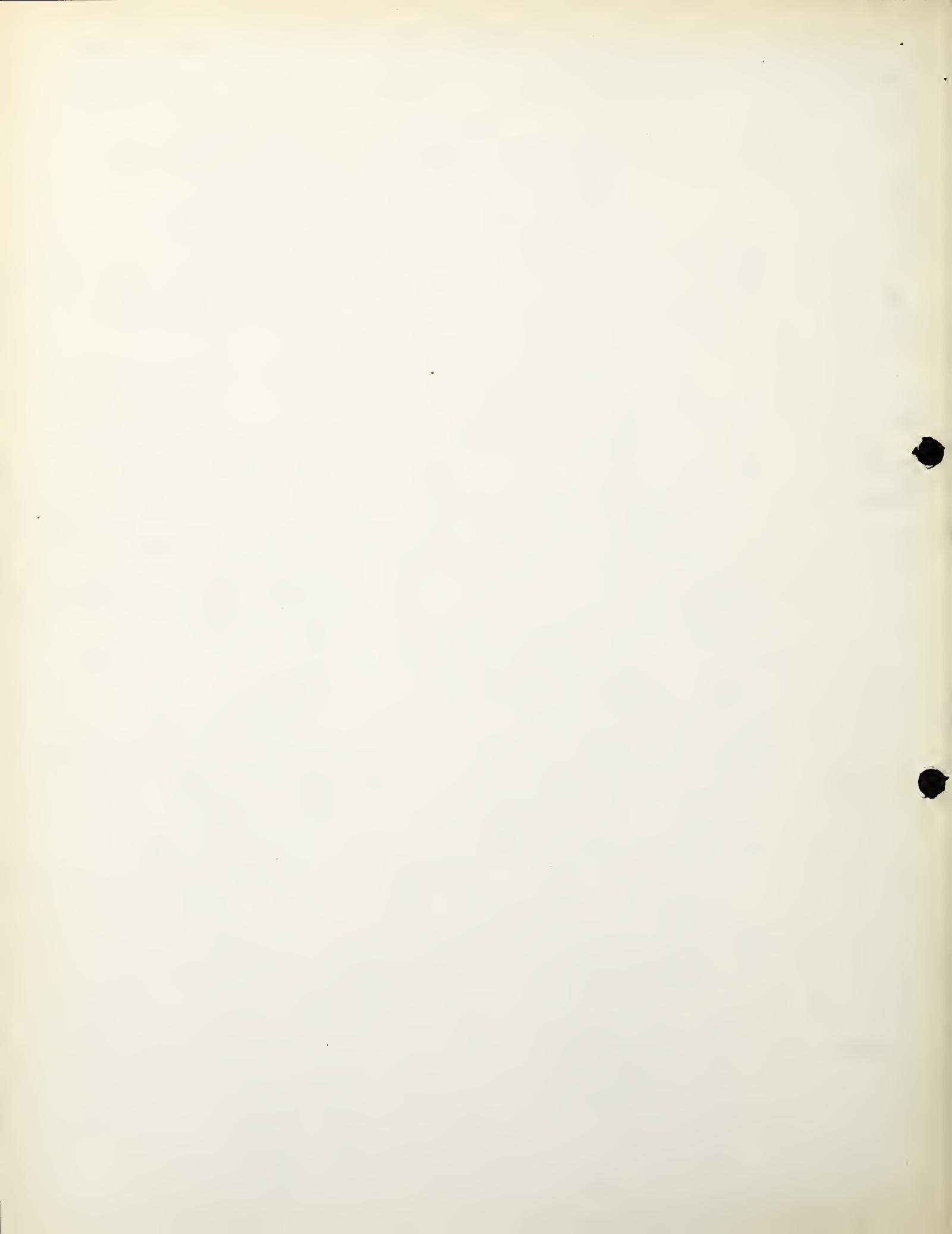
Miss Kaye-Smith published her first book when she was twenty: *The Tramping Methodist*, 1908. It began a series of novels which portray Sussex of past and present. Hugh Walpole says: "She deals in timeless things, the soil, trees, rivers, corn, food and drink. She has timeless themes, birth, death, love, jealousy, patience, maternity, friendship. . . She is the creator of a little world."

"Her point of view is masculine. A critic said he would not be surprised if a reader were to think Sheila Kaye-Smith the pen-name of a man because of the "virility, the cognizance of oath and beer, of rotating crop, sweating horses, account book, vote and snickersnee" in the writing.

The book that brought Miss Kaye-Smith to the notice of the critics was "*Sussex Grose*," 1916, the story of the fierce and passionate love of a man for the savage common of gorse and furze known as Boarzell. He sacrifices everything in life for its possession. His words are the typical slow Sussex speech: "I've won--and it's bin worth while. I've wanted a thing, and I've got it surely--and I aunt too old to enjoy it nuther." This passion for the land is a part of most of Miss Kaye-Smith's novels. Her rustics frequently use the expression "justabout", and they call women "praeper," ladies "valient," and troubles "tedious."

With "*Tamarisk Town*, 1919, Miss Kaye-Smith greatly widened her circle of readers. She did not join the literary groups in London, however, but stayed in the land that was so much a part of her life, living with her family at St. Leonards.

In October 1924 she married the Reverend Theodore Penrose Fry, a clergyman in the St. Leonards-on-Sea parish. He is an M.A. and a captain of the Fifth Durham Light Infantry. His father was Sir John Fry, Second Baronet. Reverend Fry had been ordained in the Anglican diocese of Chichester. From St. Leonards-on-Sea he went to St. James, Norland, and finally served at St. Stephen's, Kensington, London. When he went to London Miss Kaye-Smith bought an ancient cast-house in Sussex so she could remain close to the land she loved.



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In October 1929 she and her husband were converted to Catholicism. They were received into the Church by the English Jesuit, Rev. C. C. Martindale, at the Farm Street Church, London.

Miss Kaye-Smith appears small in stature, but is not really so. She is very thin, with a grace made all of quiescence. Her eyes are grey and retracted a little "as if always in pain because man is not so beautiful as the earth that bore him."

She is the author of two slender books of poetry: Willow's Forge and Other Poems, 1914, and Saints in Sussex, 1923. The range of the poems is wide and not a few are religious, even ecclesiastical, in subject. The mystical element is strong.

Miss Kaye-Smith's novels include: The Tramping Methodist, 1908; Starbrace, 1909; Spell-land, 1910; Isle of Thorns, 1913; Three Against the World, 1914; Sussex Gorse, 1916; The Challenge to Sirius, 1917; Little England, 1918; Tamarisk Town, 1919; Green Apple Harvest, 1920; Joanna Godden, 1921; The End of the House of Alard, 1923; The George and the Crown, 1925, Joanna Godden Married, 1926; Iron and Smoke, 1928; The Village Doctor, 1929, Shepherds in Sackcloth, 1930; Mirror of the Months, 1931; Susan Spray, 1931.

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

Challenge to Sirius. 5v. NIB

The end of the house of Allard. 5v. NIB. Also in LC 9v. grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Iron and smoke. 7v. Detroit, LC, NYPL.

Joanna Godden. 7v. Detroit, NYPL.

Joanna Godden married. 2v. Detroit, NYPL.

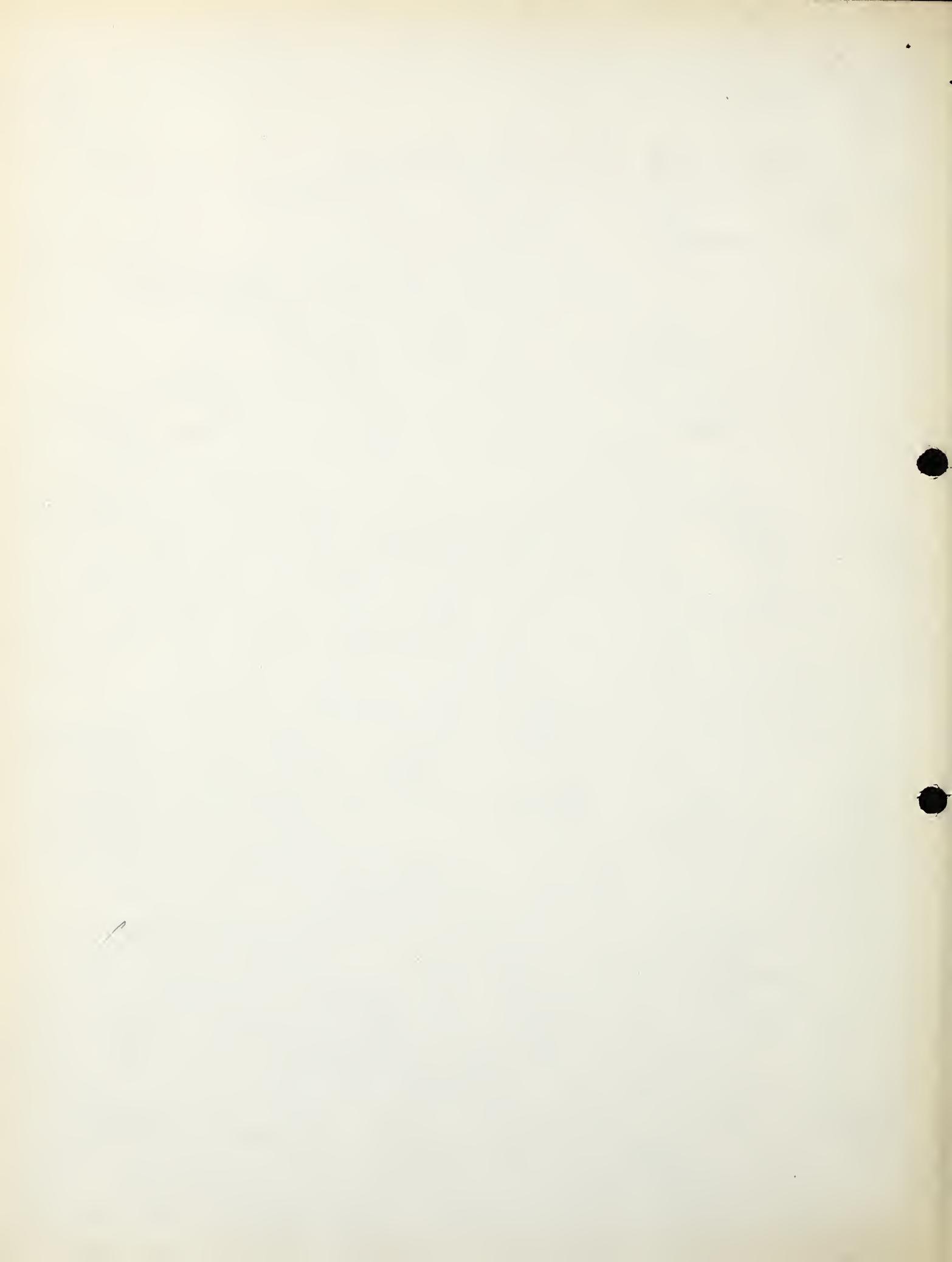
Mrs. Adis. Pamphlet. NIB Also in NYPL, grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

The mirror of the months. 1v. Chicago.

Spell Land. 3v. RBA (Scotland)

Sussex gorse. 5v. NIB

The tramping Methodist. 5v. NIB



Curwood was a great-grandson of a full blooded Mohawk princess, and a great nephew of Captain Marryat the English seaman and adventurer whose tales of the sea are still classics. He says of his own childhood: "I was born in Owosso, Michigan, in June 1879. My earliest recollections are of playing about that part of it known as West Town with my chum, Charley Miller, whose father ran the combined hotel and saloon not far from where my dad had an old-fashioned shoe store. Hickory trees then grew in the middle of the streets, while barnyard animals and domestic fowls wandered where they chose. Across from Father's shop was a great common filled with pine trees, and the river had dozens of shady nooks where fish abounded, as well as many wonderful swimming holes.

Little happened to me in those days that is worthy of being set down at this time, or, if events occurred which did have an effect of making me what I am to-day, they have passed from my mind, leaving only the general impression that I was a very ordinary country-town boy, always into mischief, a constant tribulation to my father, who was a gallant gentleman of the old school, exquisite in his courtesy, and often a source of genuine concern to my sainted mother, the sweetest and most quietly refined of gentlemomen.

Had I continued to live in West Town at Owosso, I might have become a genius, but Fate determined a change was advisable when I was six years old.

My father failed in business. Being honest, he paid his debts, and with the little he saved from the wreck made the first payment on what he thought was a farm. In the dead of winter he and my brother Ed, then sixteen years of age, went down into Ohio, where Dad had done his courting, and chose a forty-acre place. When the snow which covered it had melted he found he had acquired a stone quarry, and for seven years thereafter I picked up stones. So did my father and my brother. As fast as we could pick up one crop of them the plow would turn out another. We built stone fences and had piles as big as our house all over the place. The county bought two thousand wagonloads at ten cents a load for a swampy stretch of road; and still there were stones everywhere.

But how I love that farm! Not for any other period of my life would I exchange the seven years during which it was my home. They were not only happy years, but years of tremendous significance for me. In those glorious days I was unmindful of poverty and its vicissitudes

and I began to come into possession of the most precious of my heritages, my love of Nature.

Along with this love came an ever-increasing desire for adventure. Nights came to hold a peculiar fascination for me. I grew to love the moon and the stars. I was thrilled by the whispering sounds in the near-by woods, when all the world had gone to sleep. Deep shadows, twisting shapes, pools and lakes of moonlight made up a veritable fairyland for me.

Those years on that stony farm were filled with the simplicities and unadorned living of the pioneer. They constitute a part of my life which I now consider my Fortunate Age.

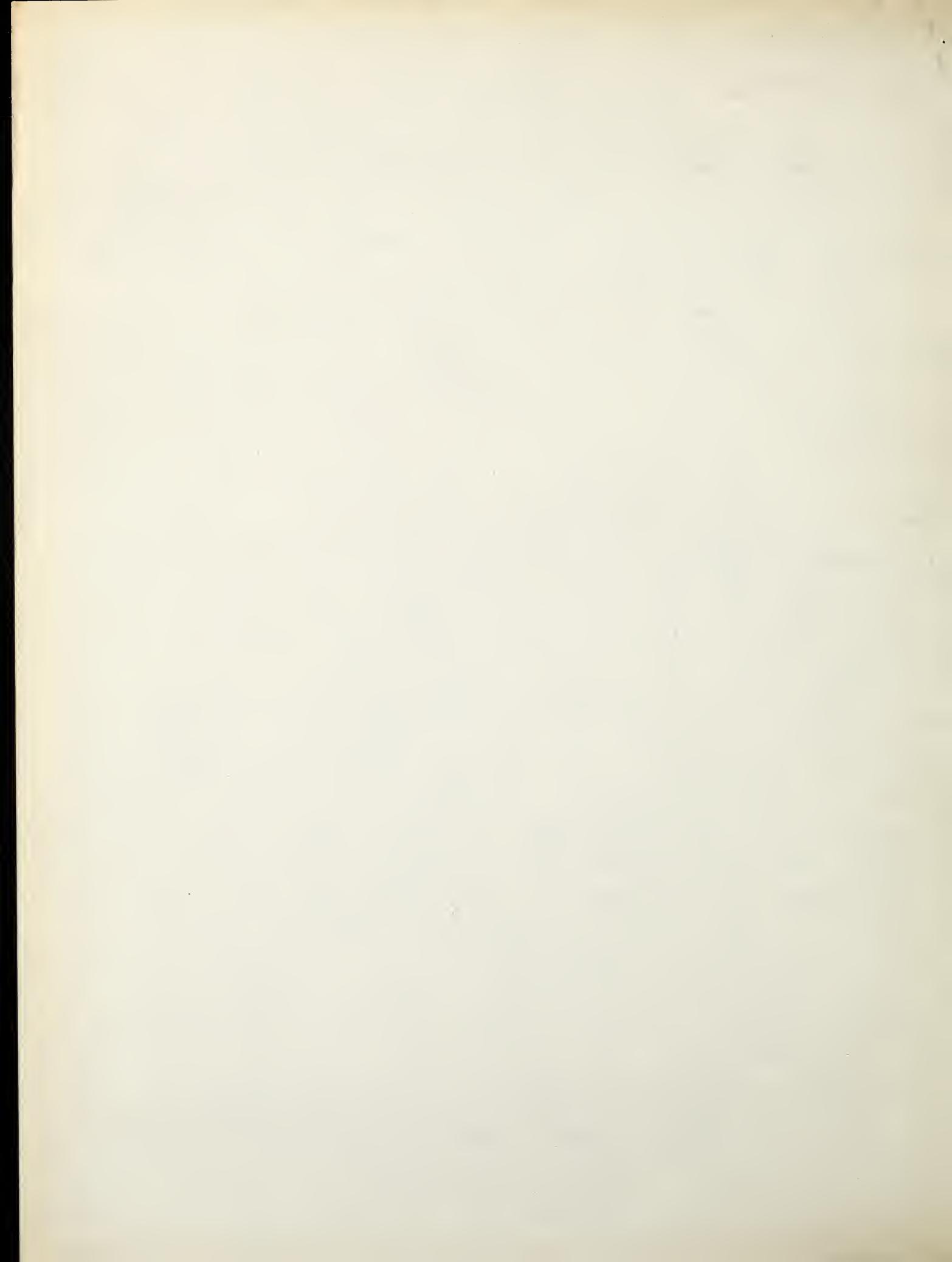
There were no automobiles, no moving pictures, no radios, nor any one of the hundred other contrivances which we now deem necessary for youth. Our roads were winding, white trails of soft, hot dust in summer and of deep snow in the winter. In our community a pair of new boots was an event of neighborhood interest, and a girl who came to school in a new calico dress was the envy and admiration of all. Dinner bells and conch horns still made glad music over the countryside, and happiness meant merely to eat regularly and keep warm.

Small things stirred us and trivial happenings interested and thrilled. It was a most exciting event when there passed along our country road the first bicycle many of us had ever seen. I recall very clearly that our teacher excused us from the schoolroom, the better to behold that miracle.

We lived in a square white house which I then thought a palace, but which I later came to understand to be a very small and humble dwelling. But we were happy there - my parents, my brother Ed, my sister Cora, and myself - although we did drink Lion Coffee at two pounds for a quarter and could afford all the eggs we wanted only at Easter. Somehow, Mother always managed to have something to eat, and cheerfulness abounded in our humble home.

Clear, indeed, in my memory are the spruce trees around the home, and I can hear yet the whistling of the wind through them on blustery, cold nights. How I loved winter with its deep snows, the brilliant stars of its exhilarating nights and the moonlight streaming into my room when the very bones of the house cracked with the cold and my breath made wondrous designs on the windowpanes.

Returning from an early visit to my traps on a winter morning, a blue spiral of wood smoke could be seen rising from the kitchen chimney, and I would find my mother busy over the pancake griddle. How glorious were those pancakes of my youth! To be eaten with bacon and gravy or the syrup made in early spring from the sap of the maples in our own woods. On the



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armorial bearings of our family escutcheon a pancake rampant should be most conspicuous, for it was symbolic of our happy poverty.

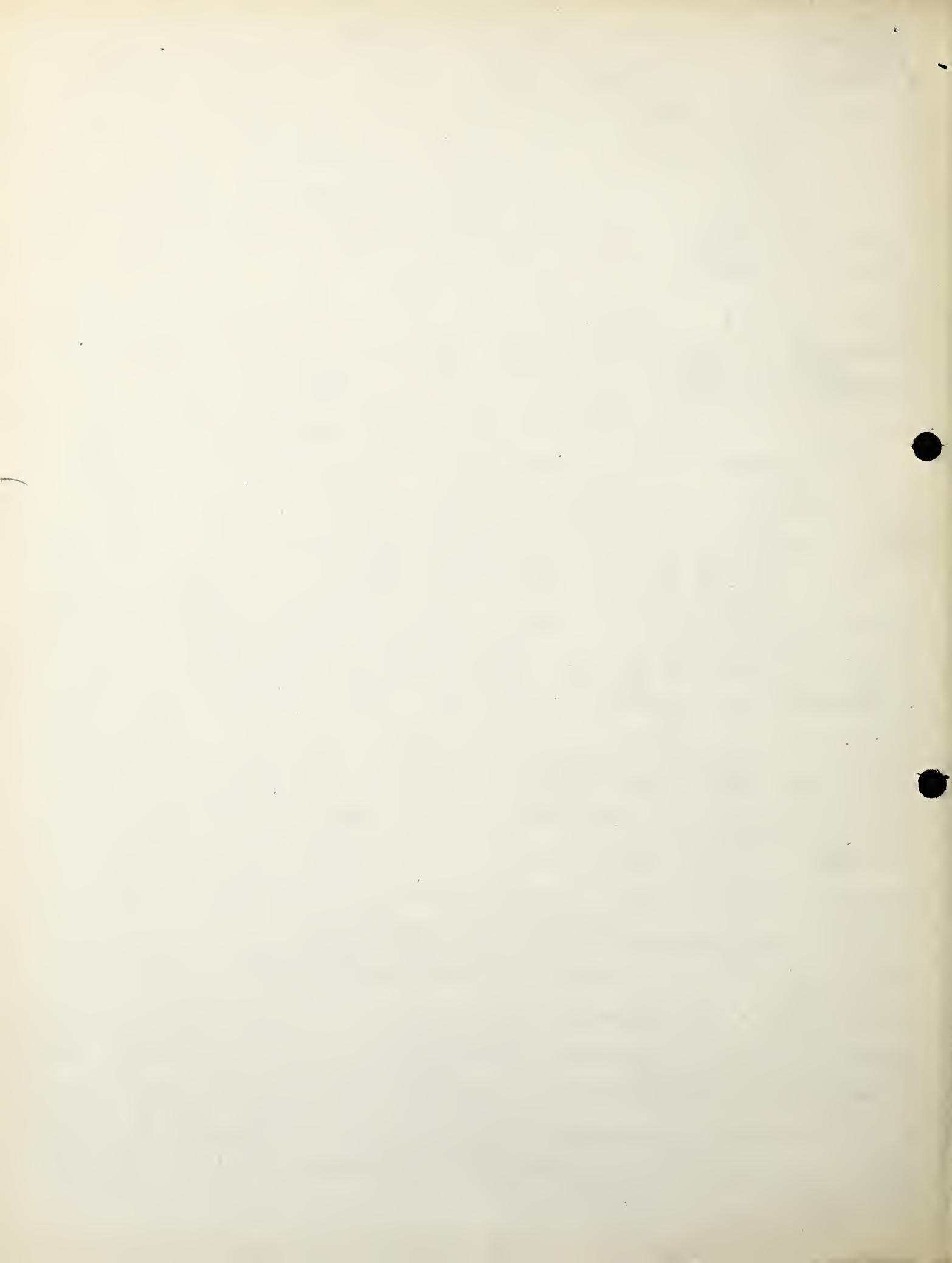
However, the outstanding picture which hangs on that part of Memory's wall is one of stones, hard and hot to the point of blistering in the summertime: stones which must be built into fences or heaped into piles for other purposes: stones which always impeded proper cultivation of the land: stones which gave me many an aching muscle, for it became peculiarly my duty to gather them.

The stones set me thinking and taught me the need of doing thoroughly what had become an ever-present duty. A grim necessity became a blessing. To build up piles of stone was an achievement, a creative process, a thing that began to build character in me along with those piles of stone which grew as I labored. I experienced a greater thrill when I had done three piles than when I had accomplished but two. The thrill developed into pride -- a childish pride over having built something really worth while in this world.

I was destined to write steadily for ten years before I sold my first story - for five dollars, by the way - and it was my fate to write for twenty-one years before I could make a comfortable living at it. Such success as I have achieved has been pounded out with naked fists through many years of hard work. Were it not for the stones, the stones, the inexhaustible stones which I gathered on that Ohio farm, I think I should have admitted failure long ago."

Curwood started his wanderings early. At sixteen he had toured most of the south on a bicycle and at seventeen he drove a thousand miles through the Middle West selling medicine. After studying at the University of Michigan he worked for seven years as a reporter, feature writer and finally editor of the Detroit News Tribune, but cities were too confining and the red gods of the far places were calling him to the trail.

There followed years of hardy adventuring in the Arctic. He set many of his novels in the far north of Canada because he loved the country. For two years he was employed by the Canadian government as an explorer and was said to be the only man upon whom this title has been conferred. He lived for long periods among the Eskimos and often made expeditions of his own financing into the unexplored regions of the north. "I traveled three thousand miles up and down the Saskatchewan" he said, "before I wrote River's End and if I had not



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gone down the Athabasca, the Slave and the Mackenzie with the wild river brigades of God's country I would not have written The Valley of Silent Men. God's Country and the Woman was written in a cabin hundreds of miles from civilization and The River King and Nomads of the North while he was actually living among Thor Muskwa, Neewa, Brimstone and other of his great animal characters.

In his earlier days he shot quantities of wild life. Twenty-seven guns were in his home, their stocks scarred with notches recording his kills. From cellar to garret, were mounted heads, trophies of his hunting days. But later the writer became one of the most ardent supporters of the movement to preserve wild life and looked upon his trophies as martyrs. God's Country, the Trail to Happiness - a record of his conversion, gave him greater joy to write, he said, than any of his other books.

He was a tireless and zestful worker. At home in Owosso he awoke with the birds at four o'clock and was at work by seven. Although he had built a beautiful studio in his home, it was never as successful a place to work as a little second floor room in his mother's home two block's away. There practically all his writing was done. It was an old fashioned homey room where he had first begun to work as a boy and there he wrote twenty odd novels. The desk was the remodeled hulk of an old sewing machine. Years ago the boy's father made it for him and gave him a second hand caligraph typewriter. The typewriter has passed on but the desk served for all of his life. Not long before his death the writer found a stretch of forest in northern Michigan which delighted his heart. Here he built a cabin of logs selected by himself. There were no electric lights nor bath rooms for Curwood wanted to keep the primitive surroundings. Here he spent much of his time - doing his own cooking and house work, writing and tramping in the woods. The birds, the flowers and the animals were his friends. He did not know their scientific names but he knew their habits and their life histories. The only denizens of the forest which he abhorred were snakes and it seems an ironic fate that his death should have been caused by a snake bite received in the Florida Everglades. It is his love of nature and his desire to make others love it, combined with his great gifts as a story teller that brought Curwood his 100,000 readers every year. "Nature is my religion," he said, "and my desire, my ambition, the great goal I wish to achieve, is to take my readers with me into the heart of this nature. I love it and I feel that they must love it, if I



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cah only get the two acquainted." The posthumous book, the historical novel on which he worked so many years is the heroic tale of Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham.

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

The Alaskan. 6v. LC, Philadelphia.

The ancient highway; a novel of hight hearts and open roads. 5v. APH

Black Hunter. 8v. Cleveland, Detroit.

The country beyond. 7v. LC

The crippled lady of Peribonka. 1v. CPH

A gentleman of courage. 3v. ABP

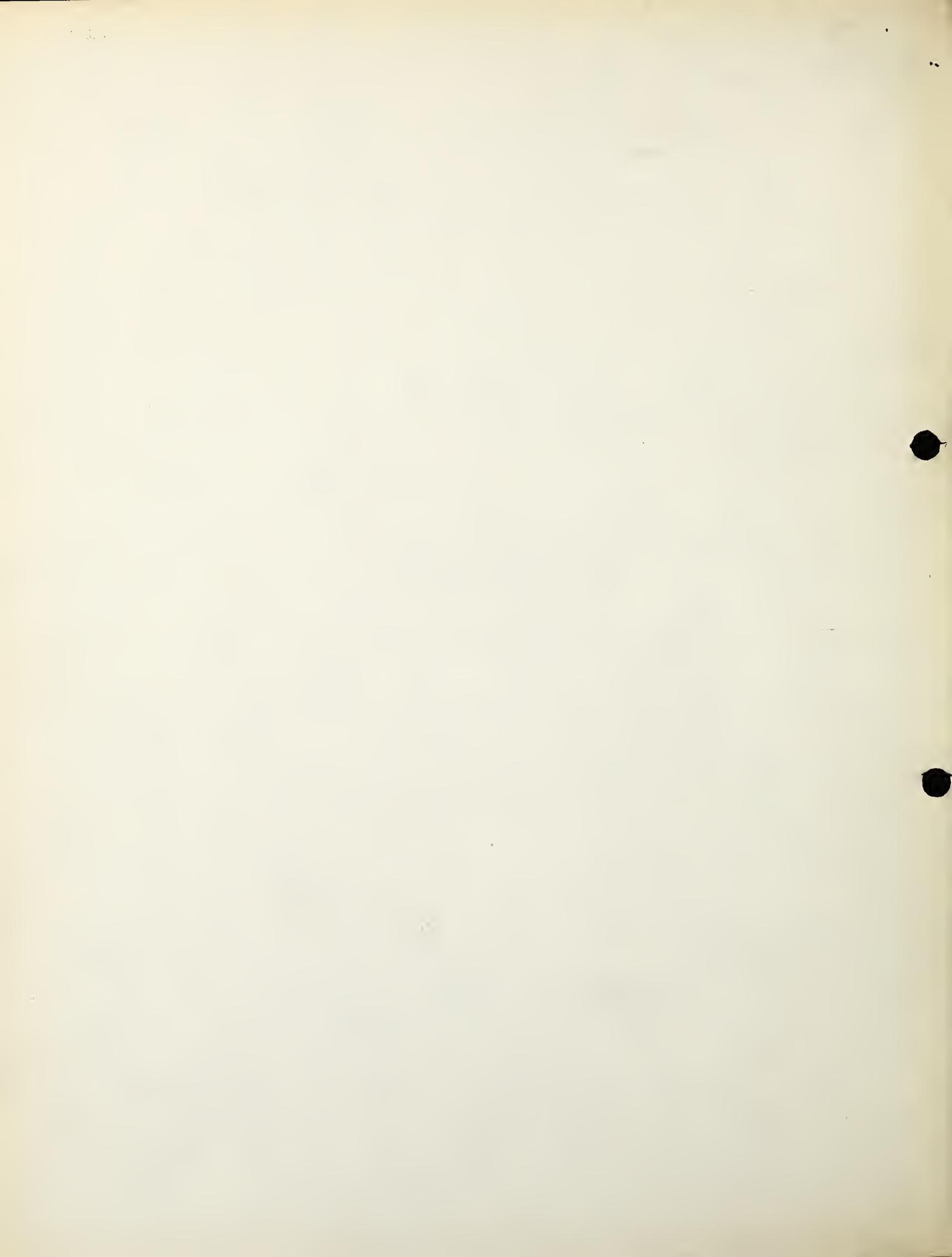
God's country - and the woman. 3v. APH

Honor of the big snows. 4v. Chicago, LC

Kazan. 3v. APH

Plains of Abraham. 7v. Cleveland.

River's end. 5v. Pittsburgh.



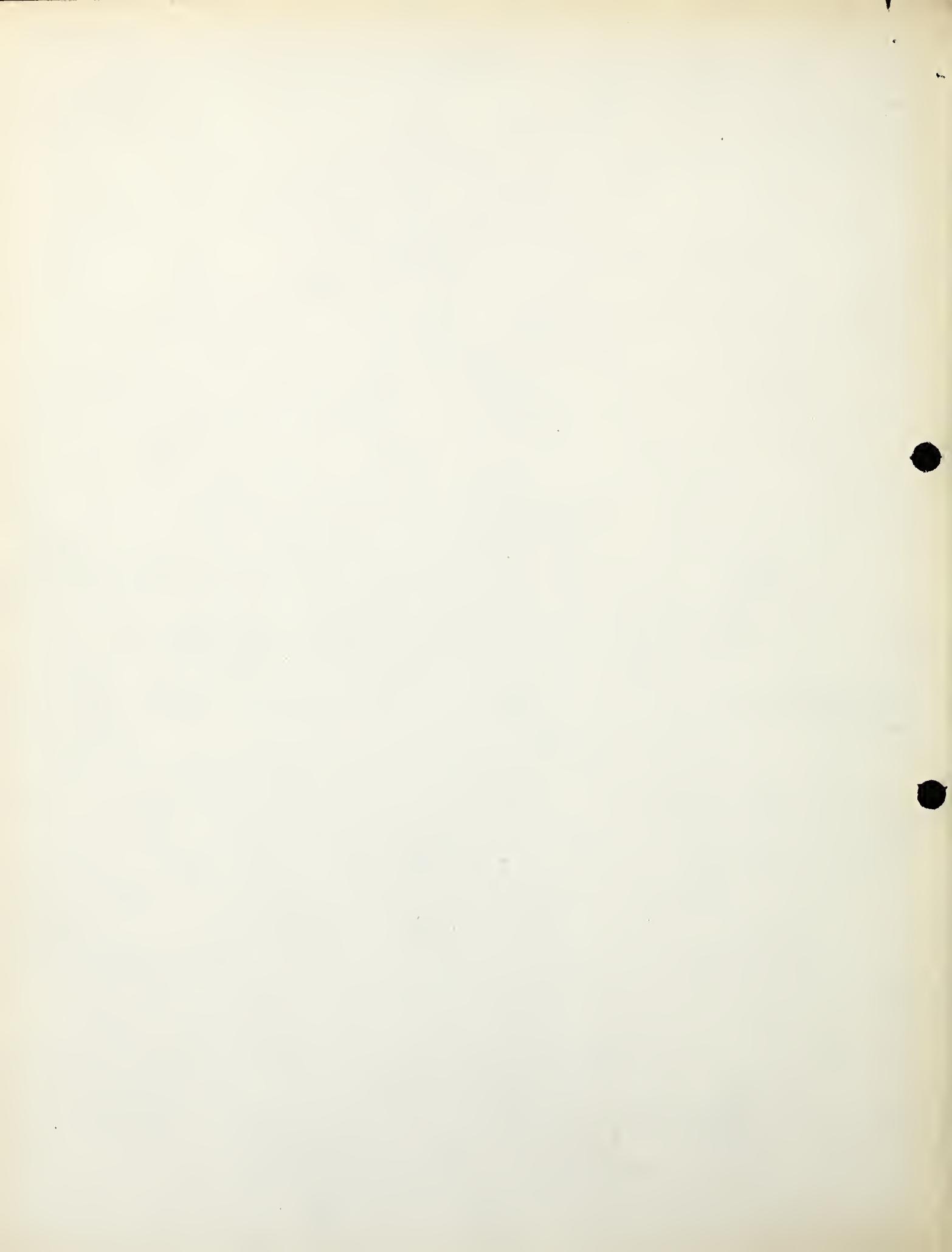
Greek Drama. From the Story of the World's Literature, by John Macy.
With permission of the Publisher, Horace Liveright.

Many the things that strange and wondrous are,
None stranger and more wonderful than man.
-Sophocles.

When anything terrible happens, battle, murder, or sudden death, we call it a tragedy. If a novel or a play ends "unhappily," it is a tragedy. How does it happen that the word "tragedy" is derived from the Greek word for goat? To us the goat seems a rather ridiculous animal. The answer is that Greek tragedy, the great poetic literature, had its origin in a sort of folk-play or pageant in honor of Dionysus, god of fruitfulness. Some of the performers in the festival pageant were dressed as satyrs, half man, half goat. The primitive satyr-drama was developed by "literary" poets into highly elaborate plays. Of course this development was a slow growth, occupying centuries, we do not know how many, probably more centuries than there were between Shakespeare and the earliest known mystery plays.

The first of the three greatest Greek tragic poets, of whose work we have several entire plays, is ~~Aeschylus (Prometheus Bound, translated into English verse by Lewis Campbell is in Grade 2).~~ Of the seven extant plays three form a trilogy, the Oresteia, which is the only Greek trilogy that survives. Aeschylus wrote seventy tragedies, and it is likely that the lost plays contained some of his best work. In depth and magnitude the genius of the first great tragic poet has never been surpassed. His subjects, like those of most Greek drama, are religious or mythological, dealing with the power of the gods to punish men for their crimes and for the sin of pride. Behind the gods looms that sinister super-god, Fate, from whom there is no escape. The Greek view of life embraced certain joyous elements, and some of the wisest of the Greeks, Socrates, for example, looked at things with a smile, if not with exuberant gayety. But the fundamental philosophy of the tragic poets was somber and as sternly moral as the Old Testament.

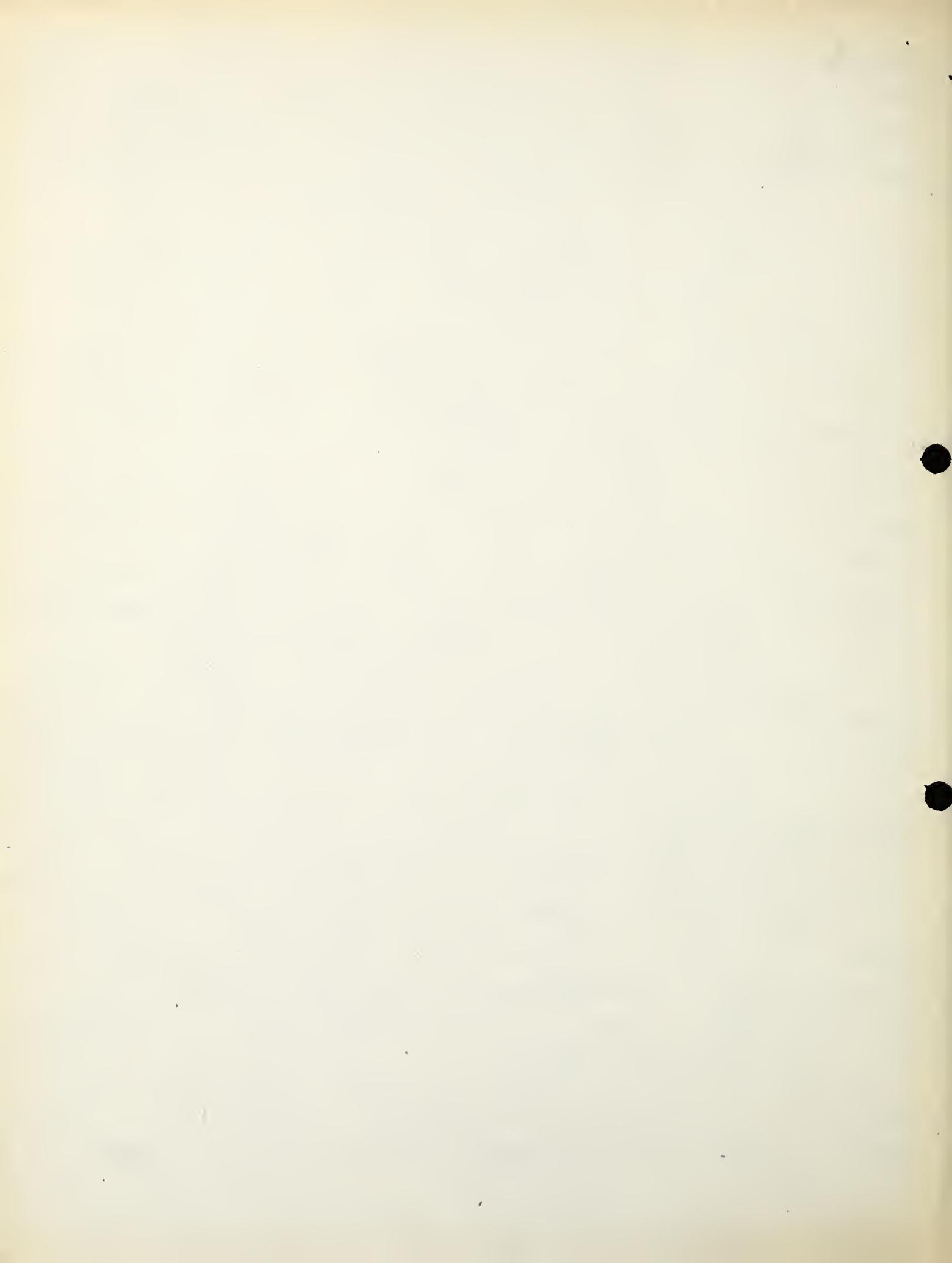
We do not know just what were the devices of Greek stagecraft at the time of the greatest dramatists, for there is no trace of a theater of the fifth century B.C. The mechanics must have been elaborate, for in the "Prometheus Bound" of Aeschylus the chorus of ocean nymphs



floats in the air until Prometheus bids them come down. Probably there was not much acting in our sense of the word, for the effect of the text, as we read it now, is that of recited narrative with lyrical choruses rather than the conversation of modern plays which implies action in immediate view of the spectator. Only two or at most three principal actors were allowed on the Greek stage, and their recitative was accompanied and interpreted by the chorus. The chorus was endowed with an impersonal knowledge of the will of the gods superior to that of the distressed and groping tragic hero; and chorus and hero argue the case in poetic dialogue.

The best way for us to approach Aeschylus is to read the translation of "Agamemnon" by Robert Browning and the translation of "Prometheus Bound" by Mrs. Browning. Readers of English poetry will of course know Swinburne's splendid "Atalanta in Calydon" (grade 2), which Professor J. P. Mahaffy (there is no better authority) says is "the truest and deepest imitation of the spirit of Aeschylus in modern times."

The second great tragic poet of Greece was Sophocles, who was a generation younger than Aeschylus. It was the custom of the poets to compete for prizes, and in one contest in which Aeschylus was a competitor Sophocles, twenty-eight years old, won the prize. From that time on he enjoyed almost unbroken success until his death at the age of ninety about 400 B.C. He wrote more than a hundred plays. Seven have survived. His themes are traditional and are linked with those of Aeschylus. The Greek dramatists, like Shakespeare and other modern poets, did not pretend to originality in the invention of plots; they vied with each other in treatment. Sophocles advanced the art of the drama in point of theatrical effectiveness; rapidity, directness, sense of suspense and climax. It is a commentary on the universal dramatic appeal of Sophocles that translations or adaptations of his "Oedipus the King, Oedipus Colonus", and "Antigone" (grade 2), have been successfully produced in English, German, and French. Mendelssohn wrote the music for "Antigone", and in recent years Richard Strauss wrote an opera of which the text by Hofmannsthal is based on the "Electra" of Sophocles. In an English translation, preferably the prose of R. C. Jebb, or the verse of E. H. Plumptre, the Sophoclean dramas hold one by their sheer narrative excitement. What they must be with all their original harmonies only those who really hear and feel Greek can tell us. The story of Oedipus and his



mother Jocasta is profoundly terrible, and Sophocles handles it with dramatic irony which must have been stunning to a Greek audience. They were familiar with the story and knew that Oedipus does not know his fate and in pride and blindness stumbles toward it unconsciously. There is no finer dramatic situation than that in all literature.

Euripides, (Plays in 8 vols. in grade 2), the third great tragic poet of Greece, was a few years younger than Sophocles, and for half a century the two poets were rivals before the Athenian audiences. Fate, that dreadful shapeless shadow that lurks behind the Greek world and ours, has been kinder to Euripides than to his fellow-dramatists, because eighteen of his ninety plays have been preserved. Euripides was the romantic among the Greek dramatists, which means simply (the word "romantic" has been tortured to death in modern criticism) that he made much of the motive of love.

This motive was not unknown to the other Greek poets; for was it not the elopement of Paris and Helen that launched a thousand ships and caused the Trojan War? But Euripides made the passion of love, and other human passions, the dominant motives. People are more important than gods, and even the gods and mythological personages speak the living speech of men. Euripides knew Athenian society, which had grown sophisticated, philosophical and sceptical, which no longer believed in the gods, and he knew that the way to hold an audience was to play on the universal emotions which we all feel, the passions that are in the blood, independent of religion. Medea, the sorceress, who murders her children to spite Jason, retains the externals of her traditional mythological character and flies off in a winged chariot. But in her words, in her heart, she is a tormented woman, as real a woman as Lady Macbeth.

In "Hippolytus", Phaedra, who kills herself because her stepson does not return her love, is a character fit for a modern melodrama. The heroine of "Iphigenia among the Taurians" and "Iphigenia at Aulis" is a charming creature; Euripides loved a lovely girl as heartily as any latter-day novelist. It is easy to understand why he had more influence on the romantic-classic drama of France and Germany than any other ancient poet. In spite of his human interest, the masterpiece of Euripides, the "Bacchae", deals wholly with the gods, with the punishment inflicted by Dionysus on King Pentheus who opposes the Dionysian worship. It is wildly magnificent. One needs very little knowledge of Greek mythology to be thrilled by it in Gilbert Murray's translation.



The worship of Dionysus, which was the origin of tragedy, was also, oddly enough, the origin of comedy. Tragedy represents the serious aspect of the ceremony, and comedy its laughter, revelry, and tipsy merriment. The great comic dramatist of Athens ~~and~~ Aristophanes, who flourished in the last half of the fifth century B. C. The old Athenian comedy was not only an entertainment but a vehicle of satire and protest against political and social vices; it had somewhat the function which belongs in modern times to sharp editorial writing and the political cartoon. Imagine a combination of E.L.Godkin, Thomas Nast, W.S.Gilbert, Mr. Dooley, George Ade, Will Rogers, and Art Young,-and you have something like a modern analogy to Athenian comedy, to its leading genius, Aristophanes. These local contemporaneous allusions are perfectly appropriate to the spirit of Aristophanes. For he was local and limited by his immediate environment. None of his plays, however witty, could interest modern spectators, because we could not get the jokes on the wing; those jokes were for Athenians, and their point is lost to us without explanatory notes - which kill the fun of them. But the general humorous conception of some of the plays comes through to us. Of the eleven extant plays, two are attacks on the Athenian politician, Cleon, and demagogy. One, "The Clouds", is aimed at the current philosophies and is a wicked caricature of Socrates. "The Frogs" is a literary criticism of Aeschylus and Euripides. Two plays are a plea for peace with Sparta. The most brilliant of all the plays is "The Birds", a satire on Athens and indeed on the whole human race; the idea of the birds building a city in the clouds is delightfully fantastic. And it is poetic; Aristophanes was a lyric poet as well as a laughter at the foibles of men.

Aristophanes left no successors; evidently no other writer dared or cared to imitate him. Greek comedy, the New Comedy, turned from that local political and public satire of which he was the past master to the comedy of manners, of intrigue, of farce, of merriment at the expense of the ordinary foolish human being - which we all are. The chief dramatist in the New Comedy is Menander, a kind of missing link, great in his influence, though we have only fragments of his plays, discovered within the last twenty years. From him the Roman dramatists, Plautus and Terence, derived substance, form, and spirit; and in turn modern dramatists, Moliere and Shakespeare, learned lessons from the Latin playwrights. We cannot say that Moliere and Shakespeare would not have been great comic dramatists if Menander and his contemporary, Philemon, had been strangled in their cradles; the would-have-



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beens of history are insoluble puzzles. But certainly those Greek comedians did come down to us through later dramatists and in a way are alive on our stage (since we are on the subject of comedy, I think it is a fair and pertinent joke to remind ourselves in this age of bobbed hair that one of Menander's comedies is the "Girl Who Gets Her Hair Cut Short". But in Menander's comedy the cutting of the hair is a punishment inflicted by an angry lover). The Greek tragic poets, as we have seen, are alive there, too, by direct adaptation, especially in the French classic theater and the somewhat later German classic theater. Racine and Goethe go directly to Greek subjects. The English have done excellent translating in a bookish way, but I cannot think of a single actable play in English comparable to the neo-Greek dramas of Racine and Goethe. That vigorous practical play-maker and profound scholar, Ben Jonson, probably knew more about the Latin Seneca than he did about the Greek tragic poets. But Seneca knew the Greeks. The descent is devious, like all genealogy. But there is an unquestionable thread, or chain, of connection between the modern theater and those half religious revels and ceremonies in Greece hundreds of years before the great Greek dramatists were born.

Editor's note: Among the books mentioned in this chapter the following are in braille:

Aeschylus. Agamemnon, tr. into verse by Gilbert Murray. 2v. LC

Aeschylus. Prometheus bound, tr. into English verse by Campbell. 1v. NIB

Aristophanes. The birds, tr. into English verse by J.H. Frere. NIB

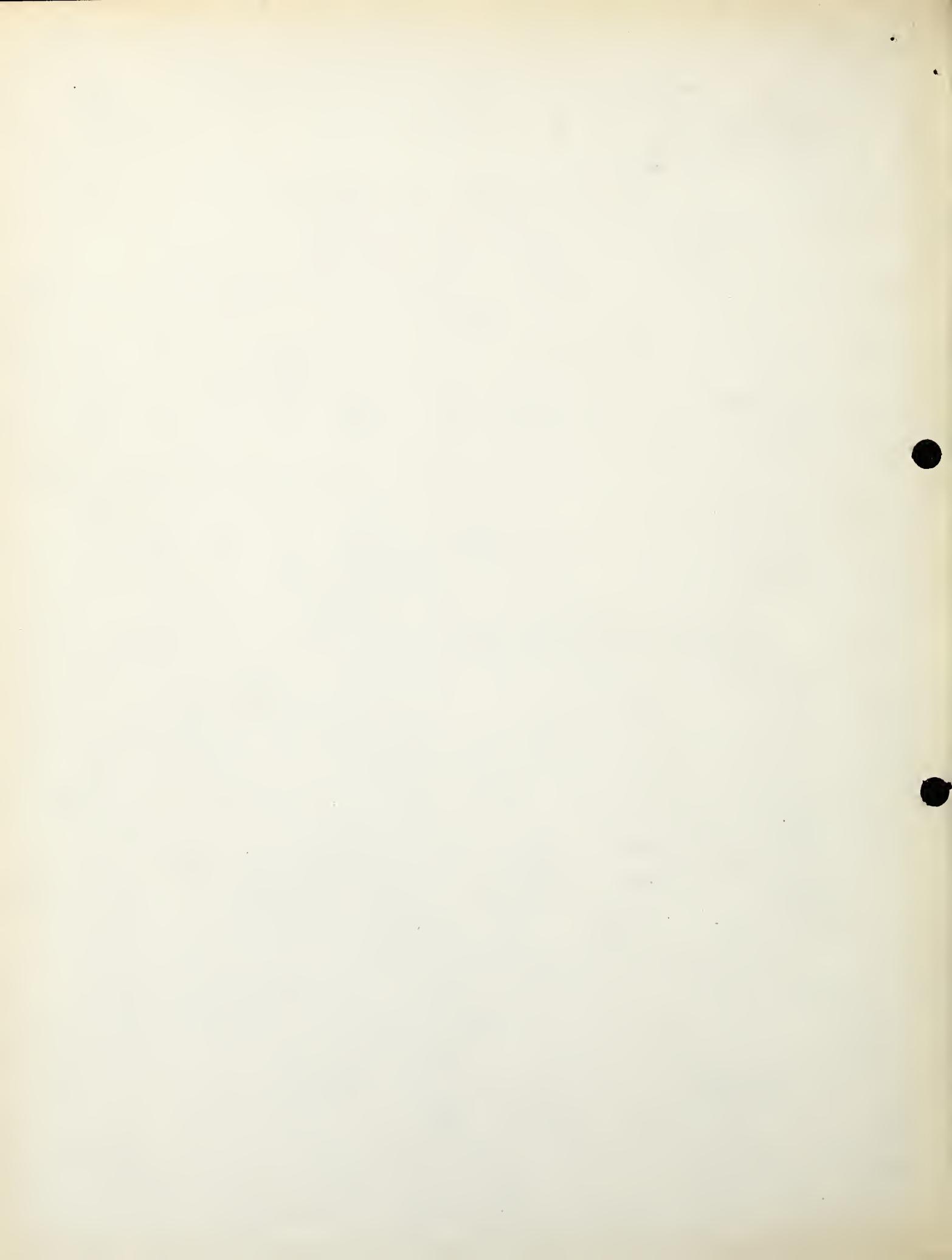
Epictetus. Moral discourses; with a life of Epictetus by Long. 13v. LC

Epictetus. Moral discourses; tr. by Carter. 4v. NIB

Euripides. Plays. 8v. NIB

Sophocles. The Antigone, tr. by Campbell. NIB

Swinburne, A.C. Atalanta in Calydon. NIB



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List of Abbreviations and Abbreviated names used in this magazine,
~~(Includes a complete list of libraries and presses)~~

Albany. New York State Library.

ABFR American Brotherhood of Free Reading for the Blind, *L*

184 S. Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California

ABP American Braille Press, 4 Rue de Montevideo, Paris, France. *V*

APH American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky. *V*

ARC American Red Cross, 315 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C.

Atlanta. Georgia Library Commission, State Capitol, Georgia.

Austin. Texas State Library.

BIA Braille Institute of America, 739 N. Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, California. *V*

Canada. Canadian National Institute, Library Department, 64 Baldwin St., Toronto, Canada.

Chicago. Chicago Public Library, Illinois.

Cincinnati. Cincinnati Public Library, Vine Street, Ohio.

Cleveland. Cleveland Public Library, Ohio.

CPH Clovernook Printing House for the Blind, Mt. Healthy, Ohio. *V*

Dallas. Dallas Public Library, Texas.

Denver. Denver Public Library, Colorado.

Wayne County Library, Michigan.

Detroit. Detroit Public Library, Lothrop Branch, Michigan.

Faribault. Minnesota School for the Blind.

FF Federal fund (~~Books provided by~~) (No longer used)

Honolulu. Library of Hawaii.

HMP Howe Memorial Press, Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass.

Jacksonville. Illinois Free Circulating Library for the Blind, Illinois.

Jewish Braille Library, 1825 Harrison Ave., New York City

LC Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

Los Angeles. Los Angeles Reading Library, California.

New Orleans. New Orleans Public Library, Louisiana.

NIB National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St., London, England. *L*

NLB National Library for the Blind, 1800 D Street, Washington, D.C.

NY Guild New York Guild for the Jewish Blind, 172 East 96th Street, N.Y.C.

NYPL New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, New York City.

Oklahoma. Library Commission, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Omaha. Omaha Public Library, Nebraska.

Orlando. ~~Free Circulating Library, Florida.~~

Ful Gopal Free Circulating Library, Florida.

*(Taken from
number 1)*



Perkins. Perkins Institution Library, Watertown, Mass.

Philadelphia. Free Library for the Blind, Logan Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pittsburgh. Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Portland. Library Association of Portland, Oregon.

PPS Pax Publishing Society, Logansport, Indiana.

(Provided by the U.S. Government) ~~marked~~ Titles followed by this notice ~~are~~ have been placed in the twenty three
RBA Royal Blind Asylum and School, Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Richmond. Braile Circulating Library, Virginia.

RWAP Reading with a Purpose Series.

Sacramento. California State Library.

Saginaw. Michigan State Library for the Blind.

Salt Lake City. Public Library, Utah.

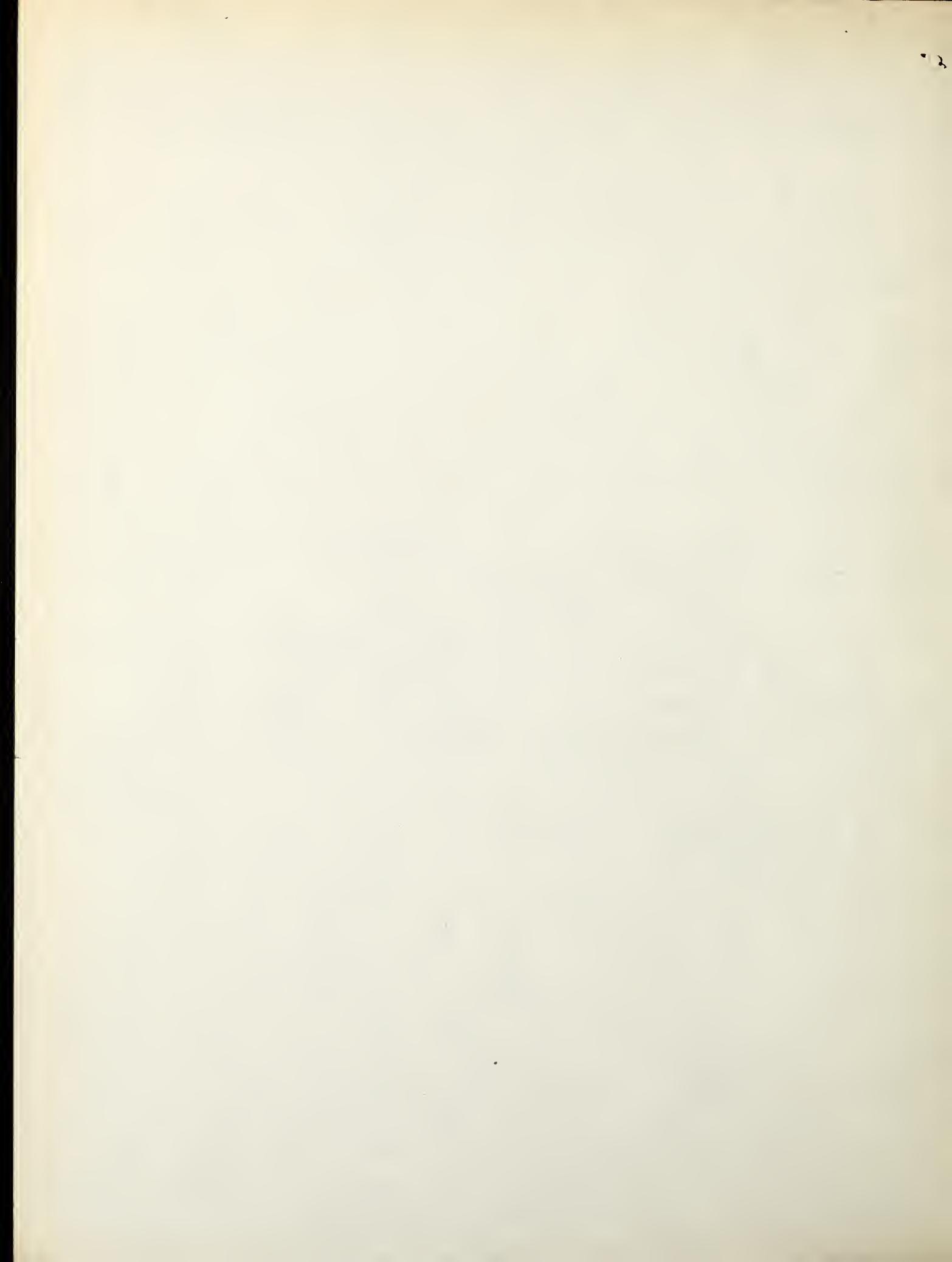
Seattle. Seattle Public Library, Washington.

St.Louis. St.Louis Public Library, Missouri.

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Selby-Goss

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A book is an offer of friendship from him who writes to him who reads.--Meiklejohn.

Bowers, Claude G. Beveridge and the progressive era. BIA To be embossed.

Bundesen, H.N. Health, how to keep it. v.4. no.4. 2v. Free Library of Philadelphia, Vaughan

Press. Excerpts from articles in which various ailments and their treatments are discussed. Partial contents: Infections of the eye-lids; heart disturbances; digestive disorders; cold sores; infections affecting the feet; week of interest in babies; germs in the mouth; liver disturbance in skin infections.

Clarke, Beverly Leonidas. Marvels of modern chemistry; based on "Everyman's chemistry", by Ellwood Hendrick. 5v. 1932 APH When Ellwood Hendrick, beloved by all chemists and by thousands of laymen, wrote "Everyman's chemistry" he did what had never been done before. His book was, in effect, a serious, instructive text, but it was addressed to the mature man on the street. "Everyman's chemistry" filled a real need and set a model. Dr. Beverly L. Clarke has now rewritten this book, maintaining the original plan and keeping many sections intact, but bringing it up to date and adding the philosophical point of view which chemistry has since attained.

Damrosch, Walter. My musical life. 3v. 1923 CPH FF Thoroughly enjoyable record of the musical activites of the author from the early association with his father on through his distinguished connection with the opera, the Oratorio Society and the New York symphony orchestra. Replete with diverting anecdotes and lively reminiscences of singers, musicians and famous conductors.

Garland, Hamlin. Daughter of the middle border. BIA To be embossed.

Harker, Lizzie Allen. Bridge across. 3v. 1921 CPH Light fiction by the author of Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly.

Lincoln, J.C. Head tide. 3v. ABFR FF The scene is Cape Cod in the '70's. The tale is entertaining and often amusing, written in Lincoln's well-known style and with many of the out-of-the-way characters he enjoys portraying.

Lippmann, Walter. Interpretations, 1931-32; selected and edited by Allan Nevins. 3v. 1932 BIA FF From some 200 of Mr. Lippmann's syndicated editorials of the past year Allan Nevins has selected those having most vital and permanent value as a commentary on affairs

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at home and abroad. The articles have been arranged under a dozen headings and notes have been added to explain names and facts. His mind and his style, which, like any man's, is a simulacrum of his mind, are beautifully clear. Indeed in the age which seems to the weary reader of endless commentaries almost wilfully muddle-headed, Mr. Lippmann's brilliant clarity is like a drink of water after bath-tub gin. And this clarity, which is coupled with an inner conviction and a high seriousness equally rare in our distressed era, lends what Mr. Lippmann says an effective authority almost unique in our society.

Rinehart, Mary R. My story. BIA To be embossed.

Shapley, Harlow. Flights from chaos; a survey of material systems from atoms to galaxies.

2v. 1930 A/E Harlow Shapley seeks in this volume to bring order out of universal chaos by setting forth an arrangement and classification of all the known types of material systems, from electrons to galaxies. Dr. Shapley is director of the Harvard astronomical observatory. Such a survey of the conceptions which constitute the outlook on the universe of a leading astronomer is of immediate and challenging interest to all scientific men. It may however, be too concise for a popular audience. To the scientist, order has replaced chaos, but to the lay reader the beauty is dimmed by the intervening chaos of technical terms.

Shaw, Anna Howard. The story of a pioneer. 4x. 4v. 1915. APH FF In collaboration with Miss Elizabeth Jordan, the president (1915) of the National American women suffrage association here tells the inspiring story of her life from her strenuous youth in the Michigan "back woods" of fifty years ago, thru her career as Methodist preacher, ordained minister, teacher, doctor, lecturer, and suffrage worker and leader. Dr. Shaw wrote as she spoke, straightforwardly and with keen observation, humor and a rich fund of anecdote.

Swinnerton, Frank. The Georgia house: a tale of four parts. To be embossed.

Thoreau, Henry David. Walden. 6v. 1917. Chicago Public Library, Braille Fund Press. See article in this issue.

Hand-copied Books

Adams, Evangeline (Mrs. G.E.Jordan) Astrology; your place among the stars. 6v. 1930 Chicago.

The aim of this book is to give to the public the benefit of the practical findings gleaned by the author through a lifetime of astrological study and human experience in



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the course of her consultations with hundreds of thousands of clients. The effects of the sun, moon and planets in their passage through the twelve signs of the zodiac have been stressed at great length, and numerous examples of well-known persons in different periods and walks of life have been given to illustrate their operation. The positions of the planets, Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter, from about 1850 and through the 20th century have been tabulated.----From the Preface.

Adams, James Truslow. The founding of New England. 9v. 1921. Chicago. This excellent short history of early New England shows how the religious factor in the early settlement period has been overestimated to the neglect of those economic factors which played a very considerable part in the development of all the colonies.

Balmer, Edwin. Swift current. lv. Detroit. Known to many readers as author, in collaboration, of the Indian Drum.

Buchan, John. Litchwood. 8v. 1927 LC A romantic historical novel. A very good picture of Lowland life in seventeenth-century Scotland; a novel which almost entitles the author to be called a modern and tesser Sir Walter Scott.

Coolidge, Mary E. The rain-makers, Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. 6v. 1929 Denver. A comprehensive story of the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico which outlines the history of the Pueblo Indians, their social life, religious rites, arts and crafts. The author is a member of the California state board of education.

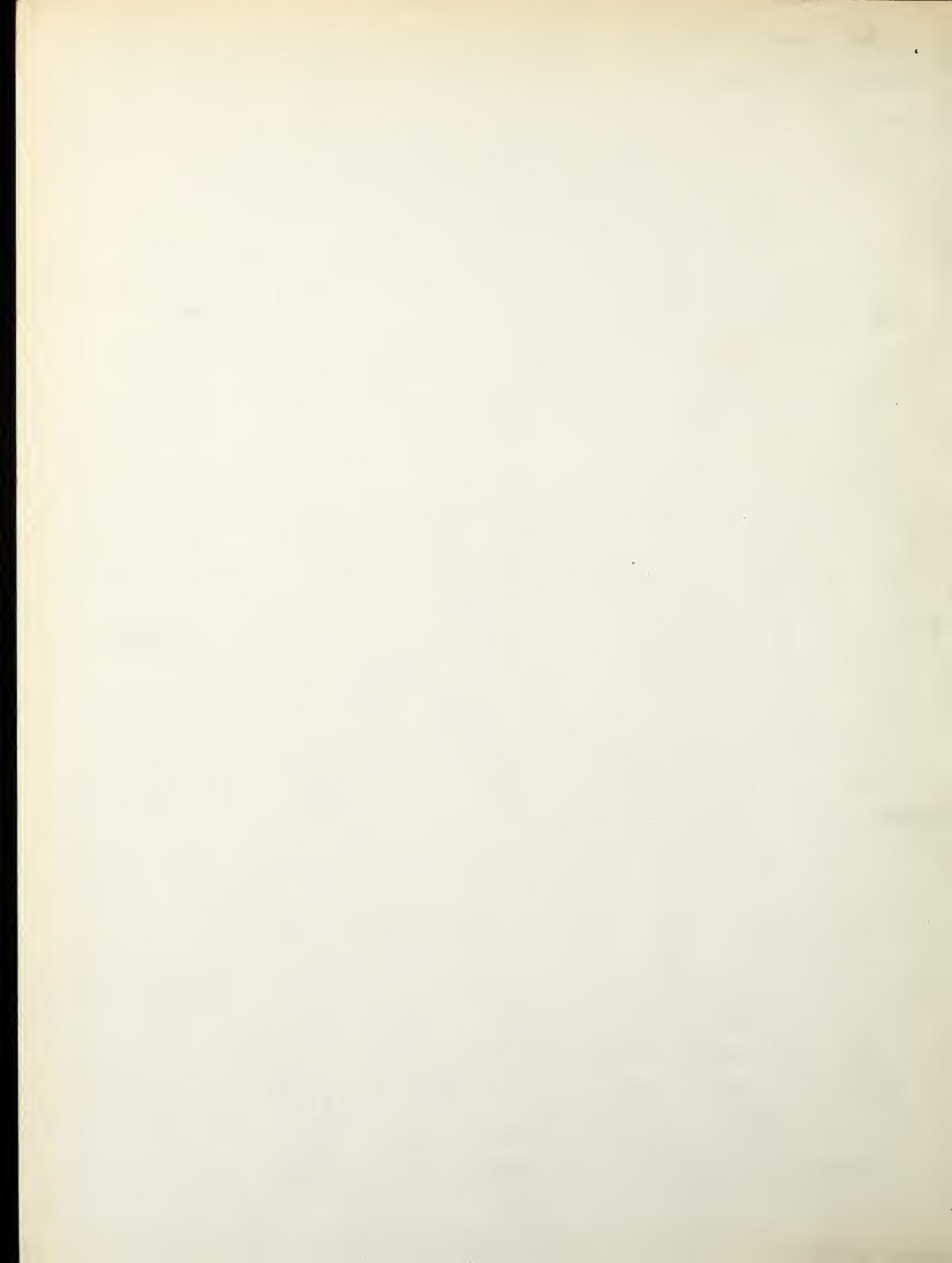
Corbett, E.P. The young Mrs. Meigs. 6v. 1931 Detroit. Mrs. Meigs combines the charm of the old fashioned with an astonishingly modern vocabulary and a comprehension of the feelings of her young contemporaries. As an old lady she is quite unimpressive; as a personality she is delightful.

Davis, R.H. In the fog. 2v. 1901 Detroit, LC Clever mystery story.

Farnol, Jeffrey. The money moon. 4v. 1921. St. Louis. An amusing novel presenting unexpectedly pleasant adventures experienced on a walking tour in England.

Fosdick, H.B. The privilege of living, from Twelve tests of character; and A day of pleasant bread. lv. Sacramento. (Twelve tests of character is in LC , NYPL)

Frost, Robert. Selected poems. 3v. 1923. Perkins. It is as a delineator of pastoral life that Frost is best known. With the publication of "North of Boston" in England his re-



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putation was established. He was born in San Francisco, 1875.

Gaw, Allison and R.T.Gaw. Pharaoh's daughter. 2v. 1928 Chicago. A biblical play.

Golding, Louis. Adventures in living dangerously. 1v. 1930 ed. NYPL. A gay record of a search for danger in the wide world. It is essentially a travel book. Golding never shines to better advantage than in his travel books and this one is a charming example of his style. He is the author of Magnolia Street.

Hay, John. Castilian days. 2v. LC Studies of Spanish manners, character and politics, written in 1871; sets admirably before us the men and tendencies which have gone to XXXX the making of Spain and the Spaniard today. Lucid, forcible style, pleasant humor.

Hayes, E.C. Introduction to the study of sociology. 13v. 1927 ed. LC A comprehensive elementary treatment planned for the use of general readers who do not intend to make a thorough study of the field. The author is professor of sociology at the University of Illinois.

Hoover, Herbert. American individualism. 1v. LC, Cincinnati.

Kent, Rockwell. Wilderness, a journal of quiet adventure in Alaska. 3v. 1920 Albany. The diary of an artist who, with his nine year old son, spent a winter on Fox Island in Resurrection Bay off the coast of Alaska. An unusual record of a year's isolation of rare companionship between father and son.

Kitson, H.D. I find my vocation. 3v. 1931 NYPL. This book is devoted mainly to the psychology of vocational selection, preparation, progress and adjustment. A needed service has been rendered in amplifying these guidance concepts in language well calculated to be understood and enjoyed by high school pupils. Emphasizes the use of biographical material and includes a classified list of biographies. The three page summary of principles to be followed in choosing a vocation is especially good.

Leacock, Stephen. Laugh with Leacock, an anthology of his best work. 8v. 1-31 Oklahoma City

Moody, Wm. Vaughn and Robert M. Lovett. A history of English literature from Beowulf to 1926. 14v. 1926 LC An excellent book.

Morley, Christopher. Ex libris carissimis. 3v. 1932. Detroit. Five delightfully informal



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'talks on book collecting and the love of books, which were delivered at the University of Pennsylvania in the autumn of 1931, when the author was chosen as the first Rosenbach fellow in bibliography. The book concludes with a list of eighty-five books which have given the author the greatest pleasure in his years of wide reading. A charming book which will recapture the reader's memories of old favorites and point his way to new discoveries.

Newton, A.B. The greatest book in the world and other papers. 7v. 1925. Chicago. In the opening paper the author discusses rare editions of the Bible and gives facsimiles of many of title-pages. Other chapters are: Books and writers, Plays and players, London in the eighties.

Phelps, William Lyon. Human nature. 4v. LC

Roberts, E. M. A buried treasure. 4v. 1931. Albany. A simple, gently humorous story of the finding of a pot of gold and silver by an old Kentucky farmer and his wife. They decide to give a party to announce their good fortune and the story relates what happened in consequence.

Pochelieu, Corinne and Rebecca Mack. Those in the dark silence, the deaf-blind in North America, a record of to-day. 6v. 1930 LC. Contents: The deaf-blind, their numbers and needs. Different types of education. Role of the psychologist and the medical man. Problem of work. State, church and welfare societies. Statistics. Biographical section.

Roosevelt, Theodore, see entry under Sister, Gwen.

Sesman, Mrs. Augusta. The hoarded-up house. 3v. 1915. Detroit.

Tarkington, Booth. Benjley's Christmas party. 2v. 1909. Denver, Sacramento. Tarkington has won success in widely different literary fields; this is a charming story of Christmas.

Thomas, Lowell. This side of hell; Dan Edwards, adventurer. 5v. 1932. NYPL. A thrilling and illuminating book. It describes the life of Dan Edwards, who has been variously a gambler in Mexico City, a Texas cowboy, a general in both the Greek and Chinese armies, and a top sergeant in the World war. The bulk of the book is taken up with his war experiences in France, whence he returned badly crippled. He received both the Congressional Medal of Honor, and the D. C., the highest war decorations awarded by the United States.

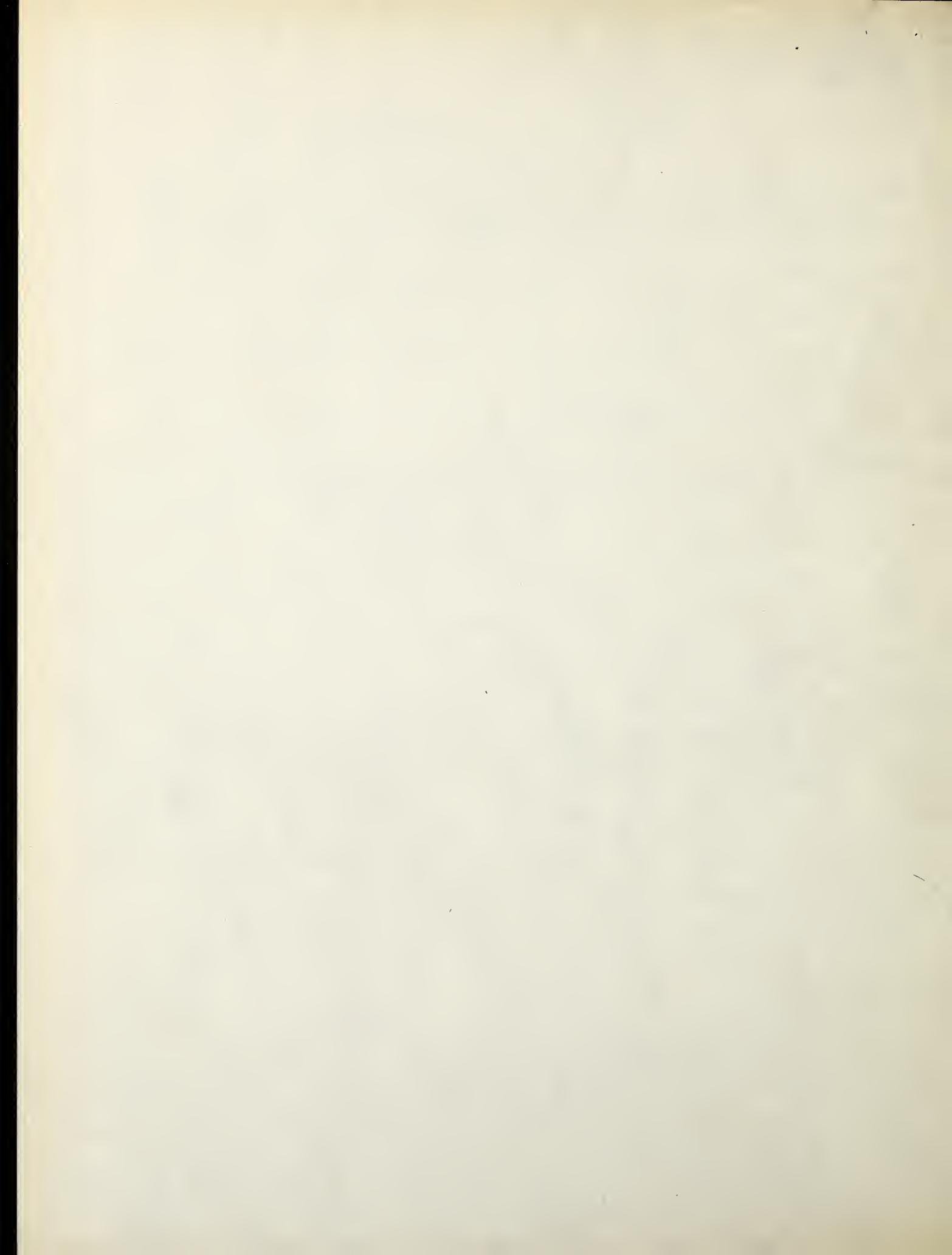
Van Tyke, John C. In the West Indies. 3v. 1932 Chicago. A delightful book of travel.

Sketches of the West Indies and other islands of the Caribbean. The author has purposely written of these lands pictorially, rather than politically, economically or socially, but the economic conditions of the black man and the possibility of help for him thru diversified farming have held his interest thruout.

Wiggin, K.D.S. Timothy's quest. 4v. 1890 Sacramento. How Timothy with lady Gay, the baby, and Tugs, the dog, ran away to the "true country" and found a lady to adopt them into a home without a capital "H".

Wilde, Oscar. The happy prince; The nightingale and the rose; The selfish giant. 4v. 1C
Fairy tales.

Winter, Owen D. Roosevelt, the story of a friendship. 11v. 1930 1C From his lifelong friendship with Theodore Roosevelt and his personal correspondence with him, Owen Winter, the novelist, has constructed this intimate and revealing biography. The friendship between Winter and Roosevelt began at Harvard, continued thru the events that led Roosevelt from his governorship to the presidency, up to the last days at Sagamore Hill. With insight and charm, Winter has portrayed not only XIX T.R. but the Familiars, or friends of his administration, as well: Henry Adams, Justice Holmes, Leonard Wood, Jusserand, Senator Lodge, Gifford Pinchot and others. The biography is for the most part a personal rather than a political record. Unfortunately Mr. Winter has not confined himself to a simple chronicle of his friendship with Roosevelt. In carrying the story down to its close, the author has felt compelled to enter the lists on behalf of his hero; and the latter half of the book is marred by wholly unnecessary obiter dicta on a variety of subjects, by a bitter and virulent attack upon President Wilson, an uncritical discussion of the war-guilt question, and gratuitous criticism of liberals and historians.

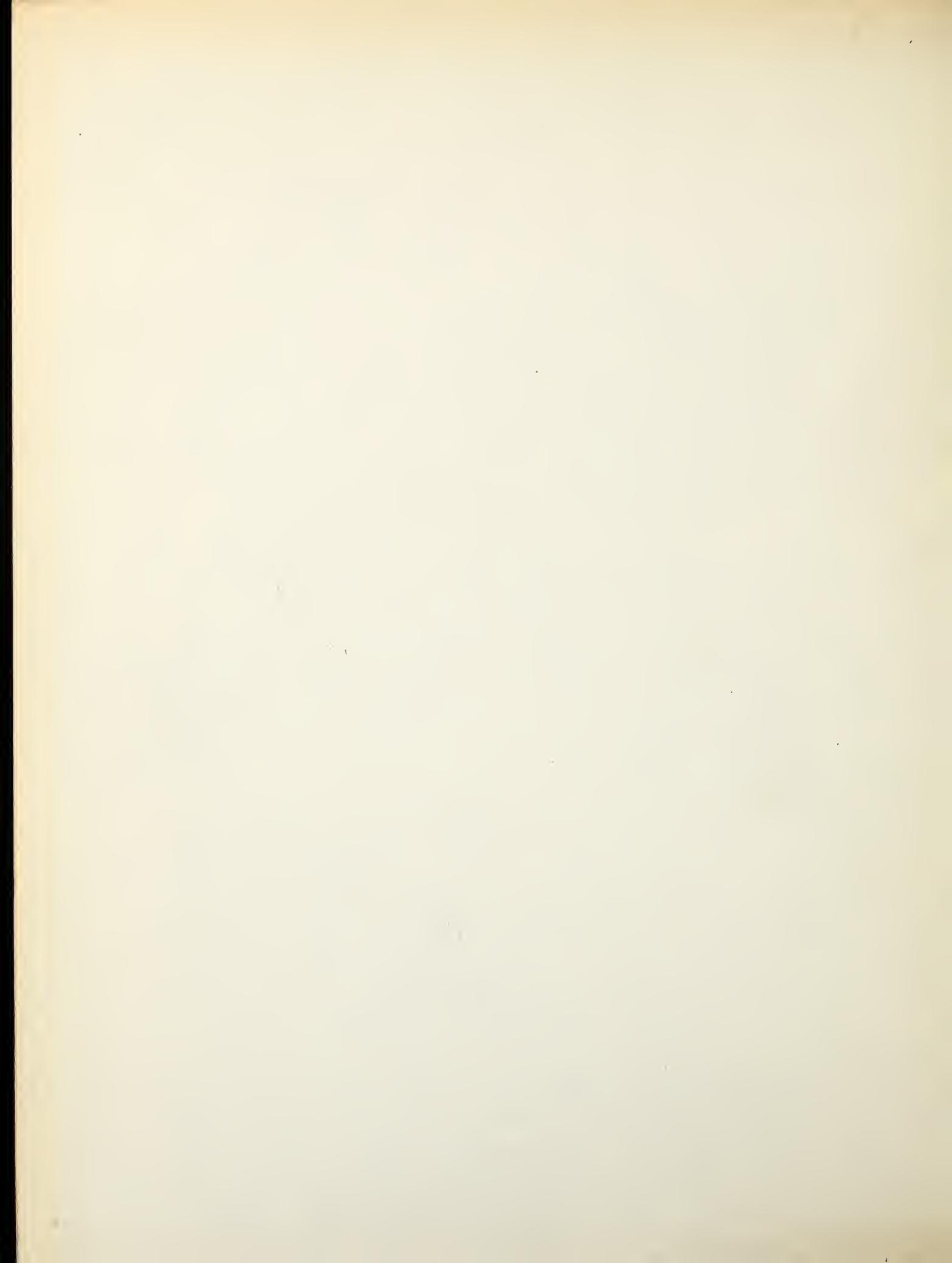


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What the President Reads, by Christopher Morley. From The Saturday Review.

$$\begin{array}{r} 64 \\ 78.0 \\ \hline 5120 \\ \hline 64 \\ \hline 1320 \text{ words in 660Q} \end{array}$$

estimated at 10 pages
of type written on 400 words.



(18)

Is not "Walden" like a drop of dew?

Thoreau's "Walden"
(First published in 1854)

Tell Shakespeare to attend some leisure hour,
For now I've business with this drop of dew.
Henry David Thoreau.

"Walden"! When the lover of that book writes its title he would like to make the word a joyful shout, a kind of hail to good people who know not the book.

Of Thoreau's masterpiece two wonderful things are true--

No man having attentively read it is ever the same man again.

Second--

Nobody ever wrote a book in our tongue like it - not even Thoreau, although his "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" is highly authentic Thoreau.

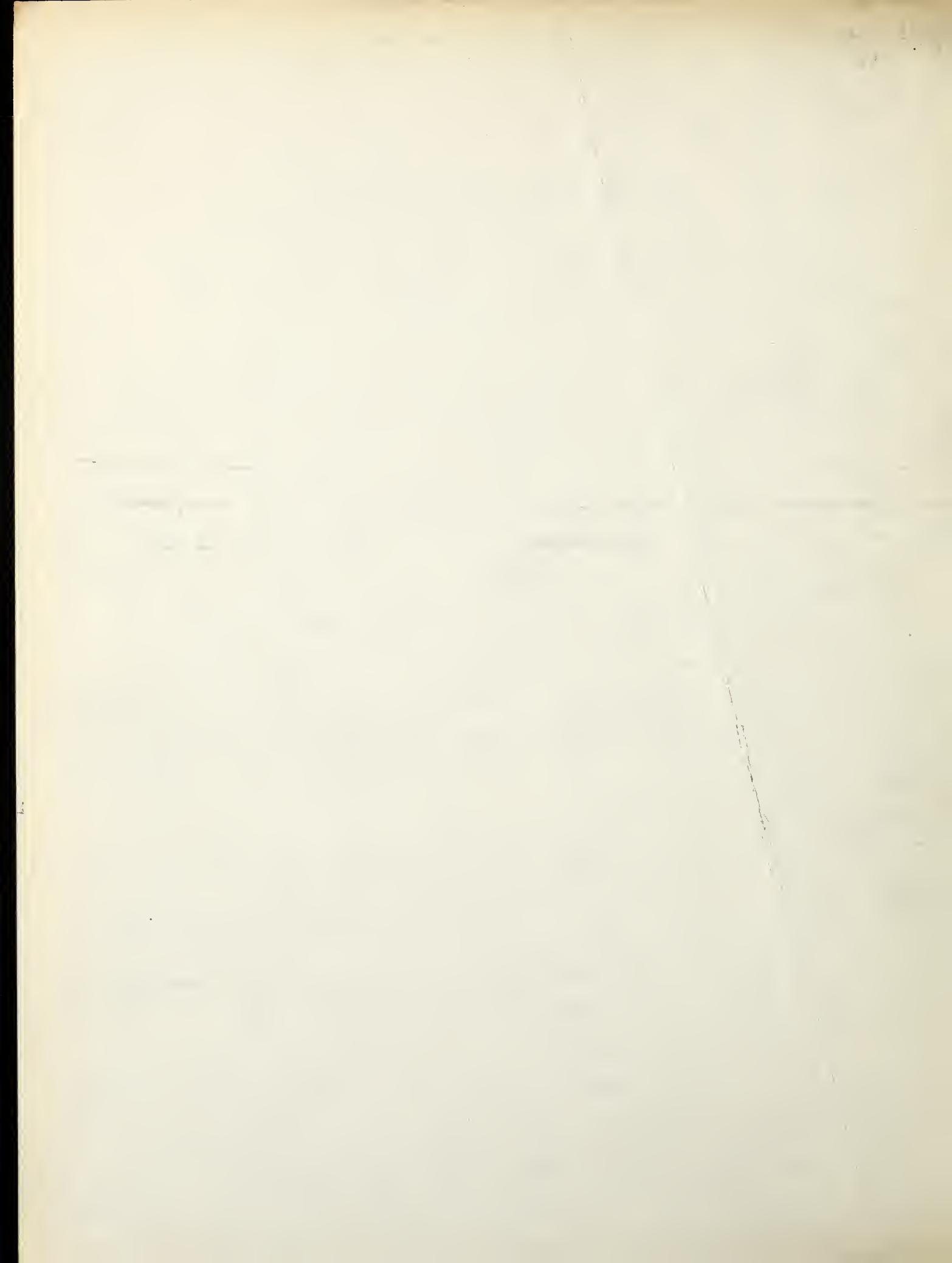
~~Nobody ever wrote another book like "Walden" because, I suppose, there never was another man like Thoreau, though many a man certainly has wished to be like him - perhaps one like him, but lacked the Concord surveyor's sinewy genius for getting himself exonerated.~~

~~Never another book like "Walden" - "Walden" the unique! - is not that a dazzling isolation amid the authentic treasures of a literature which, if you date its beginnings from Chaucer, has meant six centuries of resplendent pageantry?~~

This was cut out.
Emerson knew the manner of man he had been talking and walking with, and giving odd jobs of gardening to, during the twenty-five years of their adult companionship in Concord, and he wrote when Thoreau died, "The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost."

The country knows now. Other countries also. Paris in the autumn of 1920 was reading a new translation of "Walden," and the reviews were weighty. Nine years ago there was published in England and America a small but important volume of specimens of the significant sociological literature of the last three-quarters of a century. The essays were grouped under the title "Man or the State." Thoreau, who carried 706 unsold copies of the first edition of a thousand copies of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" up the attic stairs seventy-five years ago, is ~~not~~ with the immortals in that book - with Prince Kropotkin, Buckle, Emerson, Spencer, and Tolstoy.

I know no picture in the annals of letters more touching than the picture of the grim young man carrying up the stairs the volumes returned to him after they had lain four years



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unsold on the publisher's shelves in Boston, and then making this gallant entry in his diary:

"I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes, over 700 of which I wrote myself. Is it not well that the author should behold the fruits of his labor? Nevertheless, in spite of this result, sitting beside the inert mass of my works, I take up my pen to-night to record what thought or experience I may have had with as much satisfaction as ever. Indeed, I believe that this result is more inspiriting and better for me than if a thousand had bought my wares. It affects my privacy less and leaves me freer."

Johnson's august letter to Lord Chesterfield is not braver or prouder!

Of this book in 1920 a leading American publisher issued a new popular edition selling at a dollar a copy.

Aye, the world knows Emerson's man-of-all-work now. A few months ago, when I was spending happy, fruitful days in Concord, a visitor to the house of the Antiquarian society, where the Thoreau relics are, was a Japanese baron and banker on a tour of this country, and the custodian told me that the baron did not ask to be shown the way, but knew where the "Thoreau room" was, as well as much about Thoreau.

~~How to come apart, and to remain with one's core, the first named of the "Walden" marvels - is it true that a man is never the same again once he has, I do not mean dipped into, but eaten into Thoreau's book? Forty-seven years ago, when Robert Louis Stevenson wrote the apology for his far from felicitous essay on Thoreau in the "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," he coupled grateful acknowledgment with the apology, saying, "I have scarce written ten sentences since I was introduced to him (Thoreau) but his influence might be somewhere detected by a close observer."~~

Why does "Walden" take such a hold of men as it does? Because it is such an honest book that there is no gainsaying it. When I say that a man having read it is never the same man again I do not mean that he forthwith begins living very differently. He may not - probably will not - live either by it or up to it - may think he cannot - but he will earnestly regret that he does not. That is at least a step in grace.

Thoreau wrote out of the riches of his actuality. He had lived, and made a success of, what he preached.



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No other book is at once so universal and so searchingly personal. On the fourth page of the issue of "Walden" in the admirable 1906 twenty-volume edition of his complete works - the only edition to own - he says: "I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well."

And then he is off with you into two years of radiant actuality by the pond side a mile and a half south of Concord - the place which he loved above any other spot he ever had seen and of which he said, "One proposes that it be called 'God's Drop.'" And again, "White pond and Walden are great crystals on the surface of the earth, Lakes of Light."

What did Thoreau learn there in those two years from 1845 to 1847? Briefly, that the less a man had the more he would enjoy. He went there, and he worked there, to possess life, not things. He went there not to reduce life to its essentials but to elevate it to them. He went as no misanthrope, anchorite, cynic, or recluse, as no "skulker," as Stevenson ignobly called him. Many persons who never have felt the elevated curiosity to look into "Walden" - either the book or the lake - but only a trifling curiosity about a man who was and did "something queer" ask, "Why did Thoreau go to Walden?" That question he accounted fair and answered in a score of places in the book. On the twenty-first page of the edition already mentioned, for example:

"My purpose in going to Walden Pond was not to live cheaply nor to live dearly there, but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles; to be hindered from accomplishing which for want of a little common sense, a little enterprise and business talent, appeared not so sad as foolish."

Another time, explicitly and with forthright kindness he gave the reason of it all to honest John Field, overworked, overfed, disheartened Irish day laborer, during the hour he sought shelter from the storm in John's squalid cabin. The whole passage is a gem of Dutch painting. Here are the essentials of the doctrinal part of it:

"I tried to help him with my experience. . . that I did not use tea, nor coffee, nor butter, nor milk, nor fresh meat, and so did not have to work to get them; again, as I did not work hard, I did not have to eat hard, and it cost me but a trifle for my food; but as he began with tea, and coffee, and butter, and milk, and beef, he had to work hard to pay for them, and when he had worked hard he had to eat hard again to repair the waste of his system -



and so it was as broad as it was long, indeed it was broader than it was long, for he was discontented and wasted his life into the bargain.

At Walden Thoreau lived happily, peacefully, cheaply and fruitfully, writing much and thinking more. The most finely attuned minds of that day in his neighborhood - and that then meant the most finely attuned in America - came to his cabin door and sat with him as long as he would let them - Hawthorne, then forty-one years old; Emerson, forty-two; Bronson Alcott (Louisa's father), forty-six, and William Ellery Channing (the rare poet), twenty-seven, whom Thoreau thought "one of the few who understood the art of taking walks." Thoreau was twenty-eight, but they all learned much from him, and, all surviving him, treasured the memory of him to their last days. In especial Emerson's essay on him is valuable, and a book to be read along with "Walden" is Channing's "Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist."

~~Believe not John Macy when he calls Channing's book "fatuoue." It is a loving, in-looking book of commentary, worthy of the man and the books that prompted it.~~

As a book of instruction and admonition "Walden" is as shrewd as Franklin. Almost any dozen sentences from it make that clear. Its charm is as readily conveyed. In no other book of prose have I encountered so much sense (horse sense, Yankee shrewdness, mother wit, men variously call it) coupled with such sheer beauty. He speaks of a lake as "the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye." And of chickadees that came with "faint, flitting, lisping notes, like the tinkling of icicles in the grass."

In a time of drought he spoke of "the dry and tearless grass," and once he said that the color of the bluebird seemed as if he "carried the sky on his back." The snow buntings he called "winged snowballs," and he described a pure white gull as "a wave of foam in the air." Storms he loved, saying, "We are rained and snowed on ~~in~~ with gems," and added that there was "nothin' handsomer than a snowflake and a dewdrop."

~~As challenge to a public opinion which he thought intolerable because it tolerated human slavery he could, and did, go to jail, but he was not oblivious of the fact that his own opinion might upon occasion prove the least tolerable of tyrants to him. So in "Walden" - and here is the Franklin in him - he set this down:~~

"Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinions."

As a lover of nature his love was not the hunter's devastating passion but the pure ardor of the devotee aiming at conquest by divining the mystery. "In Walden Woods," he said, "I



hunt with a gun; for a gun gives you but the body while the glass gives you the bird."

Sparing the body he captured the soul.

Every true essential of existence he touched with poetry, neither loftily dismissing it nor discounting it as a drear practicality but unerringly finding the benefaction and the reapture in it.

He could write poetry about and into his woodpile.

"Every man," he says in "Walden," "looks at his woodpile with a kind of affection. I loved to have mine before my window, and the more chips the better to remind me of my pleasing work. I had an old ax which nobody claimed, with which by spells in winter days, on the sunny side of the house, I played about the stumps which I had got out of my beanfield. They warmed me twice - once while I was splitting them, and again when they were on the fire. So what no fuel could give out more heat."

Thoreau made no mystery of either his hermitage or its purpose, nor of the sermon he formulated from his experiment. The congregation he sought to persuade was, like his gospel, altogether definite and specific - a congregation of poor critters not enriched but baffled by the earthiness of earth.

"I do not speak," he said, "to those who are well employed, in whatever circumstances, and they know whether they are well employed or not; - but mainly to the mass of men who are discontented, and idly complaining of the hardness of their lot or of the times. . . .Perhaps these pages are more particularly addressed to poor students."

Summing up for poor students, and for inept and untutored livers of life, the results of his experimentation at Walden, and thereabouts, he says:

"For more than five years I maintained myself by the labor of my hands, and I found that, by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study."

Was the sole result of his system the acquirement for himself of a lofty and untroubled leisure? It was not. The final result was twenty volumes, averaging nearly 400 pages each, which the world still is reading. He wrote them in the course of about fifteen years of a life whose total came to only forty-four years. That is not "skulking."

The deprivations incident to his method of ordering existence Thoreau accounted its re-

wards, and if we assemble three detached passages of "Walden," we shall find that he balanced his books thus:

"At the present day (1847), and in this country, as I find by my own experience, a few implements, a knife, an axe, a spade, a wheelbarrow, etc., and for the studious, lamplight, stationery, and access to a few books, rank next to necessaries and can all be obtained at a trifling cost." (You will say, reader, that the times and the country have changed. They have. But the fact remains that the shores of Walden pond, whereon the great experiment was made, are still unpeopled. What was done there can, given your man, still be done there.)

"It appears from the above estimate (an estimate to be found on the sixty-seventh page of the volume of 'Walden' which is part of the 1906 edition of his works) that my food alone cost me in money about twenty-seven cents a week. It was rye and Indian meal without yeast, potatoes, rice, a very little salt pork, molasses, and salt; and my drink, water.

"I am convinced that if all men were to live as simply as I did, thieving and robbery would be unknown."

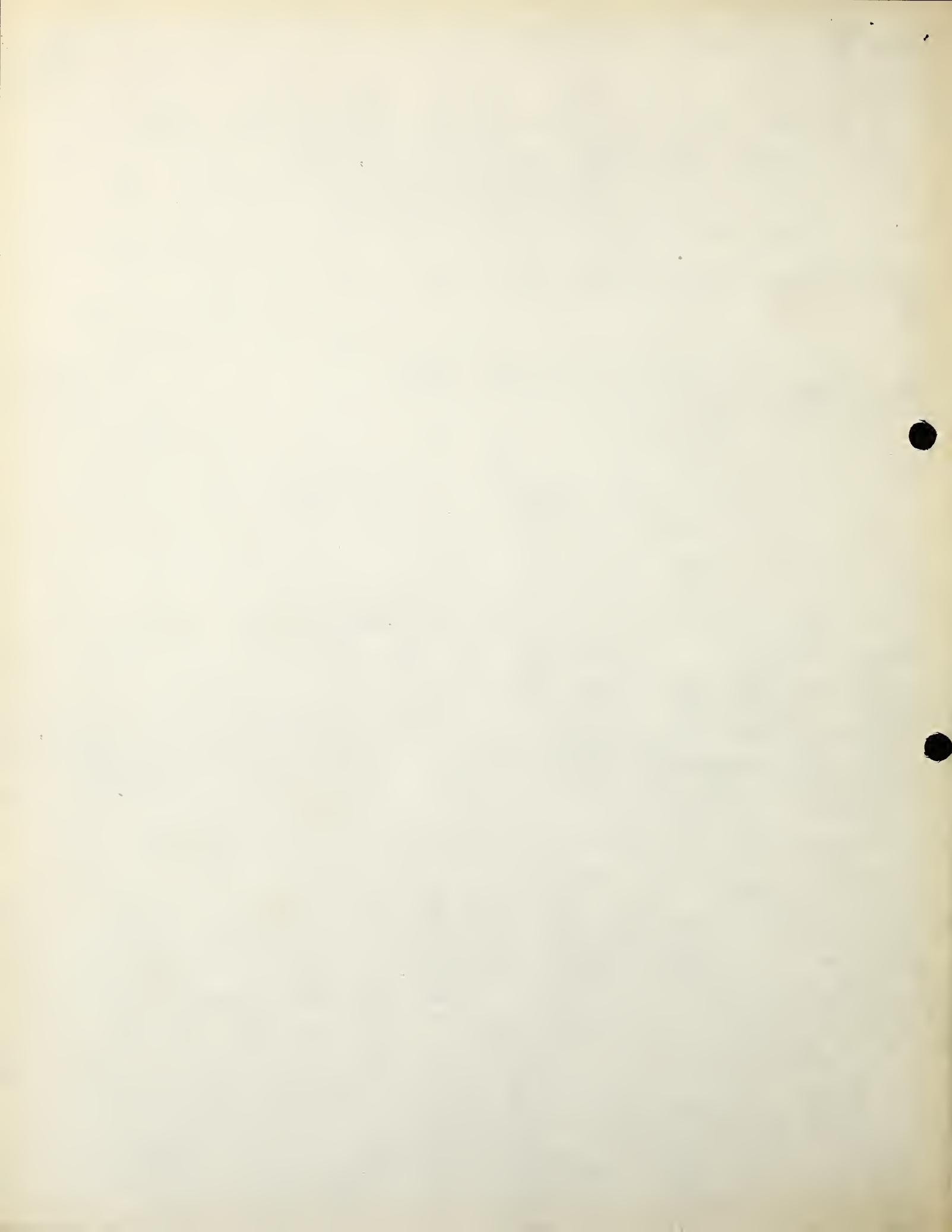
Those are three key passages of "Walden."

The third, William Dean Howells brushed contemptuously away saying: "Men are not going to answer the riddle of the painful earth by building themselves shanties, and living upon beans, and watching ant fights."

That is pungent. But somehow I seem to see young Henry David Thoreau lifting his grave, clear untroubled eyes and answering, as answer he does, in "Walden": "If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them. All men want, not something to do with, but something to do, or rather something to be."

Thoreau died untimely from exposure while counting the rings of a tree amid December snow, but he died at peace. One of those bedside comforters who add a new terror to death asked, "Henry, have you made your peace with God?" The ~~fix~~ friend of birds and field mice and all helpless beings, the lover of truth to the ultimate, smiled and answered, "I have never quarreled with him."

He is the bonniest, gravest, honestest spirit in our literature, and his great book has the sunshine, the crisp snow, the bird notes, the morning light and the morning fragrance of Walden pond bound in with every one of its nearly 400 steady, exhilarating, comforting pages. It lives and sings.



I came, I saw, I conquered.
Julius Caesar.

The man of words is not always, not often, the man of affairs. The maker of records, the phrasier of life, is usually a timid person who could not lead a regiment or face a group of politicians in debate. But in literature, as in life, no rule holds good. It sometimes happens that the man who does things can say things. Two supreme examples of the double genius are Napoleon and Julius Caesar. Caesar made history and wrote it. His "Commentaries" on the Gallic War and on the Civil War (between Caesar and Pompey) are clear, simple and sincere narratives.

On account of the simplicity of the substance and the style the "Gallic War" is used as an elementary text-book in the study of Latin; so that it has probably been more widely read (if that school-room grind can be called reading) than any other Latin book. Many of us learned to hate it in our youth, as we came to hate some English masterpieces which we were required to parse and otherwise mutilate. But the mature reader who turns to Caesar's works, either in the original or in the good "trot", will find them immensely interesting, swift, vigorous stories. The "Gallic War" is the basis of half our knowledge of the northern provinces of Rome, which have since become great modern nations, and the "Civil War" is an indispensable document for the understanding of the internal affairs of Rome.

The purpose of Caesar's writing was to justify himself in the eyes of the Romans, but he understood as artist and politician the value of moderation, and he made his case without palaver or boasting and without serious misrepresentation of fact. The magnitude of his fame is indicated by the adoption of his family name as the common name for emperor, not only in ancient Rome but in Germany and Russia. His death at the hands of Brutus and other liberal or envious patriots is the supreme example in history (even more dramatic than the life of Napoleon) of the irony of human greatness. For English readers the tragedy of his career and the power of his character are best expressed in Shakespeare's play. Caesar has fascinated the lay reader. Among the most eloquent accounts are those in the "History of Rome" by the German, Theodor Mommsen, and the more recent "Greatness and Decline of Rome" by the Italian, Guglielmo Ferrero. Both of these works are in English.

'Caesar's writings are personal memoirs, his own adventures amid events which were greater than himself but which he partly shaped. A somewhat similar modern example is the "Memoirs of General Grant". And in our day it is impossible to count the autobiographies, recollections, apologies, and defenses by generals, admirals, and diplomats who played a part in the World War of 1914-18.

The first great impersonal, or objective, Roman historian was a contemporary and supporter of Caesar, Sallust. He had been a man of affairs and had grown rich as governor of Numidia, an African province of Rome. After the death of Caesar, in 44 B.C., Sallust retired to his magnificent villa and lived the life of a gentleman and scholar. He was a sound historian, employing secretaries to study and compare documents for him, and he was an artist with a sense of style and a gift for dramatic narrative. The two complete works of his which survive are the story of the conspiracy of Catiline (the subject also of Cicero's famous oration), and the history of the war between the Romans and the Numidian king, Jugurtha. The books of Caesar and Sallust are only episodes in the long history of the Roman empire, and the Roman empire is only an episode in the long tale of human life. But these two fragmentary historians give vivid glimpses of the expansion of Rome, to the north in Caesar, and to the south, across the Mediterranean, in Sallust.

In the next generation after Julius Caesar and Cicero and Sallust we cross the line into the Christian era. The Roman empire was the world, an empire in fact and in form, governed by the splendid Caesars, the first of whom was Augustus. The literary period is called Augustan, just as the literary period in England which includes Shakespeare is called Elizabethan. The foremost historian and the greatest master of Latin prose in the Augustan age was Livy. He attempted to tell the whole story of Rome from the beginning down to his own time. The title of his work was something like "Books of History From the Foundation of the City". It was a tremendous task which he almost finished. About a fourth of his work has survived, enough to place him, in the almost unanimous judgment of modern historians, among the greatest chroniclers. He made the prose epic of Rome, as Virgil made the verse epic, and his style has rich poetic color.

The Rome before Christ which lives in history is very largely the Rome which Livy created or re-created from earlier historians. He was pessimistic about his own times, as

historians and philosophers often are, and his patriotism took the form of looking back with regretful admiration at the past. We find the same attitude in recent writers who think, for example, that nothing good has happened to humanity since the Renaissance, or, for another example, since the Forefathers made the American Constitution. It is not a critical attitude, but it makes for eloquence and dramatic interest; the man who does not admire the past of his race or nation is not a born historian. And Livy was just that, a born historian, of wide vision and industrious learning, who absorbed and made superfluous the lesser Latin historians before him and laid the foundation for all historians of Rome who have come after him. He is accessible to us in cheap readable translations. Not only the special student but the unlearned browser in history will enjoy him.

In the second half of the first Christian century and the beginning of the second lived Tacitus, the third great Latin historian. To his "Germania" we owe the earliest account of our Teutonic ancestors who lived two thousand years ago. Tacitus, like Caesar, had a great respect for people who were to the cultivated Roman primitive barbarians. Indeed one reason why the Romans dominated the world was that for all their predatory ruthlessness they had on the whole a generous philosophic understanding of other races and nations. Moreover Tacitus heightened the virtues of the German tribes, their simplicity and honesty, in order to point a moral for Roman society, which was extravagantly luxurious. Especially interesting to English readers is his biographical eulogy of his father-in-law, the Roman governor of Britain. He also wrote the history of his own century. Of this work considerable fragments remain, and are the basis of our knowledge of the early Caesars, good and bad - mostly bad. His genius consists in his ability to depict character and the terse vigor of his phrases. He is a stern moralist, unsparing in his accounts of the crimes of the emperors, but like most noble Romans of his time he believes in the empire and in the essential virtue of Roman character. "I believe," he says, "that the highest function of history is to let no worthy thing go uncommemorated." The spirit of Tacitus, like that of most ancient historians, is moralistic, patriotic, artistic, and this spirit, for better or for worse, has not altogether disappeared from the work of modern historians, even those who insist on impartial study of documents, search for fact, and critical judgment.

For modern readers the history of Rome is written not in the original Latin chroniclers, but in the work of historians of our own race and time who have studied the Latin sources, extracted their essence and told the story over in their way, in our language. The great English historian of Rome is Edward Gibbon, whose "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is a masterpiece of English literature. Later students have corrected him at many points partly in the light of documents which have been discovered since Gibbon's work was published in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Gibbon knew all that in his time could be known about Rome and he put his knowledge together so solidly that one of the most recent critical scholars has called him "the greatest historian who ever dealt with the fortunes of Rome." Gibbon came as close to the Roman spirit as it is possible for a modern student to come, and his approach was the more intimate because his early education was both English and French. His first work was written in French, and it is said that there are traces of the influence of the French tongue in his English style. However that may be he is one of the glories of English prose. He was a pagan, a recluse who lived in his library, and yet a man of the world, with a more than English vision, scornful of such a sacred English institution as Oxford University! His un-Christian, that is his pagan, Roman attitude toward Christianity roused much controversy among people who had been brought up to believe that the chief sport of Roman emperors ~~xxx~~ was making martyrs of Christians. If he had biases and prejudices - as every man has - they have been corrected and balanced in the notes and introduction to the text of the "Decline and Fall" edited by one of the most profound and sane of recent historians, J.B. Bury of the University of Cambridge. Gibbon's history begins in the second century A.D. Those who wish to get a connected complete view of Rome will find nothing better than the "History of Rome" by the American scholar, Professor Tenney Frank.

Editor's note: The following books are in braille:

Gibbon, Edward. The decline and fall of the Roman Empire. 39v. In the National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith St., London.

Bryce, James. Holy Roman Empire. 8v. NIB

Creighton. History of Rome. (History primer). 1v. NIB

Ferrero, G. Women of the Caesars. 2v. ABP

Plutarch. Extracts from Lives translated by North. 6v. NIB Contents:

Romulus and Coriolanus. Lucullus. Pompey. Alexander the Great. Cicero
and Hannibal. Julius Caesar.

NYB

----Lives, tr. by North. 4v. Contents: Solon. Publius. Valerius Publicola.
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Numa Pompilius.

Robinson, J.H. and J.H.Breasted. History of Europe, ancient and medieval.

7v. APH

Sienkiewicz, Henryk. Quo vadis, a tale of the time of Nero. 10v. APH

Simkhovitch, Vladimer. Toward the understanding of Jesus. 3v. NYPL Presents
the historical influences moulding the life of Jesus and his generation.

Weigall, A.E. Life and times of Cleopatra. 4v. ABP

The garden where I am writing slopes down to a field, the field to a road, and along that road exactly 170 years ago passed a young officer with a rather large head. If he had turned the head to the right he would have seen, not me, not the garden, but he would have seen the elms that still border the garden - they were already recognizable trees. And on his left, outrunning him as it has outlived him, ran a little stream called the Tillingbourne. The gorse and the may were just over as he passed, the dog roses coming out, the bracken rising, but although he was unusually observant he has left no record of these events. "June was absolutely lost," is his only comment; June, which he might have spent reading Strabo, he was condemned to spend marching across Kent, Surrey, Hants.

It is Edward Gibbon who passes at the bottom of this garden on June 8, 1761. He strikes me as a little dissatisfied. He is fresh from a wretched love affair - he wanted to marry a Swiss girl, and his father objected. "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son," he will write in after years, but the episode is not yet an epigram. He is vaguely unhappy, and his father has married again - depressing. Then there is money - he needs it for books and dissipation, and has consented to cutting off an entail in return for 300 lbs a year - a bad bargain. Then there is religion - it is all very well to smile, but one must belong somewhere, and he has already changed from Protestantism to Catholicism and back again; the Swiss girl was a Protestant.

And then - overshadowing everything - is this vexatious war. England is at war with France. Our ally, Prussia, is beating France, yet we are afraid of a French invasion, and a militia bill has been passed, authorizing the raising of troops for home defense. It seemed an excellent measure, and he and his father were both enthusiastic. Alas! Their services have been accepted, and here they are as a captain and a major in the South Hampshire Militia, and they are making constant route marches drilling, recruiting, guarding dirty prisoners, entertaining people whom they do not want to meet, quarreling with people whom they have never seen, and engaged in a war otherwise unknown to history - the war between the South Hampshire Militia and the North.

The major is bored - still, he wastes his life wherever he is and we need not pity him. The captain wants to read, study, think, but his aggravating little trap has caught him.

Nor is he feeling physically well - the grotesque disease which will finally carry him off has already declared itself; however, this he mentions to no one, any more than he mentions the love affair, and his outward deportment is calm and bland. Westward he goes, and looked at through all those years and those myriads of fallen leaves he seems romantic to me - the greatest historian England has produced, trying his paces on the English roads. But he found no romance in them himself, nor anywhere until he heard vespers in the Church of Ara Coeli. His head - moving away from mine by now - is not yet concentrated on the Decline and Fall. Other schemes contend inside it, such as a life of Sir Walter Raleigh, or a history of that noble people, the Swiss, or a monograph on the talented Medici at Florence. And his little book about literature has just come out, written in French, and he will present a copy to the Duke of York if opportunity offers. Nursing his secrets, he disappears in the direction of Guildford and I lose him as a neighbor. It is surprising we ever came so near.

I learned that he passed by my garden on June 8, 1761 from the entries made in his journal published a year or so ago. It is like any one else's journal, the author never intended us to see it, and that is its value, because if Gibbon has a literary fault it is the fault of presenting himself to us too commandingly. He insists on our hearing what he says to us until we long for a chance of hearing what he says to himself, and, thanks to the journal, that chance is now ours. We find not a new Gibbon but a more vulnerable one, and the mere fact that he does not finish all his sentences endears him to me. When he was worried and when he was young he did not always know what he wanted to say. Nor did he always know where things lead to. For instance, on Sunday, December 22, 1762, we get to the entry: "Captain Perkins dined with us today, and led us into an intemperance we have not known for some time past."

I have already mentioned a war between England and France. It occasioned little inconvenience, but the war between Sir Thomas and the duke was a very different affair, and some account of it is necessary if we are to understand Gibbon's military career.

Charles Paulet, fifth Duke of Bolton and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Hampshire, was admitted Colonel of the North Hampshire Militia. But he wanted to be Colonel of the South Hampshire as well, to which Sir Thomas Worsley objected. Sir Thomas had already been instituted as colonel by another authority, and nothing would induce him to resign. In vain did

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the duke argue that the two battalions really constituted a single regiment, so that he commanded both. Sir Thomas retorted from his cups that, by act of Parliament, no regiment could exceed a certain size, and that if the two battalions were added together that size would be exceeded; consequently the South Hampshires were an individual unit, which he commanded. The duke was a Whig, Sir Thomas a Tory, Both of them had influential friends in London, to whom they wrote, and since Sir Thomas was not good at letters his were drafted for him by Captain Gibbon. The colonels complained to their general, who affected not to understand them, and finally Pitt was asked to lay their dispute before the King. Pitt declined to do this - perhaps the rival contest between England and France distracted him - and the struggle had to go on as best it might.

We can read the details in Gibbon's journal. All Hampshire society was rent in twain. Events led to a court martial but before the court martial could be held King George II died and a truce had to be called while the belligerents went into mourning.

Gibbon was actually coming back from the King's funeral at the moment I visualize him - the funniest funeral that Westminster Abbey has ever seen, if Horace Walpole is correct, the funeral where the Duke of Newcastle stood on the Duke of Cumberland's train for fear of catching a chill, from the marble. The court martial was finally held at Southampton; ~~and~~ the duke and Sir Thomas began to weary, and the war died out by mutual consent. After three wasted years, the militia was disbanded, and Gibbon could return with a good conscience to his studies and to his beloved Europe.

He had studied, as best he could, in the midst of his duties, and the list of the books he read and the extracts he compiled is formidable. As yet, he scarcely knew what he was reading, for, but he had grasped his vocation, and , if historians did nothing but read, he might well have complained that the militia nearly stultified him with its pettiness, its scrappiness, and "more than all, the disagreeable society I was obliged to live in. No manners, no conversation, they were onlyaa set of fellows all whose behavior was low, and most of all whose characters were despicable. Luckily I was their superior in every sense.

A severe, unattractive young man! But a just one. He goes on to summarize the advantages. His health seems better, he has had amusement and change of scene, he has become conscious of "a new ~~fixx~~ field, that of military affairs which, both in my studies and travels,

, will give me eyes for a new world of things. But what I value most is the knowledge it has given me of mankind in general, and of my own country in particular. So that the sum of it all is that I am glad the militia has been, and glad that it is no more."

He was a genius who read, dreamed and also knew - knew, by direct contact, a fragment of the rough stuff of society, and extended his knowledge through the ages. Thus the lane that passes under this garden reminds me at moments of the enormous stretches of road he was later to traverse - the roads that led all over Europe and back through the centuries into Rome, then all over Europe again until they frayed out in the forests of Germany and the sands of Syria. As he jogged away through Surrey and Hants he had already premonitions of a longer route, and the bickerings of the North and South Hampshire Militia were preparing his mind for brawls where the disputants were Caesars and the prize the civilized world.

Sketches of Living Authors

Christopher Morley

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Christopher Darlington Morley was born at Haverford, Pennsylvania, on May 5, 1890. His parents, altho they have lived in this country for many years, are English by birth. His father, Dr. Frank Morley, the distinguished mathematician, is a graduate of Cambridge University who came to Haverford College in 1887 as a professor of mathematics. His mother is a gifted musician and poet, whose father was at one time associated with the famous London publishing house of Chapman and Hall. One of Christopher's brothers, F. V. Morley, is now director of that enterprising English publishing house, Faber and Faber.

On the lovely and quiet campus of Haverford College, Christopher Morley lived until he was ten years old. In 1900 Professor Morley moved to Baltimore to take the chair of pure mathematics at Johns Hopkins, which he still occupies. Six years later Christopher was back in Haverford as a freshman at the college, where he was graduated in 1910. The files of the student magazine, *The Haverfordian*, show some entertaining products of his pen in both prose and verse. In 1910 he was awarded the Rhodes scholarship, representing Maryland, and spent his next three years at New College, Oxford. There he wrote and published his first book, *The Eighth Sin*, 1912, a collection of verses. (The eighth and ninth sins are the prices it fetches in present-day auction sales.) The long delight of those Oxford days has endeared England to Morley forever.

In 1913 he returned to America and embarked modestly on a publishing career with Doubleday, Page & Company. Mr. F. N. Doubleday recalls that "he had one point especially I remember and that was that when he had an enthusiasm for a book and an author he would never let you forget it. I give him credit for his early discovery of the merits of Mr. William McFee's work." During Morley's sojourn of nearly four years at Garden City, he married Miss Helen Booth Fairchild, a New York girl whom he had met in England, and he wrote his first novel, "Parnassus on Wheels", 1917, in which he introduced the idea of the wagon bookshop.

For the next few years Morley was associated with the Ladies Home Journal and the Philadelphia Evening Ledger. In 1920 he initiated his playful but responsible column, "The Bowling Green," in the New York Evening Post. Altho it terminated in 1924, Morley carries on the tradition with its namesake running currently in the Saturday Review of Literature.

After *Songs for a Little House*, 1917, a sheaf of lyrics, and *Shandygaff*, a book of essays,

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care The Haunted Bookshop, 1919, which revives Roger Mifflin,, the quaint little bald-headed bookseller of Parnassus on Wheels. By 1931 Mr. Morley had written close to forty books and edited half as many again. He believes that he crossed over the line that separates the journalist, essayist, and versifier from the imaginative artist in 1921 with a short story called Referred to the Author (included in Tales from a Rolltop Desk).

The best of Morley as a poet is in two books of his verse, Chimneysmoke, and Parson's Pleasure. The best of him as a writer of imaginative prose is in two novels, Where the Blue Begins, 1922, the story of the dog Gissing's search of God, and Thunder on the Left, 1925, which is at once a fairy tale, a tragedy, and a fantasy about the question: Are grown-ups really happy?

For the writing of Thunder on the Left the Morely household (which includes four little Morelys) temporarily abandoned "Green Escape," their Long Island home, and set sail for France, coming to rest eventaully in an old stone house in Normandy near Mont St.Michel. From "Clos Margot" Morley wrote to his publishers, "I am living in a kind of dream, trying to get the hang of this new story, which fascinates me by the sheer impossibility of doing it right. I've got to show the whole thing thru a veil of moonlight, as it were" Another result of the summer in Normandy was The Romany Stain, essays.

In 1928, in association with Gribble, Milliken, and Throckmorton, Morley engaged in a romantic theatrical venture at the Old Rialto theatre in Hoboken, "The Last Seacoast of Bohemia," across the Hudson river from New York. There have been few morehilarious audiences than those that came by ferry and tube to shout, hiss, and throw missiles at the performers of old Dion Boucicault's "After Dark" and Barras's "Black Crook," both revived from the stage of the "gas light era." The hilarity, it is true, may have been partly caused by Hoboken's famous beer. Other productions by Morley and company were "The Blue and the Gray" and "The Second Mate", which was written by Morley and Felix Raesenberg. The appearance of the producers themselves in the cast was not infrequent. Early in 1930 the Hoboken adventure, like all good things, came to an end, but Morley has given us the story of its heyday in "Seacoast of Bohemia"; other "sundry ejaculations" on the theme are available in "Born in a Beer Garden"; or, "She Troupes to Conquer", by Morley, Throckmorton, and Nash. "Literature gone Hoboken" is a phrase that has been applied to "Randolph and Amina"; or, "The Black Crook", 1930,

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sentimental fantasy with musical comedy outlines.

Mr. Morley is a serious man with a rich vein of sentiment. He has many enthusiasms and friends. Loose of limb, shambling in gait, with pawkish face and they eyes of a man who s laughed a great deal, he "likes to be called Kit Morley and to be thought to resemble shakespeare's contemporary Kit Marlowe, always has himself photographed with a pipe in his mouth, and averages two puns to a page."

The Haverford Edition of Christopher Morley's works was published in 1927. It groups his writings under the twelve following titles: Parnassus on Wheels and Kathleen; The Haunted Book Shop; Essays I, II, III; Inward Ho! and Religio Journalistici; Poems; Short Stories; One-Act Plays; Where the Blue Begins; and Thunder on the Left.

John Mistletoe, 1931 is Morley's "personal testament."

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

The arrow. 2v. Detroit.

The haunted bookshop. 3v. APH

I know a secret. 1v. BIA

Kathleen. 1v. CPH

Parnassus on wheels. 3v. Detroit.

Pleased to meet you. 2v. LC

The Romany stain. 3v. Sacramento.

Thunder on the left. 4v. Detroit, Sacramento.

Estimated at 23 pages
printed for 31. Some typed
pages may be few than usual.
1/31/33 249

Braille Book Review

2nd Year	Contents for March, 1933	Number 14
I	Book Announcements.	
II	Bowers' Life of Beveridge. Reviewed by John H. Finley in The New York Times Book Review	
III	Walter Lippmann, by James Truslow Adams. From The Saturday Review of Literature.	
IV	Living Authors: George Bernard Shaw; Sara Teasdale. With permission of the H.W. Wilson Co.	
V	Best Sellers of the Ages: The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam	
VI	Information for Library Borrowers	
VII	Latest Publications from the NIB	



A book is an offer of friendship from him who writes to him who reads.-Meiklejohn.

Andrews, Marietta M. George Washington's country. 7v. 1930 ARC FF A personally conducted tour thru the parts of America where George Washington lived, fought and died. Starting in northern Virginia where Washington and his forefathers were born, the journey takes the reader to the homes of the Fairfaxes, the Lees, the Byrds, Madison, Jefferson, and Marshall, follows the military career of Washington thru colonial America, and ends at Mt. Vernon. Second notice.

Bailey, Temple. Blue window. 3v. 1926. CPH FF Hildegarde goes, after her mother's death, to visit her father, who before Hildegarde's birth, had divorced her mother to marry another woman; yet all his life he had loved his first wife. The young girl, fresh from the Middle Western farm, is swept up into the gay social whirl near Baltimore. She is fascinated by the glitter and surface of life lived urbanely and sophisticatedly, and it seems probable that she will be false to her poor but honest sweetheart waiting for her in the Middle West. In the end she does the right thing.

Baker, Thorndike and Batchelder. Everyday classics, second reader. HMP To be embossed.

Bible. King James version in grade 2. To be embossed. Braille Bible Society, 739 North Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Bowers, C. G. Beveridge and the progressive era. v? 1932 BIA FF Grade 2. See review in this number.

Brown, Harriet C. Grandmother Brown's hundred years, 1827-1897. 8v. 1930 ARC The story is significant and entertaining, made so both by the large element of universality and by Grandmother Brown's distinct individuality. Her portrait might be regarded as a composite picture of all who have lived through experiences similar to hers, although by no means all who have had such experiences have met them as successfully

and serenely as she did.

Buchan, John. Sir Walter Scott. BIA To be embossed.

Burnham, Frederick R. Scouting on two continents. BIA To be embossed.

Buswell, G.T. and W.H. Wheeler. Silent reading hour, primary book, true stories. HMP To be embossed.

Hogue, Wayman

Jogi

Insert. page 3

Hogue, Wayman. Back yonder; an Ozark chronicle. 2v. 1933 BIA FF The author was born in a remote section of the Ozark mountains. This chronicle of his boyhood and youth written after years of absence gives a picture of times and customs almost primitive, but filled with interest. Told with understanding and a quiet humour, his chronicle is refreshing in its sincerity, and has a genuineness and a rich flavour of the place and the people. It is a real contribution to Americana; and, moreover, it shows how life can be lived simply, in its fundamentals, with a satisfying completeness - but it is so lived only by those who are themselves fundamentally simple, genuine, and full of vigour.

Childers, James S. From Siam to Suez. 2v. 1932 HMP FF With intimate frankness this book shows life as it is actually lived in Siam, Bali, Singapore, Rangoon, Bombay, Benares and other points "East of Suez" and does so in an inimitably racy and colorful impressionistic way.

Dunn, Baker and Thorndike. Everyday classics, primer. Everyday classics, first reader. HMP To be embossed.

Field, Kathleen. Yellow bird. 2v. 1930 ARC The tale of a young prince sent to the Happy Islands by his mother to learn to be a wise king. The story is more fairylike than real though Lewis Cabot walks through its pages and Columbus figures in the background.

Fleg, Edmond. The boy prophet. ARC To be embossed.

(For sketch of his life and as winner of the Nobel prize see June)

Galsworthy, John. Flowering wilderness. To be embossed.

1932 and January 1933
number respectively.

Garland, Hamlin. Daughter of the middle border. v? 1921 BIA FF Sequel to "A son of the Middle Border". Continues the story of the Garlands, father mother and son, and introduces the author's wife and children. An absorbing record of pioneer life and of one family's part in the upbuilding of the Middle West. Awarded the Pulitzer biography prize for 1922.

Grey, Zane. (For sketch of his life see February 1932 number) The light of western stars.

3v. 1914. CPH A thrilling romance of the Southwest, the wide spaces, the dangers of border life. The theme is the making of a strong man by a woman's trust in him. Weary with the artificiality of society, a New York girl buys a ranch, and her cowboys, old and young, look upon her as a queen. She is captured by guerrillas, but is rescued by the man whom later she risks her own life to save from Mexican bullets.

Hardy, Marjorie. New stories. The child's own way series, no.2 HMP To be embossed.

Surprise stories, The child's own way series, no.1. HMP To be embossed.

Hogue, Wayman. Back yonder; an Ozark chronicle. 2v. 1933 B92 FF

Lewis, Sinclair. Arrowsmith. ABFR FF To be embossed.

Metropolitan Life Insurance. The three following titles are to be duplicated on aluminum plates by the ARC

The child, from birth to one year.

Good habits for children.

Out of babyhood into childhood.



Peters, Lulu Hunt. Diet and health; with key to the calories. ARC To be duplicated.

Rinehart, Mary R. (For sketch of her life see "Specimen" number.) My story. v? 1931

BIA FF Grade 2 Mrs. Rinehart's own record of her busy life to date, in which she gives an account of her early life, her marriage, the writing of her more than thirty books, her vacations in camp, her travels, war work, and her experiences as the only woman member of President Hoover's land commission. At the beginning of her book she declares that there is no truly honest autobiography. Yet the story itself, carries conviction of a degree of honesty very unusual, especially in a person of such intensity and in one whose life has afforded the most tempting opportunities for self-dramatization. She speaks of her writing as a craft and believes that hard work has taught her to do it well.

Rosman, Alice G. Benefits received. ARC To be duplicated.

Sabatini, Rafael. (For sketch of his life see October 1932 number.) Black Swan. cl931. CPH FF This is a story of the Caribbean pirates, the terror of the Spanish Main. It sparkles with romantic adventure. It sheds its buckets of blood with a certain debonaire grace. It is written with a melodramatic zest. You're very apt to like it.

Sharp, D.L. The seer of Slabsides. ARC To be duplicated.

Stone, Grace Z. The bitter tea of General Yen. lv. 1930 ABFR FF Grade 2. "A cultivated New England girl who has come to Shanghai to marry a medical missionary suddenly finds herself, through stress of civil war and circumstance an uninvited guest of the yamen of General Yen, provincial Governor and leader of the Republican forces against the Communists. For three days she finds herself in intimate contact with a superior and civilized mind; she attempts, at the most critical phase of his career, to interfere with the financial ~~xxxxxx~~ administration of the province, to save his concubine from the inevitable penalty for treacherous conduct and to save his soul by making of him a sentimentalist. She achieves nothing but the enlightenment of her own spirit; leaving Yen in the hands of the Communists, who will certainly shoot him, she escapes back to ~~xx~~ Shanghai, less sure of herself, less sure of the efficacy of the Christian ethic as a cure-all for mankind." - New Republic.

Swinnerton, Frank. Georgian house, a tale in four parts. 3v. 1932 APH FF Grade 2



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The background of this story of dramatic plot and action is a fine old Georgian house overlooking the main street of a Sussex town. The plot is concerned with the heir of the house, the designing young housekeeper whom he inherits along with the house and who traps him into marriage, an unscrupulous lawyer, a lost will, and a double murder which clears the way for a happy ending.

Tanner, W.M. and D. B. Tanner, editors. Modern familiar essays. 4v. 1927 APH FF Grade 2. Forty-six British and American writers are represented here. The last volume contains biographical notes on each author. Among those included are Canby, McFee, Max Beerbohm, Galsworthy, Repplier, Milne, C.S.Brooks, Conrad, Bliss Perry, Strunsky, Belloc, Alice Meynell, Lucas, Van Dyke, Masson, Tomlinson, Santayana, Aldous Huxley, Christopher Morley, ~~Maximilian~~ Don Marquis, Thomas Burke and others.

Tippett, J.S. I live in a city. IMP To be embossed.

----The singing farmer. IMP To be embossed.

Untermeyer, Louis, editor. Modern British poetry. APH FF To be embossed.

Whipple, Dorothy. Greenbanks. 3v. 1932 BIA IT Grade 2. The background of this novel of English life is Greenbanks, the home of the Ashton family. Louisa Ashton, the central character is a grandmother and nearing sixty. She is a kindly lovable woman who watches anxiously over her children and grandchildren, as they work out their destinies and altho she is frankly dismayed at some of their activities she manages to maintain her poise.

Whitechurch, V.S. The canon in residence. KRC To be duplicated.

Wilkins, Lawrence. My first Spanish book. ARC To be embossed.

Wilson, G.M. My addition drill book. IMP To be embossed.

----My subtraction drill book. IMP To be embossed.

Withers, Sarah and H.S. Broune and W.K. Tate. The child's world: Primer. First reader. Second reader. 3 separate volumes. IMP To be embossed.

Hand-copied Books

Abbott, E.H. The old mill by a six-ton bridge, an intriguing mystery romance. 1v. LC

Ballah, J.W. Hunch. 1v. Denver.

Barr, A. E. The bow of orange ribbon. 5v. LC, St.Louis, Pittsburgh. Story of New York in



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1756 with a romance between a Dutch maiden and one of King George's officers.

Baum, Vicki. Grand Hotel. 8v. 1931 Detroit, Providence. This is a swift, vigorous and exceedingly competent tale, with every possible element of excitement and a melodrama of many thrills. It tells of the things that happen within two days to some of the people who are stopping at a large hotel in post-war Germany.

Belloe, Hilaire. The road. 3v. 1925 Chicago. The author states in his preface that "We have arrived at a chief turning-point in the history of the English highway. New instruments of locomotion, a greater volume of traffic, a greater weight in loads and vastly increased rapidity in road travel have brought us to an issue. It is incumbent upon us then to-day to get ourselves clear upon the theory and the history of the road."

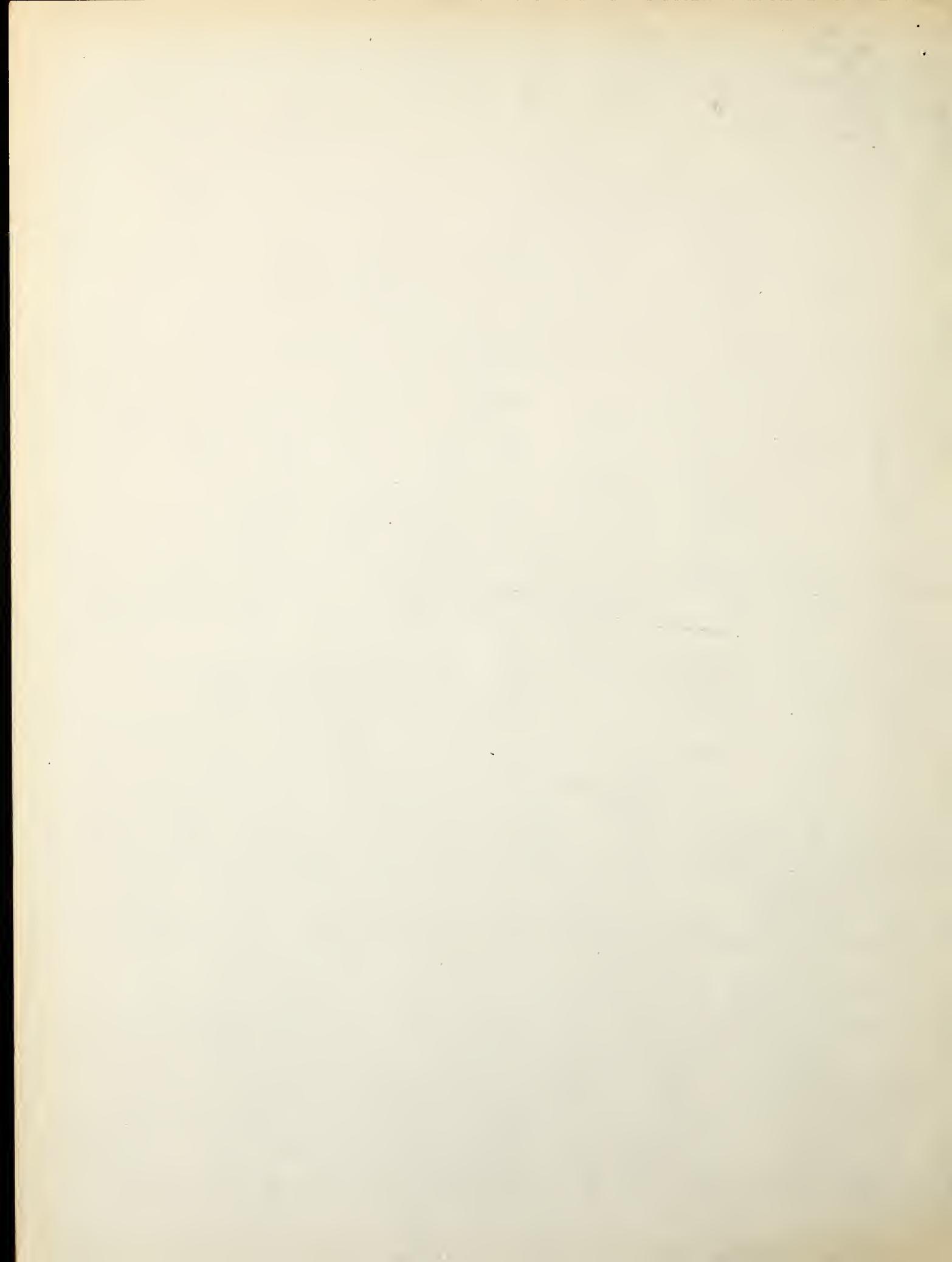
Carre, Jean Marie. The frail warrior, a life of R. L. Stevenson. 4v. 1930 LC An interpretive biography concerned mainly with his adult life.

Corbett, Elizabeth. Young Mrs. Meigs. 5v. 1931 Now in LC, Detroit. First notice in February number.

Curwood, J. O. (For sketch of his life see January number.) Honor of the big snows. 4v. Now in Cleveland, Chicago, LC

Darrow, Clarence. The story of my life. 11v. 1932 Detroit. The great criminal lawyer and humanitarian who has upheld many unpopular causes and fought consistently against privilege, injustice and power of the mob spirit looks back over his seventy-five years. He describes the great cases in which he has participated and states his opinions with simplicity and candor on crime and criminals, prohibition, evolution, death and the future life. In between all of the philosophizing about the outrages of penal institutions, the trickery of the law or his valuation of living we find few glimpses of the main springs of this soft giant. The thousands who have followed his career with joy will be astounded that such simplicity could attain so much success. The many others who believe him to be the ogre of our times will be disappointed at the absence in these pages of any hate or envy or bitterness.

Davis, Mary L. Uncle Sam's attic, the intimate story of Alaska. 9v. 1930 Sacramento. Modern Alaska - travel routes, coast towns, the Yukon River, the heart of the country, the far north, the summer climate, the Eskimos, reindeer, furs, fisheries, pastures,



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the social arctic circle, education, transportation, communication, and aviation - described with color and enthusiasm by a resident and "sour dough," r pioneer.

de Schweinitz, Karl. Growing up; the story of how we became alive, are born and grow up.

lv. 1928 Cleveland, Perkins. A sound story of reproduction and birth meant for children between the ages of six and twelve.

Douglas, Lloyd C. Magnificent obsession. 8v. 1929 Sacramento. The "magnificent obsession" that was the secret of the famous Dr. Hudson's success - a newly interpreted Christian teaching - was put into practice at Dr. Hudson's death by the young man who became his successor as a brain-specialist, by continuing his "personality-investments" in the way of secret philanthropies, as advocated by Dr. Hudson's formula. He miraculously succeeds and makes a famous surgical invention with which he is able to save the life of the woman he loves.

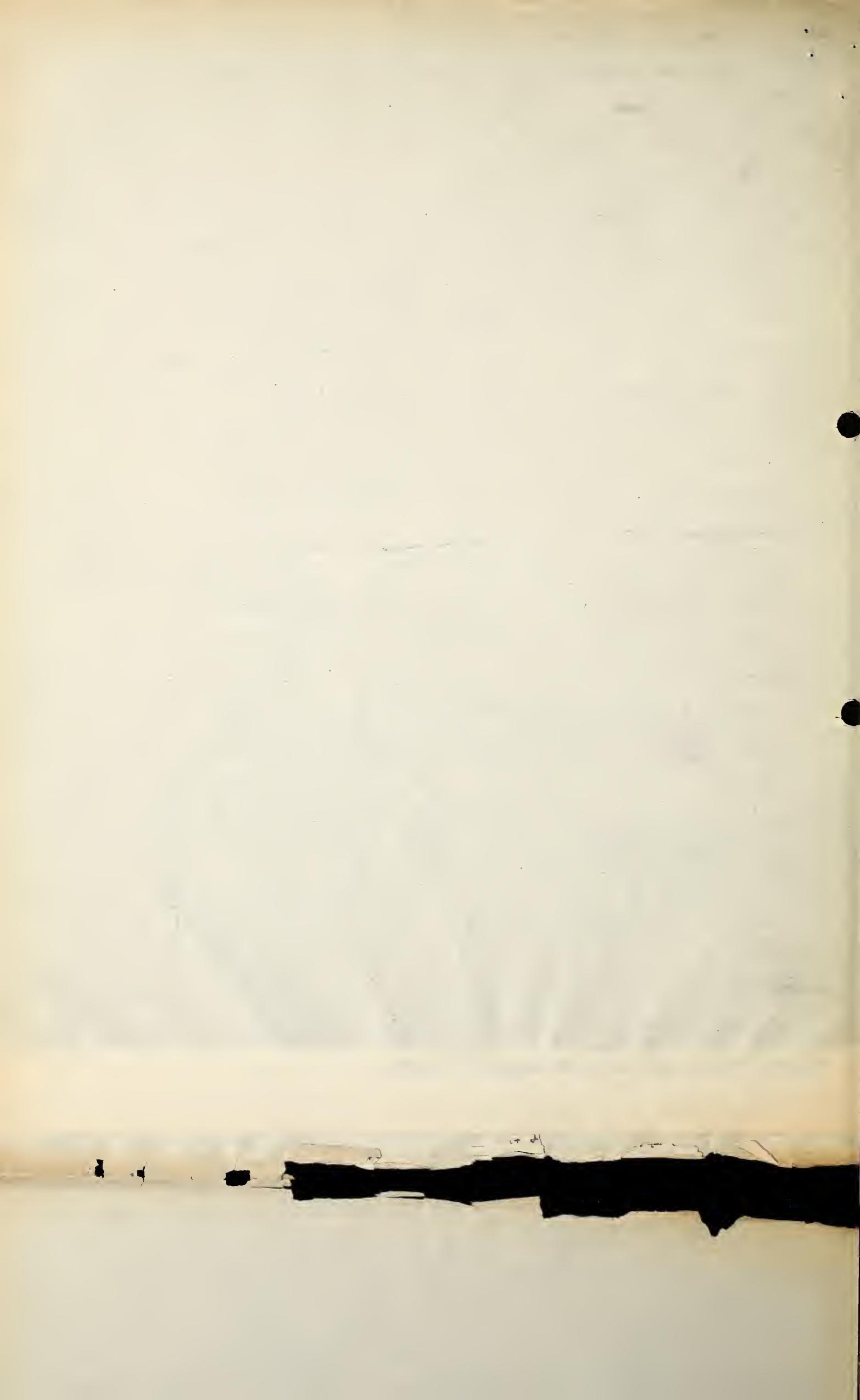
Ervine, St. John. The first Mrs. Fraser. 2v. 1931. Detroit. A novelization of the play of the same name. The story loses none of its entertainment values in its new mold, and is much more satisfying than it would be if it were cast in the cold typography of a printed play. Mr. Ervine can let himself loose a trifle in the book, where he could not in play form, and the results are certainly amusing.

Fry, Walter. Big trees. 2v. 1930 Now in LC, Sacramento. First notice in October 1932 number.

Hough, Emerson. North of 36. 8v. 1923 Cleveland, LC A romantic account of the great cattle drive from Texas to Albilene, Kansas, during the late sixties. Taisie, daughter of a murdered rancher, finding herself with a great depleted stock of cattle and with no market at hand, determines upon this venturesome drive and with the aid of her loyal and adoring "cowboys" sees it to a successful finish.

Hull, Helen R. Heat lightning. 8v. 1932. Detroit. In recording the events of a single week in the arid Summer heat of a little mid-Western town, as the tension affects the lives of various members of the large family which is its ruling influence, the book describes the sort of patriarchal group which so often, in real life as well as in fiction, takes the centre of the stage in a small place.

Kearton, Cherry. The island of penguins. 2v. NYPL Fascinating, comical, analytic, scientifically truthful - it is hard if some one or other of its sides does not catch readers, and everyone that becomes a reader will surrender a helpless victim to the [redacted] is a small island of South Africa which has long been famous for the nesting colonies of the black-footed or jackass penguin. The island consists of about four square miles of barren rock and sand and to it the penguins repair twice a year for breeding. Their numbers are very large, somewhere in the neighborhood of five million it is estimated.



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Lovelace, Maud H. Early candlelight. 6v. 1929 LC, Sacramento. This story of old Fort Snelling in Minnesota is notable for its rich and vital presentation of the frontier. The romance of Delia DuGay, born in a squatter's cabin outside the walls of the fort, and Jasper Page, New England aristocrat, will insure its popularity, but it is the many other characters, all moving through the book as in a pageant, that give it its distinctive quality.

Overstreet, H.A. About ourselves; psychology for normal people. 6v. 1927 Cleveland. From whatever angle viewed, a most excellent contribution to general enlightenment. In lucidity of exposition, happiness of style, liberating philosophy of life, it compares favorably with the illuminating popular works of Bertrand Russell.

Repllier, Anges. Pere Marquette, priest, pioneer and adventurer. 4v. 1929 Cleveland, Chicago, NYPL. A biography of the French Jesuit missionary to the American Indians, who with Joliet first explored the headwaters of the Mississippi, and died from hardships before he was forty. Little enough is known of Pere Marquette, but that little his latest biographer has told with sympathy and tenderness. The great-hearted, fragile co-explorer of the Mississippi emerges clear and lovable from Miss Repllier's pages.

Seabrook, W. B. Adventures in Arabia among the Bedouins, whirling dervishes and yezidee devil worshippers. 6v. LC

Smith, Homer W. Kamongo. 3v. 1932. Detroit. This is semi-fictional in form. An American naturalist who has been down to Lake Victoria in search of the lung-fish Kamongo falls in with a French priest and an interesting argument between the two highly intelligent men develops.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. Life, by Jean Marie Carre. See note under author.

Street, Julian. The need of change. 1v. Detroit, LC, St.Louis, Austin, Salt Lake City. Amusing fiction.

Walpole, Hugh. Jeremy at Crale. 7v. 1927. LC A sequel to Jeremy and Hamlet. Tells of "his friends, his ambitions and his one great enemy" at an English school.

Webster, Jean. When Patty went to college. 3v. Perkins Amusing incidents of college life, by a Vassar graduate of 1900.

Bowers' Life of Beveridge, His Triumphs with the Spoken and the Written Word.
Reviewed by John H. Finley in The New York Times Book Review.

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estimated at 4 pgs

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Walter Supemann. Estimated at 6 typed pages.

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Sketches from Living Authors
George Bernard Shaw

George Bernard Shaw, Irish dramatist and critic, was born in Dublin on July 26, 1856, of a family of English origin. He inherited a love of music. "I come of a Protestant family of true-blue garrison snobs," he says, "but before I was ten years of age I got into an atmosphere of freedom of thought, of anarchic revolt against conventional assumptions of all kinds. I was forbidden nothing and spared nothing. My mother, brought up with merciless strictness had such a horror of her own training that she left her children without any training at all. My humorous father, a sort of mute inglorious Charles Lamb disgusted my mother by his joyless furtive drinking and his poverty and his general failure."

Shaw's education began, he says, when he left school and went to work in the office of a Dublin land agent. "I am an educated man because I escaped from school at fourteen, and before that was only a day-boy who never wasted the free half of my life in learning lessons or reading schoolbooks. He says his culture is largely musical. Shelley, Wagner, Beethoven, Ibsen, and Nietzsche influenced him strongly. He has always been interested in science. "I even claim to have made certain little contributions to the theory of Creative Evolution. Socialism sent me to economics, which I worked at for four years until I mastered it completely. I do not read any foreign language easily without the dictionary except French." Shaw made his first appearance in print in 1875 when he wrote a letter to "Public Opinion" declaring himself an atheist after hearing Moody and Sankey preach.

At the age of twenty Shaw went to London and was employed for a while by the Edison Telephone Company. Between 1879 and 1883 he wrote all his novels, which include: *The Irrational Knot*, *Cashel Byron's Profession*, *An Unsocial Socialist*, and *Love Among the Artists*. *Irregularity*, the first novel he wrote, did not appear in print until 1930, when a collected edition of his works was issued.

In 1884 Shaw joined the Fabian Society and added to its fame by editing the *Fabian Essays* and publishing various other works on Fabianism. He displayed a capacity for arousing attention. During his first nine years in London his literary earnings amounted to six pounds, and he lived in poverty.

In 1885, thru William Archer, Shaw got work reviewing for the "Pall Mall Gazette". Then he served as music critic for the "Star" from 1888 to 1890, signing his articles "Gorno di



Bassett"; and for the "World" from 1890 to 1894. From 1895 to 1898 he was critic of drama for the "Saturday Review". Managers used to complain because he often went to the theatre in ordinary dress; others objected because he laughed in the wrong place. The articles signed G.B.S. were popular because they were invariably amusing. He collected them in two volumes called "Dramatic Opinions and Essays."

At the close of his ten years as critic, Shaw wrote: "For ten years past, with an unprecedented pertinacity I have been dinging into the public head that I am an extraordinarily witty, brilliant, and clever man. That is now part of the public opinion of England; and no power on earth will ever change it. I may dodder and dote. I may pot-boil and platitudinize; I may become the butt and chopping-block of all the bright, original spirits of the rising generation; but my reputation shall not suffer; it is built up fast and solid, like Shakespeare's, on an impregnable basis of dogmatic reiteration."

Meanwhile, Shaw turned to playwriting as the most adequate means for broadcasting his opinions, and because there was more money on the stage than in the bookstalls. His first play, "Widowers' Houses", was produced in 1892 at the Royalty. He published "Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant", in two volumes, containing seven of his best-known dramas. The pleasant plays are: "Arms and the Man," "Candida," "The Man of Destiny", and "You Never Can Tell". The unpleasant are: "Widowers' Houses", "The Philanderer", and "Mrs. Warren's Profession." In 1898 he married Charlotte Frances Payne-Townshend.

At about the turn of the century, Vedrenne and Granville-Barker started producing Shaw's dramas at the Court Theatre. To the surprise of every one, the plays were popular. People patronized them partly out of curiosity, partly out of fashion. Shaw became a cult by actually treading on people's toes. He held the most unpopular opinions he could find, and professed not the slightest respect for customary conventions. Some of the professions and practices he has held up to ridicule are: doctors, marriage, vaccination, military men, snobbery, politicians, and modesty.

Many people believe Shaw's plays are better read than acted because of their elaborate introductions of characters. His plays have sold as well as novels. They were more popular in America than in England, and were introduced with great success in Germany by Siegfried Trebitsch.



Shaw was awarded the Novel Prize for Literature in 1925, but gave the seven thousand pounds to the Anglo-Swedish Foundation. "The Apple Cart", was written specially for the first annual Malvern Festival in 1929, which was instituted as a tribute to the genius of Shaw. "The Apple Cart" and "Getting Married" were produced in America by the ~~Theatre~~ Guild in 1930 and 1931 respectively. Shaw's collected works were published in a uniform edition in 1930. He still lives in London.

G.B.S. once explained: "My method, you will notice, is to take utmost trouble to find the right thing to say, and then say it with the utmost levity. And all the time the real joke is that I am in earnest."

Shaw is a vegetarian. He does not drink or smoke. He has never been physically strong and is easily exhausted by work. Frank Harris relates "that his work often exhausted him so that he was fain to go into a dark room and lie flat on his back on the bare floor, every muscle relaxed, for hours, just to rest." Shaw records in "~~Who's Who~~" that his recreation is "anything except sport."

Harris describes Shaw at forty: "very tall, over six feet in height and thin to angularity; a long bony face, rufous fair hair and long, untrimmed reddish beard (now white); grey-blue English eyes with straight eyebrows tending a little upwards from the nose and thus adding a touch of Mephistophelian sarcasm to the alert, keen expression. He was dressed carelessly in tweeds with a Jaeger flannel shirt and negligent tie; contempt of frills written all over him. His entrance into the room, his abrupt movements - as jerky as the everchanging mind - his perfect unconstraint - all showed an able man, very conscious of his ability, very direct, very sincere, sharply decisive."

C.L.Hind recalls him as a lecturer in his prime: "I can see him now walking rapidly about the platform, the tall, lanky, springing figure, the mustardy-grey suit he always wore, the wide, heavy, health-boots, eyes that can be amused, alert, penetrating, but never angry. He always looked the same, walking furiously in the street, or coming to a public dinner where he had been announced to speak, ridiculously late, slipping in with the sweets so as to avoid the odor, to him horrible, of the joint course. He has a ready smile."

In Frank Harris's second series of "Contemporary Portraits" appears a sketch entitled: "Shaw's Portrait by Shaw, or How Frank Ought to Have Done It."

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Some of the things Shaw tells about himself are: "He has the art of getting on intimate terms quickly, all Shaw's friends agree that he is laughably vain. Shaw is an incorrigible and continuous actor, using his skill as deliberately in his social life as in his professional work. He addresses a letter high up in the left hand corner of an envelope, leaving room for the postman's thumb. He justifies his refusal to use apostrophes and inverted commas in printing his books on the ground that they spoil the appearance of the page. He is interested in phonetics and systems of shorthand. He likes machines as a child likes toys, and once nearly bought a cash register without having the slightest use for it. When in London (he) swims in the bathing pool of the Royal Automobile Club every morning before breakfast, winter and summer. Every really busy man, he declares, should go to bed for eighteen months when he is forty, to recuperate. Shaw is not really a social man. He never goes anywhere unless he has business there. He pays no calls. There is a cutting edge to Shaw that everybody dreads. He has in an extreme degree the mercurial mind that recognizes the inevitable instantly and faces it and adapts itself to it accordingly. Once, at Westminster Bridge underground station, Shaw slipped at the top of the stairs, and shot down the whole flight on his back, to the horror of the bystanders. But when he rose wit out the least surprise and walked on as if that were his usual way of negotiating a flight of steps, they burst into an irresistible shriek of laughter. He is fond of saying that what bereaved people need is a little comic relief, and that it probably explains why funerals are so farcical. Shaw therefore, with all his engaging manner and social adroitness, appears as one who does not care what he says, who is callous in some of the most moving situations in life, and whose line can never be foreseen, no matter what the subject is."

Among the plays published by George Bernard Shaw since his first volume are: Three Plays for Puritans, 1900, containing The Devil's Disciple, Caesar and Cleopatra, Captain Brassbound's Conversion; Men and Superman, 1903; Major Barbara, 1905; The Doctor's Dilemma, 1906; Getting Married, 1908; Pygmalion, 1912; Back to Methusaleh, 1921; Saint Joan, 1923; The Apple Cart, 1929.

His essays include: The Quintessence of Ibsenism, 1891; The Sanity of Art, 1895, The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, 1928.

Editor's note: List of braille books by and about Shaw:

Caesar and Cleopatra. 3v. St. Louis.

Candida. 4v. Detroit.

Candida (a criticism). In The Delight of Great Books, by

John Erskine. 6v. LC

Man and superman. 3v. NIB

Quintessence of Shaw. In volume one of Essays, by J.G.Huneker. NYPL

St.Joan. 2v. NIB

St.Joan. 4v. Sacramento.

The following plays by Shaw are in the National Library, London.

Apple cart. 2v.

Arms and the man. 2v.

Capt. Brassbound's conversion. 2v.

Doctor's dilemma. 3v.

Fanny's first play. 2v.

Pygmalion. 2v.

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Sara Teasdale

Sara Teasdale was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on August 8, 1884, of an old American family. Her ancestors on both sides fought in the Revolution, and one ancestor, Major Simon Willard, was founder of Concord, Massachusetts.

The youngest of several children, and not strong, Sara Teasdale grew up as a shy, imaginative child. Once when asked when she first really enjoyed poetry she answered, "My mother, like everybody else's mother, has incredible tales of my reciting every jingle in 'Mother Goose' at an infinitesimal age. But for the poetry that everyone would agree is worthy of being called so, Christina Rossetti's 'Christmas Carol' was probably the first that I loved."

Her early education was received at home. Later she attended a private school for girls in St. Louis. Her first attempts in verse included translations from Heine and other German poets.

In 1903 she was graduated. She continued her writing and with several of her friends undertook the publication of a monthly magazine called "The Potter's Wheel". This unique publication was limited to one copy each month, in manuscript, with original illustrations in photograph, black and white, and color. Friends of the contributors showed much interest in the magazine, which continued for several years.

Thru all this time Miss Teasdale had been a systematic reader and one of her special treasures is a fat note-book in which, as a very little girl, she began to enter the titles of all the books she read.

She traveled widely in the United States and has spent several winters in California and the Southwest. Her first journey to Europe came in 1905. For some time she remained in southern Europe and the Near East, visiting Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. During this period she was writing verse and upon her return in 1907 she had her first recognition from the noted William Marion Reedy, who published her blank verse monolog, "Guenevere," in "Reedy's Mirror". The same year her "Sonnets to Huse and Other Poems" was published.

By this time Sara Teasdale had entree to the leading magazines and her poems were welcomed by Harper's, Scribner's, The Century, and others. With "Helen of Troy and Other Poems", a volume of love songs, the author entered the element in which she has excelled.

The summer of 1912 the poet spent in Italy and Switzerland where she wrote "Rivers to the Sea". Every few years has found Miss Teasdale traveling in some new land. On December 19, 1914, she married Ernst B. Filsinger of St. Louis, from whom she was divorced in 1929.

A collection of Miss Teasdale's lyrics, "Love Songs", was awarded the Columbia University-Poetry Society of America prize for the best book of poems of the year. She received another prize from the Poetry Society of America in 1918. "Love songs" went thru five printings in 1918. In 1917 she edited a collection of one hundred love lyrics written by American women, entitled "The Answering Voice". The second edition in 1918 contained fifty additional poems.

"Flame and Shadow" contains the poem "Let It Be Forgotten," which many people consider her finest lyric. "Rainbow Gold" is an anthology of poems for boys and girls. In the summer of 1923 Miss Teasdale visited England. In 1924 she went to France where she wrote the "Pictures of Autumn" included in her next volume, "Dark of the Moon".

Many of Sara Teasdale's lyrics have been set to music, and her poems have been translated into several foreign tongues. In 1926 a book of her verse was translated into the Japanese by M. Mijutani, a poet of that race. Other Japanese translations have been made by the poets Yaso Saijiyou and Rikuso Watanabe.

In 1930 Miss Teasdale brought out, for young people, a selection of her verses, old and new, called "Stars Tonight."

Books of poetry by Sara Teasdale include: Sonnets to Duse, 1907; Helen of Troy, 1911; Rivers to the Sea, 1915; Love Songs, 1917; Flame and Shadow, 1920; Dark of the Moon, 1926. Editor's note: Sara Teasdale died January 29, 1933, after an illness of several months. In addition to the poems to be found in anthologies the following collections are in braille:

Dark of the moon. BIA

Flame and shadow. NYPL

Rainbow gold; poems selected by Sara Teasdale for boys and girls. 3v. LC

The "Rubáiyát" of Omar Kháyyám
 (Composed in the eleventh century; first edition of
 FitzGerald's translation published in 1859)

Sultan and slave alike have gone their way
 With Bahram Gur, but whither none may say.
 Yet he who charmed the wise at Naishápúr
 Seven centuries since, still charms the wise to-day.
 Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Probably the most beautiful and stately presentation of Agnosticism ever made; with its resultant Epicureanism.- A.C.Benson.

It (FitzGerald's translation of the "Rubáiyát") is the work of a poet inspired by a poet; not a copy, but a reproduction; not a translation, but a redelivery of a poetic inspiration.-Charles Eliot Norton.

"No doubt about this being a best seller of the ages," you will say as you exhibit your tiny waistcoat pocket copy of the "Rubáiyát" from Mr. Mosher's press or your sumptuous Elihu Vedder edition from the Houghton-Mifflin press.

But there once was doubt, and on that doubt, which slowly vanished behind rosy clouds of best sellership, hangs one of the strangest tales in literary history, ancient or modern. Old Omar Kháyyám, who was about forty-eight years old when William the Norman was fighting the Battle of Hastings and who lived to the age of 105, had been 767 years in his rose-strewn grave when his "Rubáiyát" began to be a best seller, and Edward FitzGerald - "Old Fitz," as Tennyson used to call him - the Irishman who occidentalized the Persian, had been seven years in his. In other words, it was about 1890 that the tremendous vogue of these 101 four-liners - and four-liners, or quatrains, is all that the Arabic plural noun rubaiyat means - began, although FitzGerald's version of 101 of the choicest of Omar's 1,200 quatrains had then been thirty-one years before the English reading public.

Charles Eliot Norton, Harvard pundit on art and Dante, was the first to exploit old Omar and old Fitz in our country. That service Professor Norton performed in 1869 in an essay he wrote for the North American Review, when he described FitzGerald's triumph as "not a translation but a redelivery of a poetic inspiration."

The fact that the triumph was FitzGerald's was unknown to Professor Norton, for the translation had appeared anonymously and in a most inconspicuous manner.

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No vogue was created by the Norton essay of 1869, and one spring day nearly four years later, when the professor was walking with Carlyle in London, he told him how much he admired "the little book." Carlyle said he had never heard of it; wanted to know whose work it was.

"I learn from Lady Burne-Jones," Prof. Norton replied, "that the translator is a Rev. Edward FitzGerald, who lives somewhere in Norfolk and spends much time in his boat."

"The Rev. Edward FitzGerald?" stormed Carlyle. "Why, he's no more reverend than I am! He's a very old friend of mine. I'm surprised, if the book be as good as you tell me it is, that my old friend has never mentioned it to me." Prof. Norton sent him the "Rubáiyát" next day, and met him again two or three days later, when Carlyle burst forth with: "I've read that little book which you sent to me, and I think my old friend FitzGerald might have spent his time to much better purpose than in busying himself with the verses of that old Mohamedan blackguard. It is worse than a mere waste of labor."

Add to this, that a year before FitzGerald issued his translation in pamphlet form, Fraser's magazine had declined to print the verses, and that the pamphlets, issued at five shillings each, soon fell to a penny and finally were tossed into a box outside Quaritch's shop in St. Martins Lane, and you have two more striking facts in the early history of what was to become a best seller of the ages. In that box Swinburne and Rosetti found some of the pamphlets and acclaimed the translation to their friends. In a week or two the price went up to a guinea a pamphlet, but the world-vogue of "the little book" was nevertheless to hang fire for many a year. Nor is that the strangest part of this tale of a best seller of the ages.

For this book about wine and love and roses and tears had as its original composer an astronomer, mathematician and calendar-reformer, and as its transmitter to continents of which Omar did not know the existence, an early Victorian who was a recluse, who so seldom read newspapers that his friends used to take care to write him specially when one of his celebrated friends died, who was, if not a misogynist, certainly no success with women, who was a vegetarian, and whose favorite motto was "Plain Living and High Thinking." One time in the little Norfolk town of Woodbridge, where he passed many years of his later life, he stopped in the street to chat with a pretty young lady. At parting he said, "I hope you will always speak to me when we meet. I never recognize ladies - their bonnets are so much alike."

"You should look a little lower than the bonnet, sir," said the pretty young lady.

"So I will! So I will!" said "Old Fitz," as one who had come into the glad dawn of a new idea, and went his way - "The odd, tall, sad-faced man in an ill-fitting suit, with a shabby hat pushed back on his head, and blue spectacles on his nose," as Sir Sidney Colvin described him in his delightful "Memories and Notes of Persons and Places."

The Omar-FitzGerald "Rubáiyát" was one of six forever memorable books of the year 1859. The other five were: Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," George Eliot's "Adam Bede," Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," Meredith's "Richard Feverel," and Darwin's "Origin of Species."

Now, why are Omar the Tentmaker (and, by the way, be not too ready to accept the statement of some scholars that kháyyám, meaning tentmaker, was a name he adopted from his family's trade, for there are other scholars as sound who say that it refers only to the tents of thought and fancy the poet wove), why, then, are Omar and Edward inseparably linked in the annals of letters? - For they are so linked - not Beaumont and Fletcher or Boswell and Johnson or Erckmann-Chatrian, or Besant and Rice more inseparably. It is because by the high alchemy of genius the English poet refined a diffuse, repetitious, and sometimes grosses Oriental composition into pure gold.

Having been introduced to Omar's "Rubáiyát" in the original by E.B.Cowell, later professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge, FitzGerald worked in the Persian language and Persian poetry for years. He saturated himself with both, but when he came to the translating of Omar he also infused himself into Omar. He did not so infuse himself in his translation of the Persian Jami, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ with the consequence that for one who to-day knows Jami thousands know Omar. A dozen explanations of the marvel FitzGerald wrought for Omar have been given. The best is Prof. Norton's. Sir Sidney Colvin's is along the same lines, for he says the marvel was one "not of translating but of transmuting," and Mr. A.C.Benson in his admirable little life of FitzGerald puts it thus: "He concentrated the scattered rays into his burning glass. . . It was as though he had found some strict and solemn melody of a bygone age, and enriched it with new and honeyed harmonies, added melancholy cadences and sweet interludes of sorrow."

It is because he did this, it is because he gave the ancient Oriental stanzas a grace, dignity, opulence, and tenderness which, scholars tell us, the originals possess in no such

measure, that he also gave Omar a new fame - a second chance, as it were, for immortality. The result is astounding. You could print the entire FitzGerald "Rubaiyat" in three and a half columns of a newspaper, and yet in the last thirty or forty years a literature has grown up around it. Tipplers in barrooms once could maulder through it and scholars who do not tipple have written reviews and books and rhapsodies about it. About the FitzGerald version of it, I mean, for do you know how much space the original Omar and his "Rubaiyat" receive in Miss Hunt's 400 page "Persian Literature Ancient and Modern"? Five lines! - five lines to twice as many pages about the Persian poet Firdusi, who flourished in the province of Khorason where Omar dwelt and who died two years after Omar was born.

I think I can show you at a glance what witchery there was in Edward FitzGerald's touch as translator. Ralph Waldo Emerson, no contemptible poet, once tried his hand at a version of the Omar quatrain which FitzGerald numbered XIX. This was the result:

"Each spot where tulips prank their state
Has drunk the life blood of the great;
The violets yon field which stain
Are moles of beauties Time hath slain."

Now, glance back to the third stanza in the the third group of quatrains adorning this chapter. . . You see how rapturous FitzGerald was where Emerson was routine.

Editor's note: The Fitzgerald version of the Rubaiyat is published by the NIB and is in several of the American libraries. Hand-made copies are in LC and Sacramento.

Quatrain XIX as translated by Fitzgerald reads:

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

"The Epic of the Kings" retold from Firdusi's Shahnameh
by Helen Zimmen has is published by the American
Printing House for the Blind in four volumes.

Information for Library Borrowers

For the sake of new subscribers we wish to explain the use of initials after book titles. Press-made books are followed by the initials of the press only. No attempt is made to indicate in which libraries these books are to be found. It may be useful to remember however in this connection that the initials FF following a title indicate that the book is supplied by the Federal fund and may therefore be borrowed from practically every American library. Readers are expected to use their nearest libraries when possible but may apply to a library at any distance ~~when~~ ^{if} necessary.

Hand-made books are followed by the initials of the libraries owning them, and are available to readers in all localities.

Publications from the National Institute for the Blind, Lond., (NIB) are in grade 2. For the present all American made books are in grade $1\frac{1}{2}$ unless otherwise indicated.

In this number of the magazine for the first time titles owned by the National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, London, England, are mentioned. Books from this library may be borrowed by readers in America if not too much in demand by English readers. An application blank from that library must accompany the first request for books. These blanks may be had from the New York Public Library, ~~London~~. It is not our intention to include books owned by the London Library with any frequency for we realize that service to American readers may prove difficult.

International postage service, from Postal Guide, July 1931: Printed matter for the blind to all foreign destinations requires postage of one cent for each 2 lbs, 3 oz. or fraction thereof and limit of weight is 11 lbs.

A complete list of all abbreviations and abbreviated names used in this magazine is repeated about four times a year.



Braille Book Review

2nd year Contents for April, 1933 Number 15

- I Book Announcements.
- II Best Sellers of the Ages: Mother Goose Melodies.
- III Sketches from Living Authors: Frank Swinnerton.
With permission of the H.W. Wilson Co.
- IV Harold B. Wright, by Blanche C. Williams.
- V Greek Philosophy, Oratory and other Prose. From
The Story of the World's Literature, by
John Macy. With permission of the publisher
Horace Liveright.
- ~~VI Xavier Free Publication Society and Circulating
Library for the Blind~~
- ~~VI~~ VII Latest Publications from the NIB



A book is an offer of friendship from him who writes to him who reads.—Meiklejohn.

Adams, James Truslow. The march of democracy; the rise of the Union. Part 1. 4v. 1932 CPH

FF Grade 2. The author of the Epic of America here tells the story of the rise of our nation from its discovery and settlement to 1860. The struggle for the maintenance of the Union and the evolution of industrial America will be treated in part two which is not yet published. The book is well-proportioned, reasonably accurate, not uncritical, and particularly full of some of the social and cultural phases of our history.

Allen, N.B. United States, geographical and industrial studies. 3v. 1925 APH Describes the great industries of the United States and their processes. Treats also of the geographical reasons underlying their location.

~~American Foundation for the Blind. Reference contraction book. To be embossed.~~
(For sketch of his life see December 1932 number)

Buchan, John. Sir Walter Scott. 3v. 1932 BIA FF Grade 2 A solid and satisfactory performance, and a comparison of it with Lockhart's great work only increases one's respect for the way in which Mr. Buchan has included, in so short a space, nearly everything that illuminates his subject. Hugh Walpole says it is the ideal book of all those who would know everything about Scott that there is to know.

> *Insert Burse, Edmund. See under "Hand-engaged Books"*

Buswell, G.T. and W.H. Wheeler. Silent reading hour: Jack and Ruth, 1v; True stories. 2v. HMP

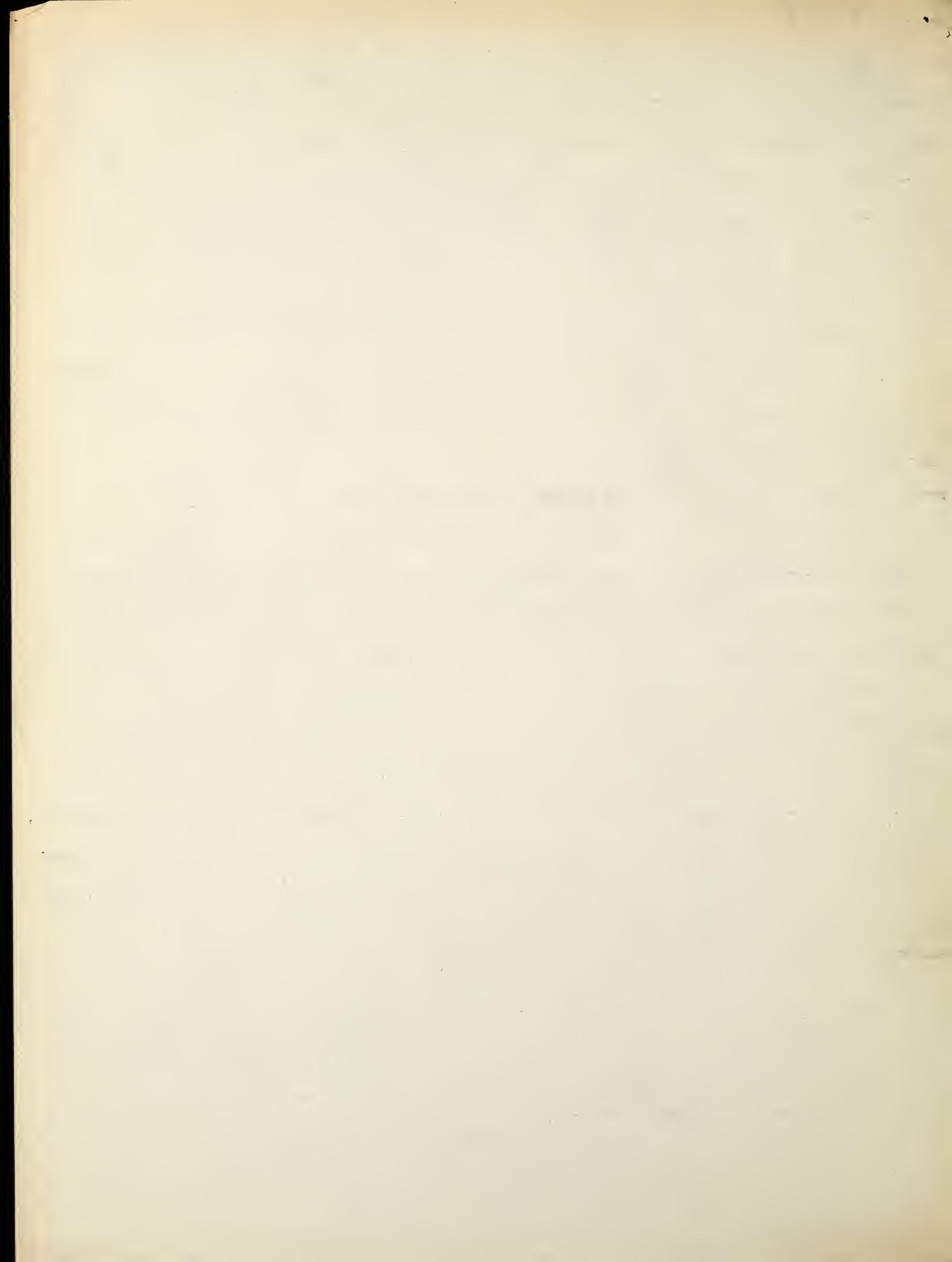
Catherwood, Mary H. The romance of Dollard. To be embossed.

Cellini, Benvenuto. Autobiography; tr. by J.A. Symonds. 4v. ABFR FF Grade 2 No autobiography, unless it be Franklin's, is more interesting reading to-day than this frank revelation of the life and deeds of a wicked superman in the golden days of the Italian renaissance. Cellini was the first goldsmith of his time, a sculptor, a traveler, a Bohemian of the purest water, a courtier and companion of princes; finally, a Florentine who used his native idiom with incomparable vivacity of style. From the pages of this book the genius of the renaissance, incarnate in a single personality, leans forth and speaks to us." J.A. Symonds.

Chambers, R.W. Cardigan. To be embossed.

~~Collier, C. See note under Comte de L'Ortolan.~~

Crane, Stephen. The red badge of courage. To be embossed.



Dugmore, Arthur Radclyffe. The vast Sudan. 5v. 1925 ARC The author went to the Sudan to take motion pictures, but before taking up his own narrative he gives a brief and readable account of the history of the country. His adventures are interestingly related with much information on the animal life. His book is less a story of adventure than an extremely interesting account of the fauna of the Sudan. It also has a topical interest, for it is a careful and temperate survey of that country's history and present-day problems.

Dunn, F.W., F.T.Baker and A.D.Thorndike. Everyday classics: Primer lv. First reader lv. Second reader 2v. HMP

Eastman, Charles K. Indian boyhood. 2v. 1902 APH The author, a Sioux, describes his own boyhood training. Tells in an interesting way of playmates, games, hunting, the bear dance, feasts and story telling.

FF Grade 2

Hairbank, Janet A. The bright land. v ? 1933 In this story of Abby-Delight, depicting her emotionally starved girlhood in New Hampshire, her romantic elopement with prosperous and open-minded Stephen Blanchard, and their successful life together, an amazing sweep of American history is presented. For the most part it is centered in an Illinois town upon which the effect of the Mississippi river trade, the California gold rush, the Civil war, and the flat years that followed is clearly shown.

French, Richard S. From Homer to Helen Keller. APH To be embossed.

FF Grade 2

Galsworthy, John. Flowering wilderness. v ? 1932 Dinny Cherrell continues the heroine in this sequel to Maid in Waiting. She falls in love at first sight with a young poet back from the East. The situation which develops seems somewhat improbable in these post-war days but the social portrait of London to-day is drawn with that fidelity in small things which Mr. Galsworthy paints so brilliantly. It is admirable as a love story.

Hardy, Marjorie. Child's own way series: New stories, 2v; Surprise stories, lv. HMP

Heyward, Du Bois. Peter Ashley. 2v. 1932 BIA FF Grade 2 Charleston, South Carolina, on the eve of the Civil War is the background of this novel. The author does his best work in describing the city and the life and spirit and customs of the people.

Jessup, Alexander, editor. Representative American short stories. Part 1. 6v. (To be complete in 17v.) 1925 APH FF Grade 2. Seventy-four short stories arranged in chronological

order and dating from 1788 to 1932, selected to represent the best stories of the various periods of development. Contents for part I: v.1 Chariessa. Thessalonica, C.B.Brown. Mine Uncle John, J.K.Paulding. Hamet. v.2 Rip van Winkle, Washington Irving. Peter Rug^g, Wm. Austin. A duel in midstream, J.F.Cooper. Indian spring, W.C.Bryant. The seventh son, James Hall. v.3 Seventh son, continued. Lunatic's skate, N.P.Willis. Hollow of the three hills, Grey champion, Wakefield, The ambitious guest, Rappaccini's daughter, Nathaniel Hawthorne. v.4 Metzengerstein, The assignation, The fall of the house of Usher, Masque of the red death, The pit and the pendulum, E.A.Poe. v.5 The gold-bug, E.A.Poe. Schoolmaster's progress, C.M.S.Kirkland. Those old lunes! W.G.Simms. The belle, Helen Irving. The town-ho's story, Herman Melville. v.6 The mourning veil, H.B.Stowe. The diamond lens, F.J.O'Brien. In a cellar, E.P.Spofford.

Key (or code) to standard English braille grades one and two; revised and edited jointly by the British National Uniform Type Committee and the American Committee on Grade II representing the A.A.I.B., the A.A.W.B., and the A.F.B. For circulation in all the libraries distributing books from the Government. Copies of this same key in ink print may be had free from the American Foundation for the Blind, 125 East 46 St., New York City.

order and dating from 1788 to 1922, selected to represent the best stories of the various periods of development.

Keller, Helen. The story of my life. To be embossed.

FF Grade 2

Kennedy, Margaret. A long time ago. v? BIA ↑ A retired grand-opera singer devotes one chapter of her memoirs to an account of a liaison she had had one summer with a brilliant man supposed to be a devoted husband and father. The author goes back over twenty years showing what various ones thought was the truth at the time. The technique with which events are reconstructed gives the novel its special charm. Said to be the author's best work since "The Constant Nymph".

Key (or code) to standard English braille - see slip.

Latourette, Kenneth S. The development of China. v? ↑ 1929 edition. The author, formerly of the College of Yale in China, has written this book for college students and for the general public. His aim has been to present in the light of modern scholarship a sketch of the essential facts of Chinese history and development and of the historical setting for its present-day problems.

Lehmann, Rosamond. Invitation to the waltz. CPH To be embossed.

Lewis, Sinclair (Sketch of his life in "Specimen" number of this magazine.) Arrowsmith. 4v.

1925 ABFR FF Grade 2. A full-length figure of a physician, a born seeker and experimentalist. He goes from medical school thru experiences as general country practitioner, as health officer and clinician, as fighter of the plague on a West Indian island and finally, as director of a medical institute. He married twice. His first wife is both playmate and helpmate, who ministers to his genius and puts up with his egotism. His second wife, rich and exacting, tries to make him a fashionable scientist, and failing in the attempt, divorces him. The book leaves Arrowsmith in the Vermont woods working with a fellow-spirit as an independent researcher.

Lunt, D.C. The road to the law. To be embossed.

Marshall, F.W. The layman's legal guide. To be embossed.

Maurois, André. Voltaire. lv. 1932 ABFR FF Grade 2 Maurois's talent is well suited to a life of Voltaire and he has treated the subject with his usual deft vivacity. He has selected the most vivid episodes, he has told them with brevity and point, and there is not a dull page in the book. ~~Treasure Pioneer~~.



Mitchell, S. Wier. The adventures of François. To be embossed.

Monroe, Harriet and Alice C. Henderson. The new poetry; an anthology of twentieth century
verse in English. To be embossed.

FF Grade 2

Moore, Douglas S. Listening to music. v ? 1932. This book is designed to help the lover of
music to increase his enjoyment through intelligent listening and understanding of the
language of music. No previous training in music is required to understand the material
which it contains. Technical matter is stated as simply as possible and no technical
terms are taken for granted.

Morgan, James. Our presidents; brief biographies of our chief magistrated. To be embossed.

Morrow, H.W. Beyond the blue Sierra. ABFR To be embossed.

Morse, John T.,jr.. John Adams. BIA To be embossed.

Newins, Allan. Grover Cleveland; a study in courage. HMP To be embossed.

Nordhoff, Charles B. and James Norman Hall. Mutiny on the Bounty. BIA To be embossed.

Norris, Kathleen. (For sketch of her life see June 1932 number of this magazine) Little ships .

v ? 1925 CPH FF The fortunes of Mollie and Peter Cunningham, Irish, warm hearted,
devout, commonplace, and their brood of five children - "little ships" sailing upon un-
charted courses - are entertainly portrayed.

Parkman , Francis. (The following titles by this author are to be embossed.)

----Count Frontenac and New France. APH

----A half century of conflict. APH

----La Salle and the discovery of the great west. BIA

----The old regime in Canada BIA

----The Oregon trail. APH

----Pioneers of France in the new world. BIA

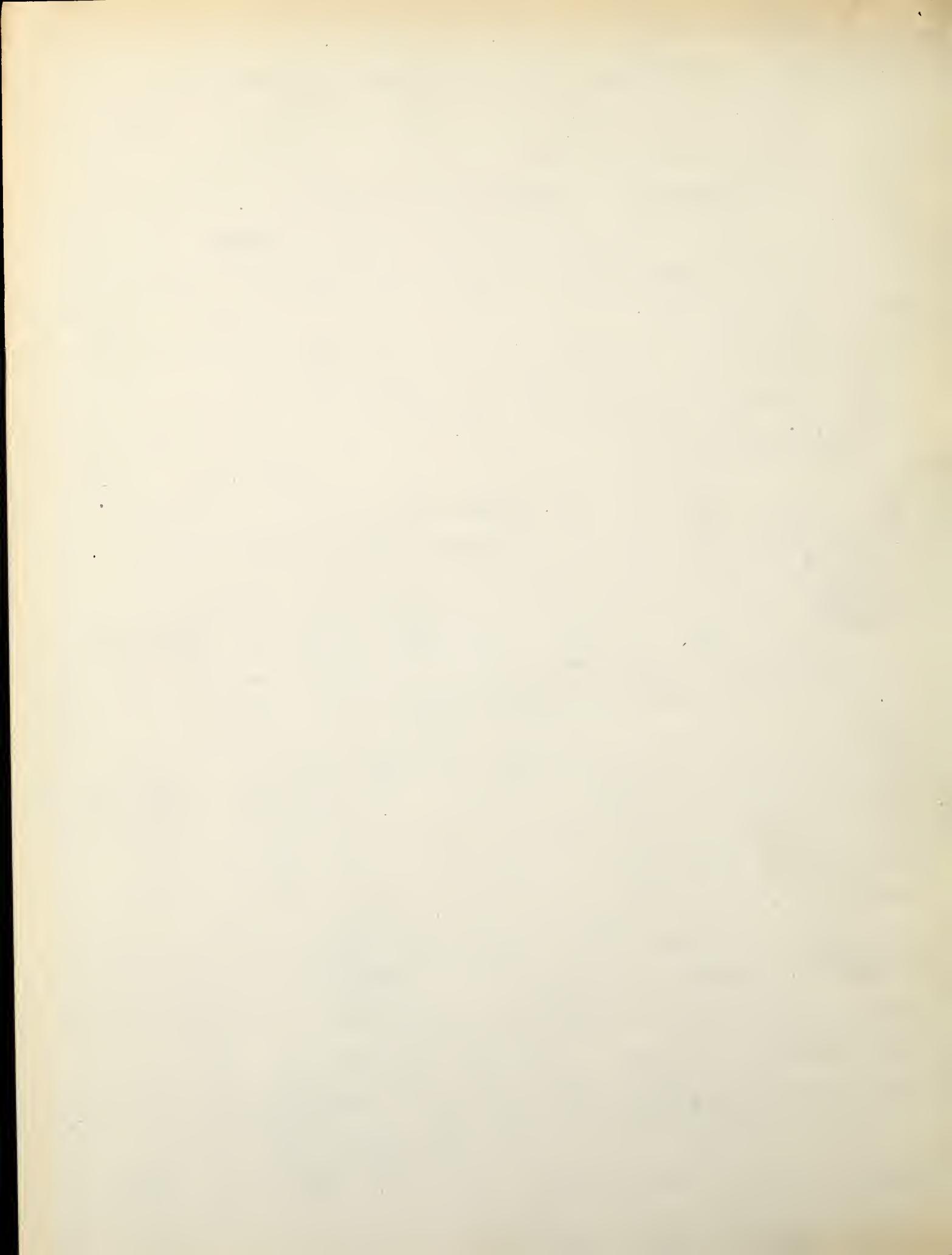
Pattee, Fred Lewis. A history of American literature since 1870. To be embossed.

----The new American literature 1890-1920. To be embossed.

Phillips, U.B. Life and labor in the Old South. To be embossed.

Price, Edith B. The happy venture. 3v. 1920 ARC Appealing story of a brother and sister
who take care of a little blind boy while their mother is in a sanitarium.

Repllier, Agnes. Mere Marie of the Ursulines. To be embossed.



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Saint-Exupéry, Antoine de. Night flight; preface by André Gide; translated by Stuart Gilbert. lv. 1932 CPM FF Grade 2 A story of air-pilots winging their way through perils of storm and night over the Andes. The strength and tension of the book grow out of realities which the author, himself a pilot of almost legendary bravery, must have encountered intimately. In themselves they would make a tremendously stirring narrative but he has made them yield up more than excitement.

Scott, Sir Walter. See note under author John Buchan.

Sienkiewitz, Henryk. In desert and wilderness. 4v. 1923 APH This story conveys much information about the plant and animal life of north Africa while telling of the adventures of a little English girl and a brave young Polish boy.

Simonds, Frank H. Can America stay at home? 3v. 1932 APH FF Grade 2. A keen and penetrating criticism of America's relations with Europe since 1914, a companion volume to the author's "Can Europe keep the peace?" Based upon the author's wide experience as an international journalist, it is both authoritative and interesting.

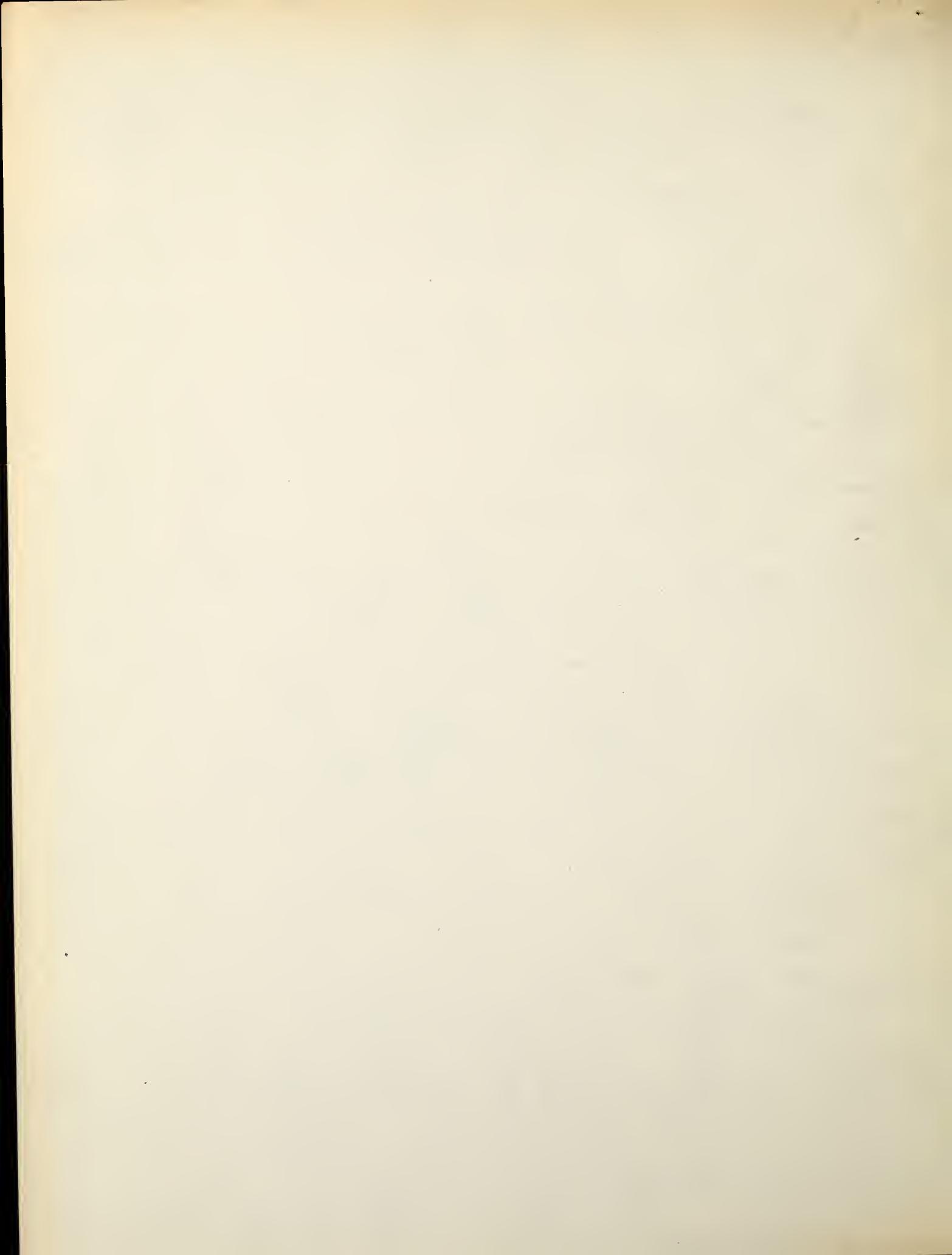
Sterne, Emma G. No surrender. v ? 1933 As this story opens, news of Lee's surrender had just reached the Thomas plantation in Alabama and as it progresses a true and stirring picture of the months immediately following is presented - months made forever memorable by the hours of waiting for the uncertain return of men from war and prison, months which witnessed the struggle to resume the ways of peace and the business of making a living. Through the characters of the story, especially those of Julia Thomas and of her young son Christopher, something of the courage and steadfastness of the South is made clear and unforgettable for young readers.

Sullivan, Mark. Our times, vol IV. The war begins. BIA To be embossed.

Taussig, F.W. Principles of economics, volumes 1 and 2 12 volumes in braille. 1921 editions APH FF Grade 2 This important, comprehensive work based on thirty years' experience is the best book since Mill for the reader with no prior knowledge and is also indispensable to the student.

Tippett, James S. I live in a city. lv. 1927 HMP Verses of things familiar to the city child.

----The singing farmer; reader. lv. HMP



Van Doren, Mark, editor. American poets. APH To be embossed.

Withers, Sarah, H.S.Browne and W.K.Tate. The child's world: Primer lv. First reader. lv.

Second reader. 2v. HMP

Hand-copied Books.

Akeley, Delia. "J.T., jr." 4v. 1928 Sacramento. The story of an African monkey that was a constant companion of Mrs. Akeley on hunting and exploring expeditions for several years and was treated by her as a loved child. Not only is this an unusual and vivid story of animal life in the African jungle. It is also a revelation of the daily experiences of explorers and elephant hunters in the Dark Continent.

Bailey, Temple. Wallflowers. 7v. 1927. Dallas, LG, Sacramento. They were twins; they were 18; they were pretty, and they were Clayburnes of Virginia. But they couldn't dance the Charleston, and their clothes weren't quite right, so when they went to the party exquisite Stephanie Moore gave in her Washington apartment, they were "wallflowers." Stephanie called them her pair of white elephants. But vengeance is sweet, and the twins, soon put it all over the rich and worldly Stephanie.

min v
Burke, Edmund. Speech on conciliation with America. lv. APH By one of the most gifted writers of English prose. John Macy says of this particular speech that its eloquence and logic are unimpaired by the passage of time and by the immediate fact that English statesmen did not heed its wisdom.

de la Roche, Mazo. Portrait of a dog. 3v. 1930 ^{Now in} Atlanta, St. Louis. The story of the author's little black Scotch terrier, as well as a keen and intimate observation of dogs, horses and cats. Will appeal to all lovers of animals.

Early, Eleanor. And this is Boston! and seashore and country too. 5v. 1930 IC A guide to Boston with its surrounding towns and to Nantucket and the Cape. Has charm and spontaneity. Recommended to visitors to those parts.

Ellis, Anne. The life of an ordinary woman. 5v. 1929 Sacramento. An honest, unassuming auto-biography of "a woman reared in the poverty, ignorance and hardships of western mining camps, who knew the pioneer life of the West as few people now living have ever known it and who brought to her experience of life an extraordinary wealth of courage, humor and philosophy."

Introduction.

Faunce, W.H.P. Facing life. 3v. 1928 LC The president of Brown university talks to his students on their problems within and beyond the campus.

Grey, Zane. The man of the forest, a novel. 10v. ^{Now in} Dallas, LC Sensational adventure story.

Hubbard, B.R. Mush, you malemutes! from Saturday Evening Post. 1v. LC

Lawton, Mary, ^{editor}. A lifetime with Mark Twain, the memories of Katy Leary, for thirty years his faithful and devoted servant. 7v. 1925. NLB, Philadelphia. Readers may not find much that is actually new but they will find everything interpreted in a naive way that is new for the narrative is set down in her own words.

Munthe, Axel. Memories and vagaries. 4v. 1930 Chicago. Reprint of a book published in London many years before the Story of San Michele. A simpler and slighter book but one as much infused with the love of human kind. These earlier memories of the kind and sympathetic doctor include stories and anecdotes of life among the poor of Paris and Capri. Dr. Munthe writes of animals too, with a like sympathy and understanding.

Roberts, C.G.D. The heart of the ancient wood. 3v. 1900 ^{Now in} Oklahoma City, Detroit. Intimate description of life in the forests of the northern United States.

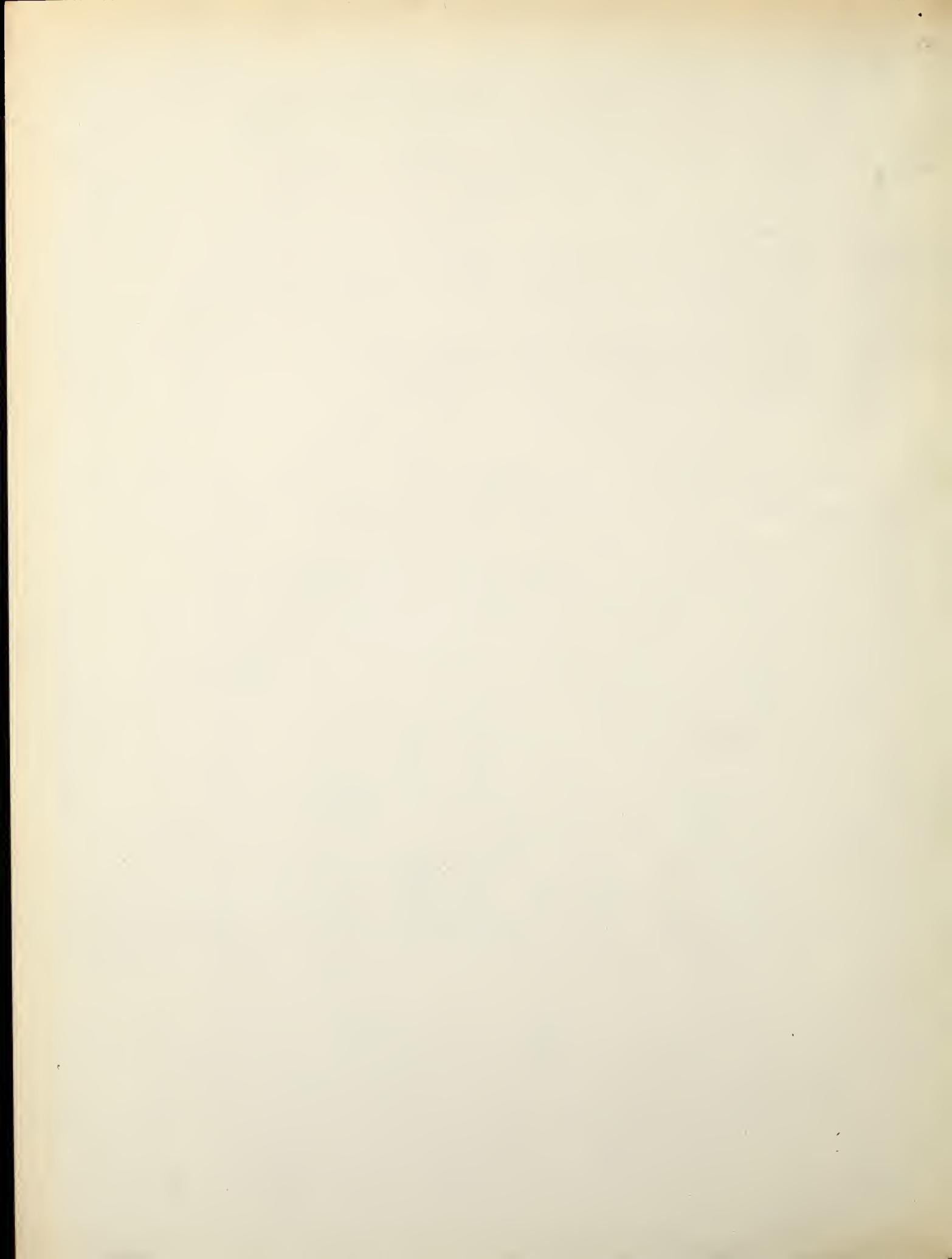
Roy, Rene. The night's candles. 2v. NYPL The writer, a young Frenchman, became totally blind as a result of wounds received in the war. After a period of despair, he took up his life again, entered the Ecole Polytechnique where he had begun his course before the war, and in time became an engineer. The book is concerned largely with his psychological reactions, first to the fact of his blindness, later to the joy of "shaping a career, to all intents normal, out of what seemed ruin."

Selected articles from the National Geographical Magazine. 1v. St.Louis.

Siple, Paul. A boy scout with Byrd. 4v. 1931. ^{Now in} Cincinnati, Sacramento, ^{Perkins} ~~Inter-town~~. An account of the Byrd Antarctic expedition as it looked to Paul Siple, the boy scout who was chosen to go as a member of the expedition.

Twain, Mark, see note under ~~sister~~ Kate Leary. *Mary Lawton*.

Vandercook, J.W. Black majesty, the life of Christopher, King of Haiti. 3v. 1928 Cincinnati, LC, NYPL, Sacramento, St. Louis. A highly romanticized life of Henry Christophe, the slave who became king of Haiti.



hite, Mary. How to make baskets. With a chapter on "What the basket means to the Indian",
by Neltje Blanchan. 3v. 1901 LC A practical manual describing clearly and explicitly
materials, processes and special designs.

Yeats-Brown, Frances. The lives of a Bengal lancer. 5v. 1930 Chicago, Portland, Sacramento.

Also grade 2, NIB The first part of Major Yeats-Brown's autobiography relates his experiences as a young subaltern in the Bengal lancers. Then came the war, when he was attached to the Royal flying corps in Mesopotamia and captured by the Turks. The last part of the story is concerned with his return to India and his absorption in the study of Yoga. The book has rare qualities of wit, humor, and unusual knowledge.



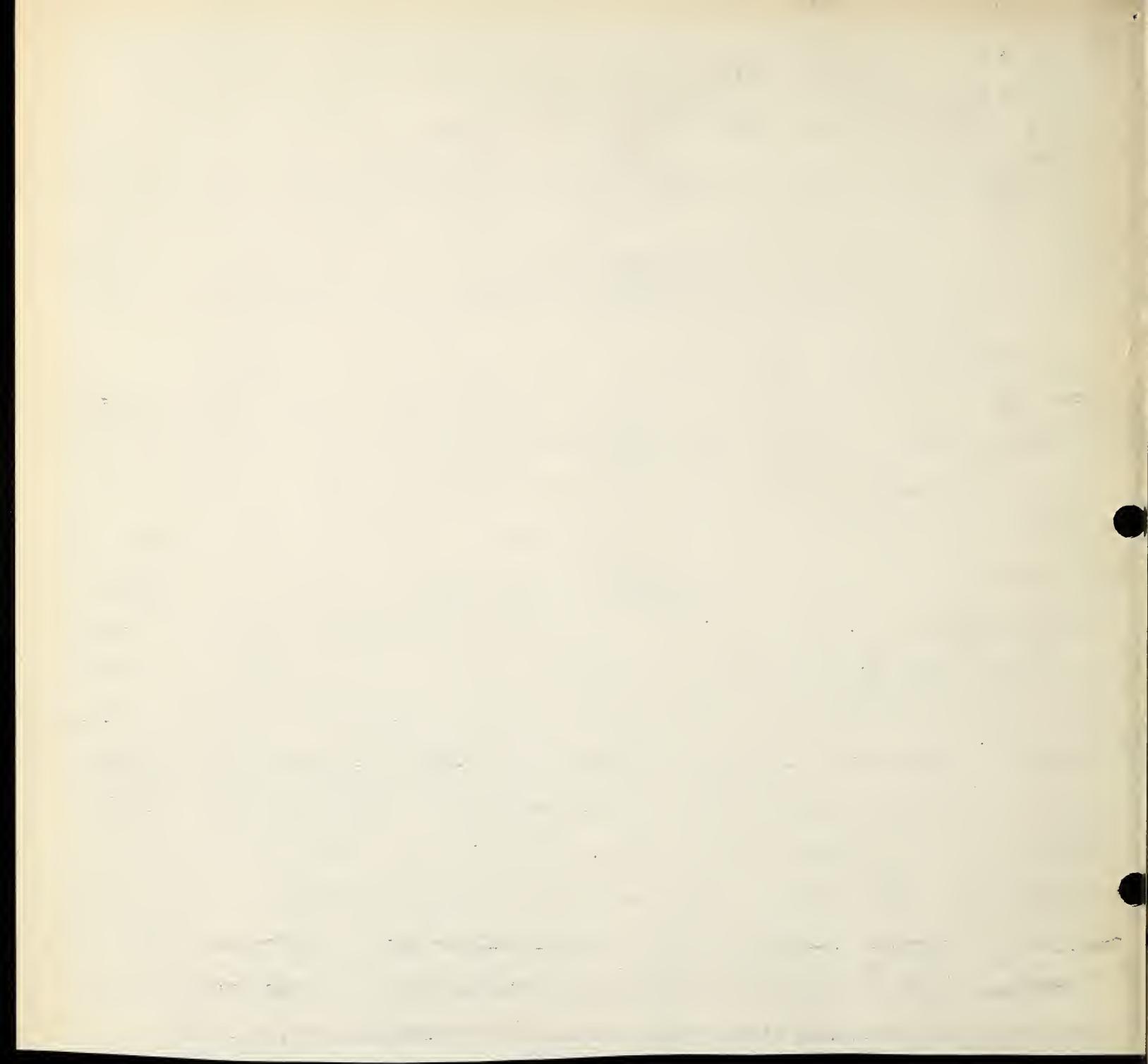
"Mother Goose Melodies" and Their Author
(First American collection published in 1719)

No other American author is a better seller or better authenticated than the Boston dame whose works form the first book you probably ever looked into. This lady, born Foster, christened Elizabeth, was married on July 5, 1692, at the age of twenty-seven, to the widower Isaac Vergeose of Boston. She was an actual figure in the lives of the seven grand-children to whom she sang her "Mother Goose's Melodies," which was published in 1719 by her son-in-law.

For 208 years "Mother Goose's Melodies" has been among the premier best sellers. It never was more so than now. It is a staple item in "the trade," and if the descendants of Mrs. Isaac Vergeose could have retained to this day a copyright on her works, they would now be among the richest families in the western world. Son-in-law Thomas Fleet, the Boston printer of ballads, pamphlets, and small books for children (shop in Pudding Lane, which now is Devonshire Street), sold his first edition of mother-in-law's rhymes for "two coppers." To-day you may buy the book in a form good enough for any republican nursery for a quarter, or you can go as high as five dollars.

Via the patient copyist the managers of the book department of Field's in Chicago were asked for data about "Mother Goose" as an item of the trade. As they know books as well as sell them, the copyist came home with a lapful of facts. For example, that store carries from fifteen to twenty-five editions of "Mother Goose" in stock. It has them with historical and biographical introductions and with Kate Greenaway's exquisite pictures.

~~Good painters have bestowed their best on this book. Why? Because it is so amazingly imaginative. Call it doggerel if you will, but the solid fact remains that nearly every stanza in it fairly leaps with bold, comical or grotesque imaginative touches.~~



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And then the Boyd Smith edition - pictures and text both good - and the Jessie Wilcox Smith edition and the Blanche Fisher Wright edition, and editions with music scores in them.

Good painters have bestowed their best on this book. Why? Because it is so amazingly imaginative. Call it doggerel if you will, but the solid fact remains that nearly every stanza in it fairly leaps with bold, comical or grotesque imaginative touches. The old lady - though she was only fifty when her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Fleet, began presenting her with grandchildren who cried for her rhymes - was no routine rhymster. Is there anywhere a more audacious concept than:

"Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle;
The cow jumped over the moon!
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon!"

Logical, too. Who would not, like the little dog, laugh to see didos so tremendous as the cow's vaulting? Nor does the abrupt elopement of the dish with the spoon seem irrational under the circumstances. The lines are vibrant with the unusual. But how marvelously compact!

"Hiccorry, diccorry, dock" appealed to me from earliest years, and still does. I do not know why it did at first, but I think it does now because of its searching note of inevitability - nay, more of implacability:

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"Hiccorry, diccorry, dock,
The mouse run up the clock;
The clock struck one, and down he run,
Hiccorry, diccorry, dock."

Time and doom, that hold us all, and end us all at last, are in that. There is no gainsaying it. The mouse run, as Mrs. Vergeose would have it. Was there aught else for him to do but run down when the appointed hour struck? It is the drama of the Greeks in four lines, the Olympians intoning "Hiccorry, diccorry, dock" - inscrutable, solemn - the muttering of fact in it. And how sure is the poetess' mastery of rhythm here. It is amazingly flexible. You can time it with the fairy galloping of a Swiss watch, and it makes the same beat; or you can measure it by the slow ticking of the great, sad-faced clock at the end of the hall, and with that grave voice it likewise synchronizes. In those lines poetry found its pendulum, in a manner of speaking.

But criticism is disarmed by all Mrs. Vergeose's masterpieces; for, if one attempted criticism in any captious way, ther would come whispering to the critic from out of his past a little voice, infantile but honest, and it would say, "How dare you! How dare you be captious now - you who once wondered and thrilled and laughed over these deft lines, so harmonious and so bold that no pretentious poetry of your later reading has been able to drive them from your mind?"

I do not dare, and hasten to add that I think Mrs. Vergeose's volume an excellent lesson-book. It prompts to endless speculation and question.

"The man in the south, he burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum porridge."

"But grandmamma, how could the man burn his mouth with eating cold plum porridge?" For more than two centuries grandmothers have been bidden to answer that. The answer is in Xenophon's "Anabasis" - if grandmother only knew it.

And the geography! If every "Where-is-that?" of a bright child were painstakingly answered as "Mother Goose's Melodies" is being read to him, that child would have a pretty good knowledge of the interesting world he has come into. Do you know how many important places and people Mrs. Vergeose brings into her poems? Here are a few:

Babylon, London, Charing-cross, Banbury-cross, Gotham (there is a fascinating story to tell a child out of the reign of King John in connection with that reference), Norwich



(Norridge), St. Ives, St. Dunstan, St. Swithin, Spain, Queen Anne and her Danish consort, Prince George; King William III and his wife (a whole momentous chapter of English history in that rhyme), and General Monk (more English history), and so on. And what really are cockle shells? And what other celebrated poet besides Mrs. Verbose puts the accent on the second syllable of contrary? Answering that when you have read your child the rhyme about the opinionated Mary, you will also have introduced him to a great line of Milton's, for Milton says of fame:

"Fame, if not double-faced is double-mouthed,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds."

As Goethe said, it does no harm to know something. Give your child an early chance. If you can do it along with fun, so much the happier. Here are other bits of lore to be gleaned by attentive study of "Mother Goose": Taffy, in Mrs. Verbose's celebrated indictment of that acquisitive Welshman, is but the Welsh provincial pronunciation of Davy, and Bobby Shafto was a real character in English county history, and the expletive "marry," is a corruption of the Virgin's name.

It is to be remembered that the title "Mother Goose's Melodies," has become a catch-all for many childlike folk rhymes that Mrs. Verbose never wrote, and that is why one edition of the Melodies so varies from another. Succeeding rhymesters and publishers popped in new or older matter to make a bigger book. Of all the editions circulated in our time, the edition of 1833 is probably the nearest to the veritable original "Mother Goose." I say "circulated in our time," because so lately as 1905 it was published in facsimile by Messrs. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard of Boston, and from that facsimile the pictures which embellish this chapter were taken.

That facsimile contains 152 melodies. The modern editions contain many more.

Every one of the editions - the cheap, the costly, the unpretentious and the fine - are instinct with the history of the race that accounts itself old and takes itself seriously, but is ever young and ever wanting jingles.

Dear, foolish little book of nonsense! In the heart of every man at once a joke and a treasure! Artless rhymes endeared to us all by every sweet memory of childhood and innocence and happiness; by fond ties soon loosed and never to be renewed, the ties that bound us to our age of innocence. With impatient hands we push the book away when we think we are getting to be a big boy. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, and nevermore will come again - that white age of each of us - our age of innocence.

13

Swing Authors
Frank Swinnerton

Born at Wood Green, a suburb of London, on August 12, 1884, Frank Arthur Swinnerton suffered a severe illness at the age of eight which forced him out of school, and left him in such delicate health that recurring breakdowns have been frequent since. His formal education was negligible. He read continually, however, and at fourteen, when he became a clerk in a London office, he was better educated than most youths of his age.

At eighteen, when he was working for the publishing house of J. M. Dent & Company, he finished writing a novel. This book, as well as the next two, the young author destroyed. Then, having joined the publishing firm of Chatto & Windus, he published "The Merry Heart", 1909. Word of its acceptance came to him on his twenty-fourth birthday. Thereafter followed "The Young Idea", 1910, and "The Casement", 1911. Arnold Bennett became interested in Swinnerton when he read the manuscript of "The Casement".

The book that won general attention for Swinnerton was "George Gissing," 1912, a critical study. His study of R.L.Stevenson, 1914, caused a stir among Stevensonians in England and America. Bennett says: "It is a destructive work. It is very bland and impartial, and not bereft of laudatory passages, but since its appearance Stevenson's reputation has not been the same."

During the World War Swinnerton was rejected by the army and subsequently was laid low by a long and serious illness which proved nearly fatal. During convalescence he wrote "The Haste Wife", 1916. His outstanding work, "Nocturne", 1917, was produced in a period of domestic stress, illness, anxiety, and loneliness. He wrote it hurriedly, in six weeks, spending some of that time aboard Arnold Bennett's yacht, which served as a setting for one of the scenes. "Nocturne" moved H.G.Wells to extraordinary enthusiasm. "September", 1919 was written in four months.

Meanwhile, Swinnerton continued his association with Chatto & Windus, usually working at the office from Tuesday morning to Thursday night of each week. The rest of his time he spent at home, writing fiction and carrying on other journalistic activities which included a monthly London Letter and critical papers. In spite of the difficulties under which he carried on this volume of work, Swinnerton protests that he is one of the laziest fellows in the world, and would rather lean out of the upstairs window and watch a cricket match on the common nearby.



than put pen to paper.

After nineteen years with Chatto & Windus, Swinnerton resigned recently, and gave up some of his journalistic work, to devote himself exclusively to writing. While he was still with the publishing firm, Arnold Bennett commended him as a literary adviser: "He tells authors what they ought to do and ought not to do. He is marvelously and terribly particular and fussy about the format of the books issued by the firm. Questions as to fonts of type, width of margins, disposition of title-pages, tint and texture of bindings really do interest him. And misprints - especially when he has read the proofs himself - give him neuralgia and even worse afflictions."

Swinnerton evidences deep satisfaction in his sixteenth century stone cottage in Surrey, with its flower-gardens in front, orchards on either side, and vegetable-gardens and a stretch of greensward in back. He is an enthusiastic gardener. The house is simply furnished with modern conveniences that do not destroy its mellowness. A path behind the house leads to a neat and orderly studio where Swinnerton produces his immaculate manuscripts in a clear, beautiful, letterpress handwriting. Whenever he completes a book he sits down to a hot plum pudding, no matter how warm the weather.

"His somewhat reddish, pointed beard," says Grant Overton, "the twinkle in his eyes, have caused it to be said that Swinnerton is French in appearance - with the instant addition that no one could be more English. But I question the 'English'. He is exceptionally easy to get acquainted with, which is not exactly a traditional English trait. His sense of humor is one capable of, and practising, frivolity; and the standard Englishman avoids being frivolous from a feeling of impropriety, or perhaps, insecurity, and for reasons of dignity."

Bennett describes him as a young man of "medium height, medium looks, medium clothes, somewhat reddish hair, and lively eyes. If I had seen him in a motorbus I should never have said, 'A remarkable chap.'"

Swinnerton is known as a surpassingly good reconteur and an excellent mimic. Floyd Dell, who was one of the first Americans to recognize Swinnerton as a writer, says: "Swinnerton tells stories delightfully. These stories chiefly concern his literary friends; he makes one know them, their foibles and their gestures and their very intonations of voice, in these anecdotes. He has his enthusiasms and his prejudices, and he makes the most of them. His genial satire



and good humored malice are a great part of his conversational charm." He has an infectious laugh

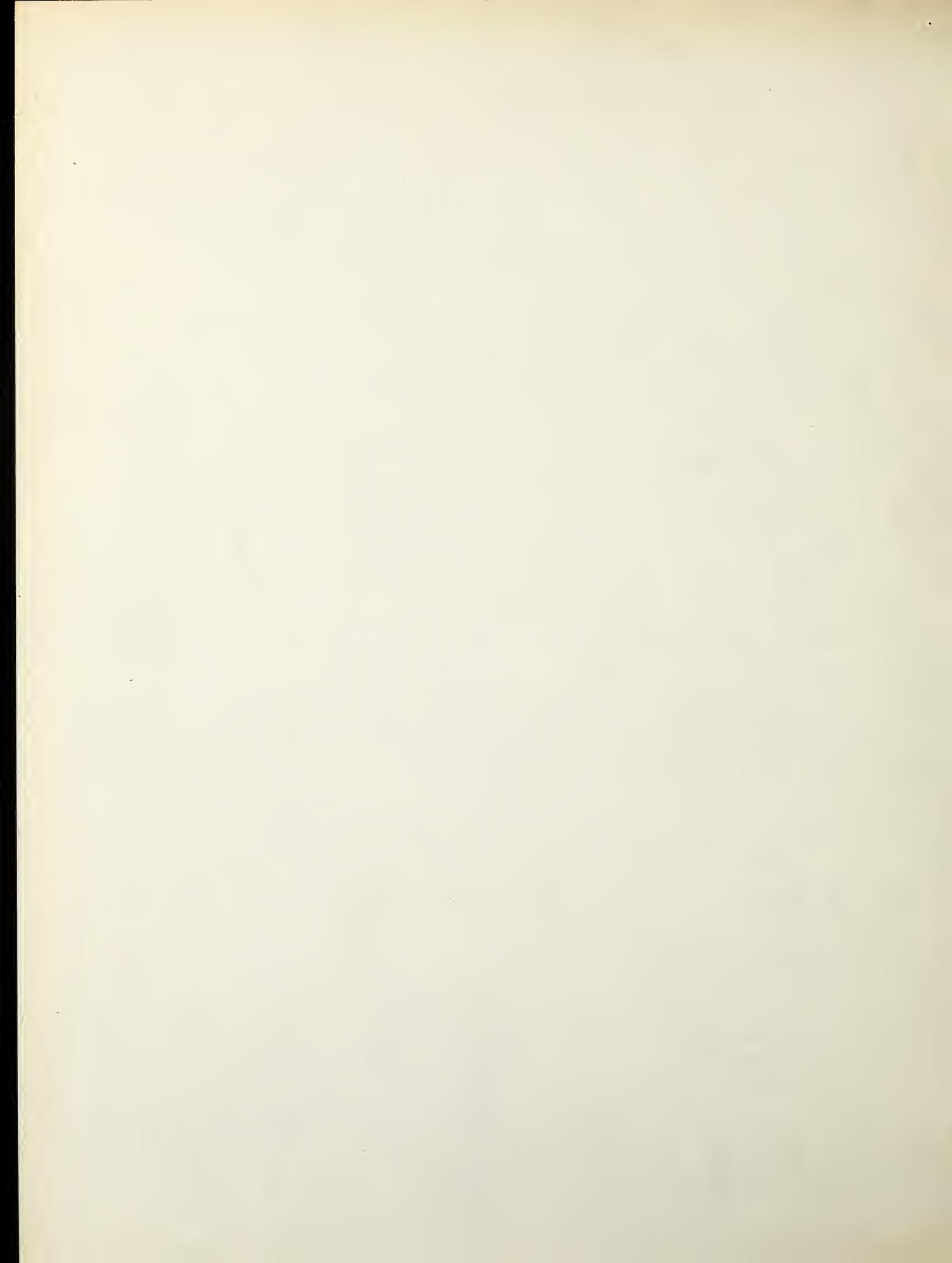
In 1924 Swinnerton married Mary Dorothy Bennett. His first wife was Helen Dircks, a poet whose slim volume, "Passenger", was prefaced by himself.

The first book by Frank Swinnerton to be published in America was The Happy Family, 1912. The Merry Heart, his first novel, did not appear in this country until 1929, and his second, The Young Idea, until 1930. Some of the other novels by him are: On the Staircase, Shops and Houses, Coguette, The Three Lovers, Young Felix, The Elder Sister, Summer Storm, A Brood of Ducklings, Sketch of a Sinner. He says he was happiest when he wrote his first novel and Young Felix. A book essays is entitled "Tokefield Papers."

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

Georgian house, a tale in four parts. 3v. APH Grade 2.

Nocturne. 3v. Detroit, NYPL, Philadelphia



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Harold Bell Wright, The Inspired Novelist
by
Blanche Colton Williams

One Sunday, twenty years ago, an earnest young preacher looked on his congregation and saw that it was good. Over a climax of numbers and enthusiasm he might have felt, perhaps did feel, satisfaction. But he was unsatisfied because a spirit ready for service missed connection with a desperate need for that service. He must bring about that connection.

"How," he asked himself, "can I teach my people to do the work which, if their religion means anything, is theirs to do?"

"I might tell them a story," he reflected, "that is the way Christ taught."

So the preacher wrote a modern parable, a novel, in which he embodied a manual of practical religion. His purpose was to read the story by installments, with the hope of realizing his vision, of making his town "an example, to all the world, for honest manhood, civic pride, and municipal virtue." But some of his friends urged that since the book deserved a larger audience he should audience he should publish it. He did so, with a success immediate and pronounced.

The book was "That Printer of Udell's". The author was Harold Bell Wright.

For five years Mr. Wright continued to preach. From Pittsburg, Kansas, he was called to Kansas City, where his strength proving inadequate to the demands he made of it, he first thought of doing his ministry in the world through his discovered ability in narrative. His search for health took him to the Ozarks, and he wrote a second book; but he went on preaching. At length, in 1908, he retired from his charge - then at Redlands, California - and went, "as a matter of health insurance," to Arizona. There he grew strong, rode in the round-ups, and chased wild ponies until he suffered an accident from which he did not die only because of the will and struggle to live.

To know about his struggle then, and the constant struggle he has made since weakened by pneumonia at the age of twenty-two, is to understand the motive underlying his stories. Every one introduces a man who fights to keep, to win, or to rewin manhood.

To know about the places he knows is to understand his fidelity to setting, always that of scenes to him familiar. "The Shepherd of the Hill," "The Calling of Dan Matthews," and "The Re-creation of Brian Kent" glow with his passion for the Ozarks; "The Winning of



"Barbara Worth" and "The Eyes of the World," with his appreciation of California and the Imperial Valley; "When a Man's a Man" and "The Mine with the Iron Door," with his intimate knowledge of life in Arizona.

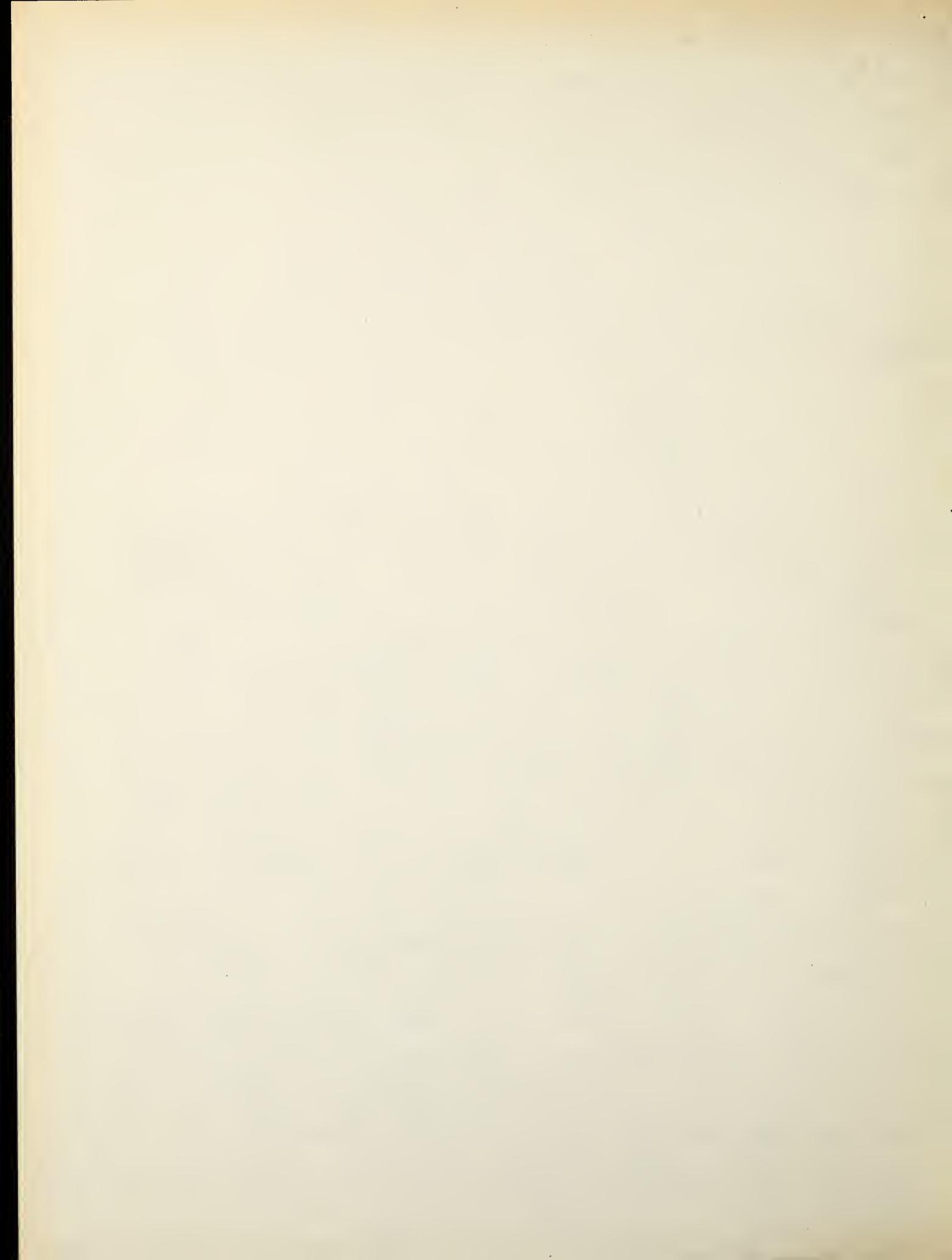
From instant recognition of Mr. Wright's power to the demand for his latest book, he has become the most popular author of his age. By every new novel he augments his reputation. Works of other writers sell by thousands, his sell by millions.

Mr. Wright's preaching perfected him in story telling. He gathered from the reaction of his audience what pictures pleased, what expositions held, and what story clamped them in a vise inescapable. And he is a born story teller, succeeding not because he has to tell a story but because he has a story to tell. In his novels mystery, progressively heightened action, suspense, dramatic situation, and stirring moments cooperate. He knows how all impulses and passions are motived - love, hate, courage, sorrow, hope, despair - and how they in turn motive action. Men always have fought, forever have been surrounded by the unknowable, and always have suffered temptation; therefore, men are interested in fights, in the solution of mysteries, and in the dramatizing of temptations. His every book challenges through this axiom.

An artist of the brush he excels in creating pictures through words, unrolling them with a facility which - for the reader - is the facility of the motion picture screen. As his stories are bound up with his lesson, his pictures are bound up with the narrative. Neither excrecent nor ornamental but organic parts of the tale, they are not omitted by the reader who may "skip" descriptions elsewhere. The picture may be of only a few words; "The faint sound of the sliding rock and gravel dislodged by the flying feet died away; the cloud of dust dissolved in this air," but you see the vanishing horseman complete.

Not infrequently these briefer pictures express themselves in pertinent figures. "At the whistle of the Ward mill the workmen pass in line to receive their pay envelopes: "From furnace and engine and bench and machine they made their way toward that given point as scattered particles of steel filings are drawn toward a magnet." When Captain Charlie is feeling belligerent he finds his pipe and fills it with "the grim determination of an old time minute man ramming home a charge."

But he may be concerned to create a larger picture and, regardful of the reader's energy,



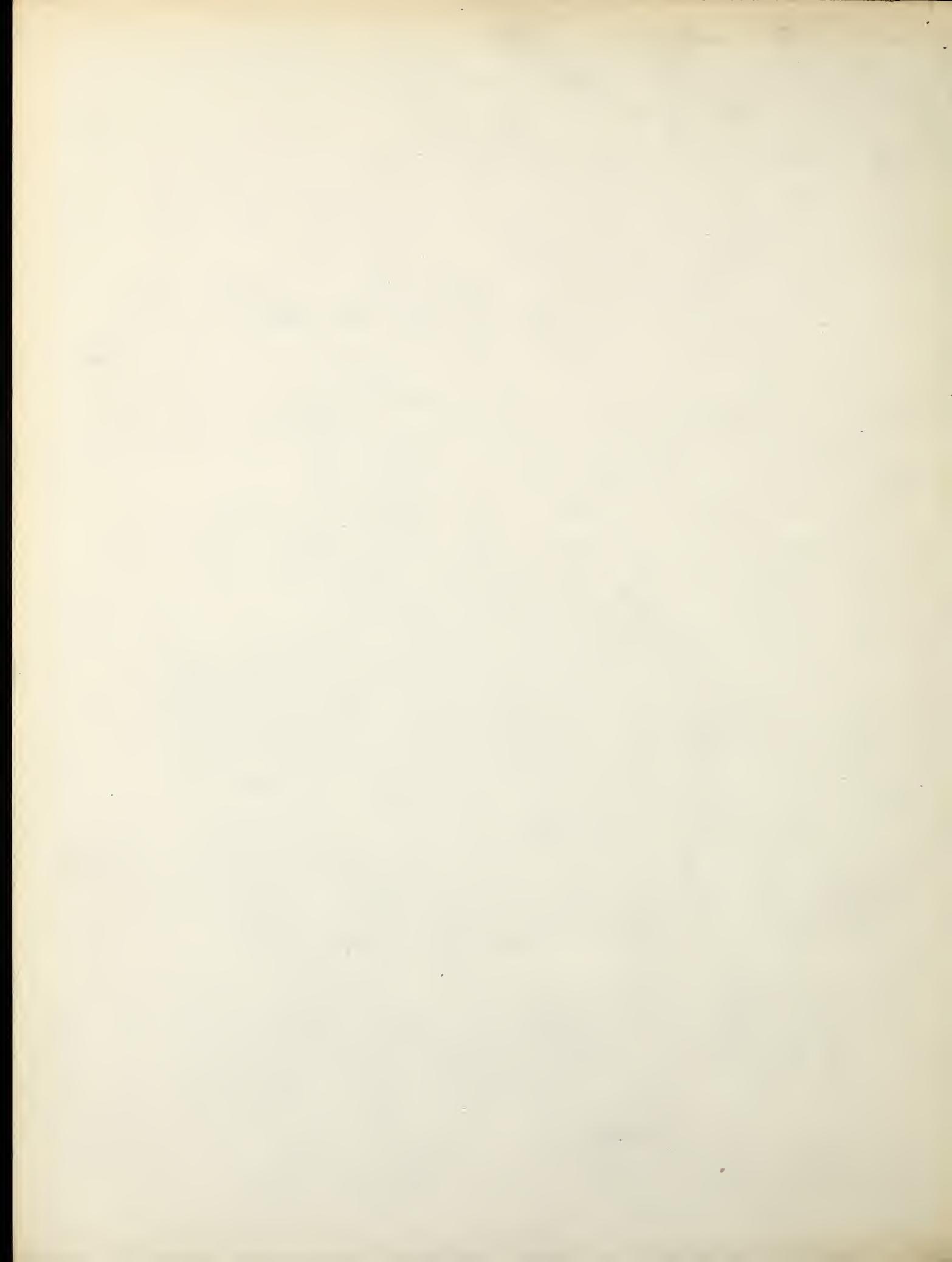
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to make it easy. Suppose he wishes to describe the cutting out of a pony or the branding of cattle. He does so by making the process a constituent part of his main action, a process involving the fortunes of his hero. The reader who conceivably could not be forced to master an article on cattle branding will know all about it on finishing the chapter "Concerning Brands" without being aware, conscious only of having been entertained.

Nature in all his works, is the creator or re-creator, and therefore synonymous with God. Brian Kent is remade by shirt sleeve labor in the Ozarks, on the river which prefigures the current of life. Amy Goodrich is restored in the same mountain country. Then Dan Matthews and the Doctor are troubled they go fishing - not so much to catch fish as to find peace under the shade of a mossy bank. Aaron King decides between right and wrong in the mountains of California. Lawrence Knight becomes a man on an Arizona ranch. Donald Payne rehabilitates himself in the Canada del Oro.

One might contend that most readers do not care for the exploitation of nature, and therefore this argument for Mr. Wright's popularity is ill taken. But his nature is no more excrescent than his description. Nature infuses and surrounds his people: it is the very condition of their existence. His advocated reliance on nature is no mere gesture. When a man's health has failed and he seeks the wilds for restoration, he learns all the benevolence - and ~~the~~ all the malevolence - of nature. He sees not only the beautiful and the magnificent, to which response is easy - but the harsh and the cruel. And he learns, finally, the meaning these have for a humanity to which they are colossally indifferent. He knows not only the steamers of changing mist that make of the desert a beauty evanescent as eternal, the upthrust of ridge and peak; he knows the mountain drought, the desert sand storm, the Gila monster, the deadly side winder. And if after seeing the indifference, which is seeming enmity to man, he can still love nature and live with her, then he understands as the poet understands.

Both materialist and mystic he is, in his appreciation. With meticulous detail he records the scamper of squirrels, the flight of birds, the drone of bees, the browsing of sheep. His seasons keep pace with the progress of his story; green changes to gold, the grey haze takes on a purple tone, and presently the trees stand naked against a winter sky. And all these outer signs have significance as they have significance for his characters.



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Poetry emerges in certain characters, at least one of whom he places in every story.

Men read the novels of Harold Bell Wright for their breezy freedom. For vicarious adventure, for their simplicity and sincerity; it is said they read them also because the women are the kind they admire in real life. This kind is the healthy, sensible, the charming or beautiful woman - and she is a homemaker. Mr. Wright lays it to the custom of the age and the demand of civilization which has gone wrong that women must frequently choose careers and surrender right to love and protection. For, he says, the mission of womankind is sacred; the purpose of her creation beyond all price. Not once does he swerve from his sentiment that back of everything great is a great woman. And lest it be misunderstood that he thinks woman good for homemaking only, that she is back of everything only as the eternal mother, it should be added that his women are the intellectual equals of his men. By his generous estimate of woman's ability he draws women; by his emphasis on her place in the universal scheme he placates men.

As I suggested at the beginning of this inquiry into his popularity, the final secret eludes analysis. Other writers make romantic the search for health or wealth or love by living men and women; others develop these fables around important themes; others may reveal in fiction the poetry of things as they are; they may temper philosophy with humor, may base on the deep substratum of religion their towers of aspiration, and may venture visions. But no other so reconciles romantic story, poetry, philosophy, religion and vision in a single volume to meet the demand of millions. Yet he wins by something more - the unique personality expressed through his books, harmonizing each and harmonizing all in a steadily growing achievement.

Harper and Brothers announced in January that Harold Bell Wright had been added to their list of publishers. He is at present in the West Indies where he is working on his autobiography which will be published under the title of "Letters to My Sons". The arrangement with Harper includes all book rights throughout the world. "Ma Cinderella" is his latest book.

Editor's note: Of this author's books the following are in braille.

Exit. 4v. CPH

Eyes of the world. 10v. LC

God and the grocery man. 3v. BIA



Helen of the old House. 7v. Sacramento.

The mine with the iron door. 3v. CPH

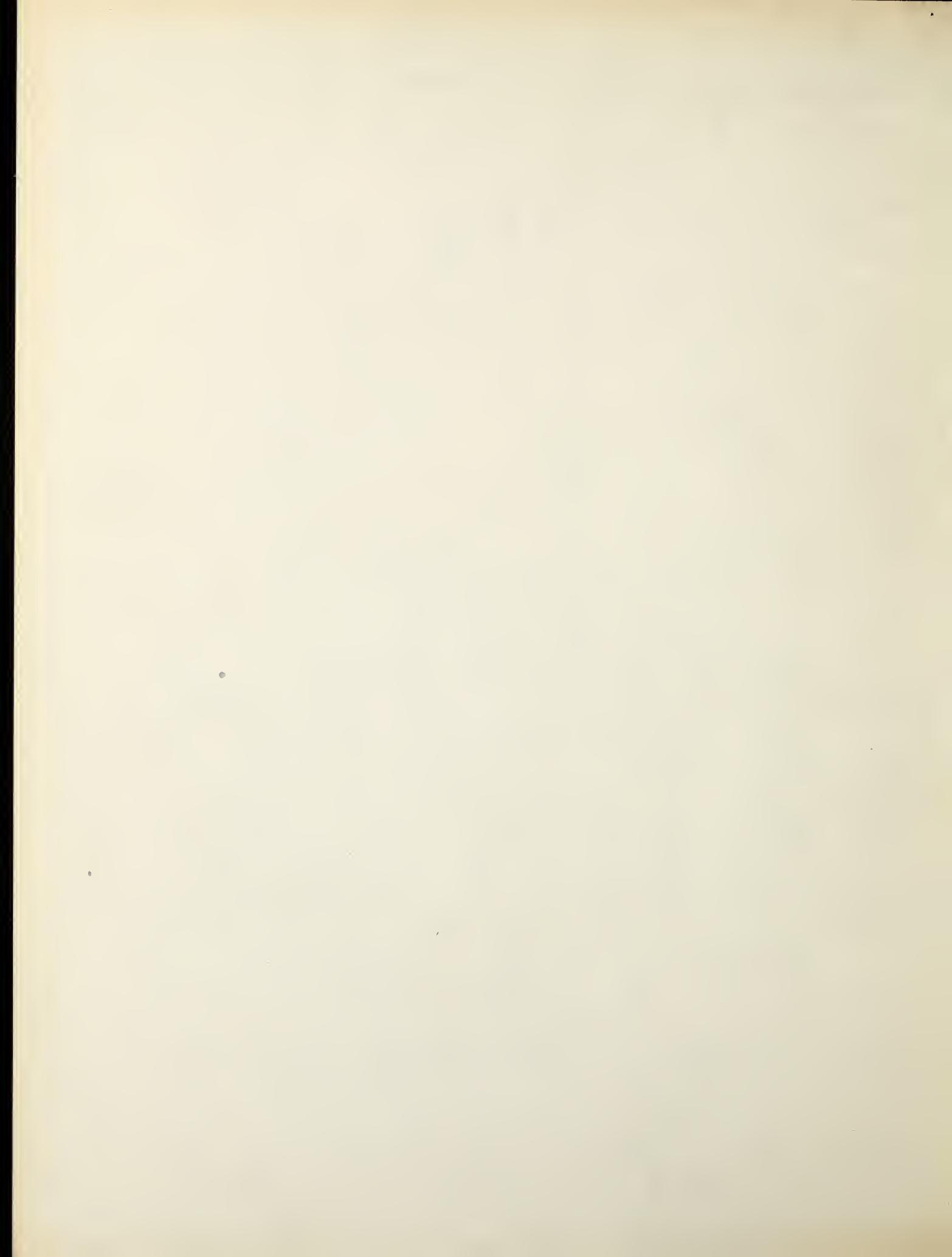
Re-creation of Brian Kent. 3v. APH

Their yesterdays. 5v. Albany, LC

Uncrowned King. 1v. Detroit.

When a man's a man. 2v. CPH

The winning of Barbara Worth. 4v. ABER



All men by nature are actuated with the desire of knowledge.
--Aristotle.

In the library of the world there is, there can be, no more profound book than a good history of Greek philosophy, unless it be a book which includes modern philosophy too! The Greek mind delighted in speculation and investigation into the causes of things and the processes of the human mind. Probably the roguish Aristophanes was the only cultivated Athenian who took no stock in metaphysical arguments. Most educated Greeks absorbed and emitted philosophy like the air they breathed. The proof of this is that much of the prevailing instruction in philosophy, the passing of wisdom from master to pupil, was not a formal school-room business but was casual and conversational. If Aristotle's sentence, quoted at the head of this chapter, seems too favorable an account of the average human mind - when we think how many people seem utterly lacking in real intellectual curiosity - the answer is that he spoke as a Greek and a member of the leisure classes who were privileged to think.

In two thousand years the human race has made a little progress in thought. Plato did not know so much about the movement of the spheres as the most commonplace student of astronomy in one of our observatories, and modern physics is no longer concerned with the four elements into which the ancients analyzed the material world. The study of psychology, the functions and habits of the mind, has gone far beyond anything that the most learned Greek even dimly conceived. The physical basis of philosophy has shifted and developed and no doubt has been immensely strengthened and enriched. Nevertheless the Greek mind meditated on all the essential problems of philosophy, thought them through and through; and sometimes when we dip into Plato and Aristotle, we feel that for all the advantage we have in knowing modern philosophy (much of which depends on the Greeks) we have not only not made much progress, but have not begun to catch up with the ancient lovers of wisdom.

Plato and Aristotle sum up the ideas of philosophers who preceded them, make enormous original contributions, and are the foundation of most of the important philosophies down to the present day. Let me say, parenthetically, that philosophy is everybody's affair and not the private monopoly of a few highly trained specialists. We are all philosophers more or less ignorant or wise, guessing about human life and the universe in our own way or parroting the guesses of others. The philosopher is simply the wise man who thinks more



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deeply and coherently than most of us are capable of thinkin. He straightens our ideas out for us, whether we agree with him or not. The philosopher often seems to smother his thoughts in difficult technical words and so to befog us rather than clarify us; but that is because the problems of life are complicated and involved. On the whole the professional philosopher is a help and an inspiration even when he is somewhat puzzle-headed. There is no department of literature in which the amateur can play with more pleasure than in what is called philosophy. And let us remember that, as Mr. George Santayana, one of the finest of modern thinkers, has recently said, philosophy is found in the poets and novelists often in purer form than in the professional philosophers.

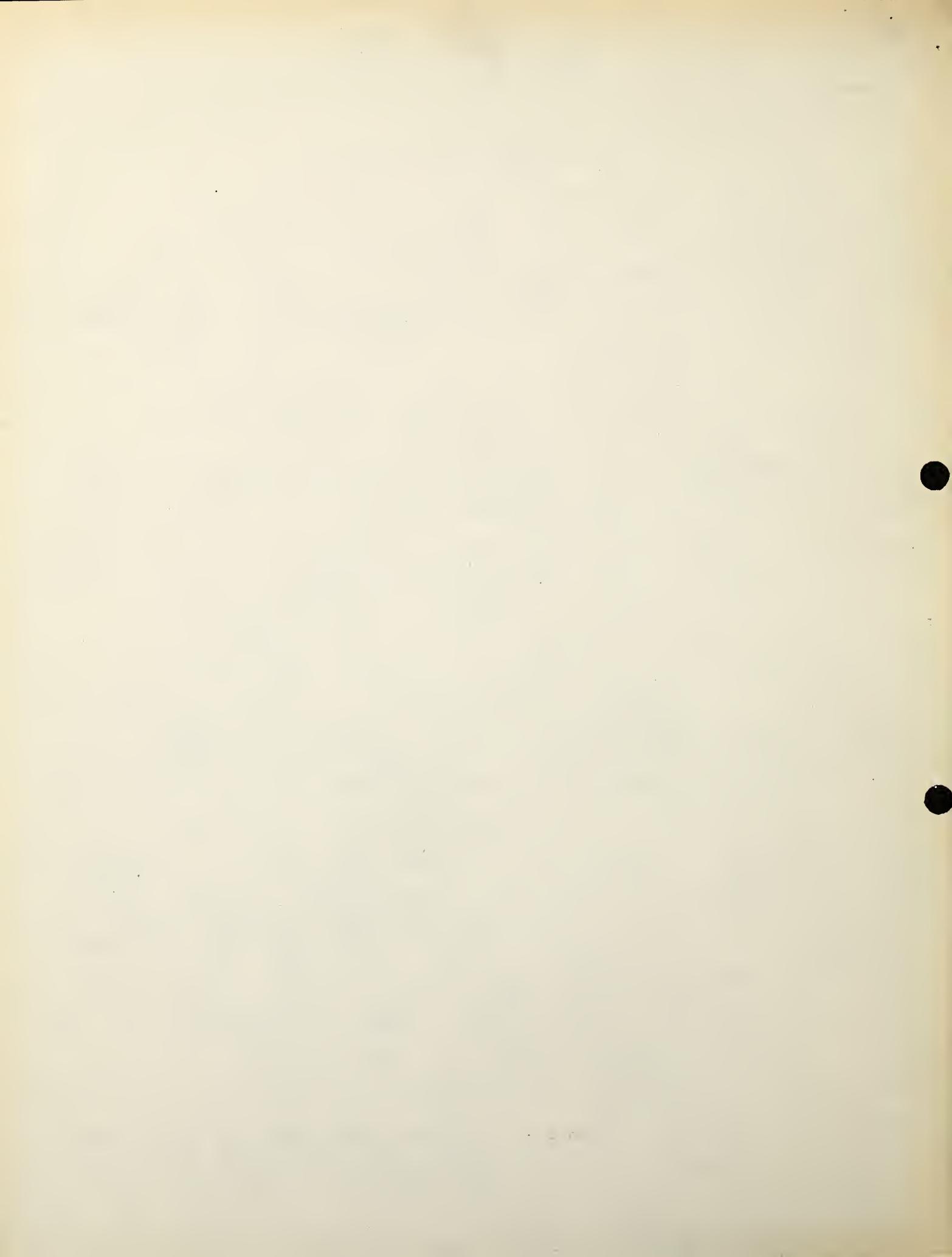
That is a long parenthesis. Let us return to our Greeks. Before Plato there were two or three thinkers who hit upon great ideas. We can barely hint at them. Heraclitus conceived of life as a continuous change; nothing is what it was a moment ago, nothing is what it will be the next moment. He thought that the essential element is fire, which condenses to liquid and to solid, which dissolve again into fire. Empedocles developed the theory of the four elements, fire, air, water, earth, an idea that prevailed in physics until modern times. He also had a rudimentary notion of evolution and the "survival of the fittest." Pythagoras, or the school that took his name, advanced the sciences, mathematics and astronomy; the differences between the various substances are all a matter of number. Well, it was only yesterday that physicists found out that one substance differs from another according to the rate of vibration of the electrons that compose it. It is too bad that these imaginative old Greeks cannot visit a modern laboratory and see their primitive intuitions verified by scientific tests.

Early Greek philosophy advanced to the point where the teaching of it was a recognized paid profession, and the teachers were called "sophists." Then in the fifth century B.C., contemporaneous with Sophocles and Euripides, there appeared on the streets of Athens a noble and original thinker, the great philosopher who never wrote a book - Socrates. He spent most of his life talking with people, rebuking the pretensions of the wise and encouraging the young to seek truth for themselves. His method was humorous and ironic. He sometimes made positive direct assertions, but he usually arrived at his conclusions by asking questions. His assumption of ignorance was not merely a whimsical pose, a dramatic attitude. He was fundamentally serious; he believed that he was commanded by an inner voice,

or "demon," to teach. He was beloved by those who understood him, but his radical ideas, his unpatriotic remarks about the state, his irritating methods of argument, and his indifference to the conventions of life made him enemies. He was accused and convicted of corrupting youth and of introducing new gods. The accusation, of course, was false and the whole trial was a piece of political chicanery. Socrates accepted his sentence like a true philosopher and spent his last days talking with his ~~friends~~ friends about immortality. One of the bitter jokes that humanity plays upon itself - Socrates appreciated the wry humor of it - is to kill the good and the brave. It is no irreverence to compare the fate of Socrates with that of Jesus. One difference is that Socrates was seventy years old, had lived his life and said all that he had to say, whereas Jesus was a comparatively young man when he was crucified.

To learn the ideas of Socrates we have to turn to his most illustrious pupil, Plato, who uses Socrates as the spokesman of his thoughts. It is impossible to tell, and it makes no difference in the tale of human wisdom, how much of the philosophy of the dialogues of Plato is Socrates and how much is Plato. The Socrates-Plato partnership embraces the supreme wisdom of Greece. The literary form is delightful; it is the give-and-take of conversation, question and answer, living, human, and dramatic. There are about twenty Platonic dialogues, and they touch on almost every aspect of human thought. Socrates, of course, is the chief character, into whose mouth Plato puts his own favorite ideas. But Socrates does not have it all his own way. With ~~xxxxx~~ amazing serenity and fairness Plato phrases the opinions of the other characters, so that all sides of a question are brought to light. And some questions are left open, as they must always be in an honest philosophic mind. "The germs of most ideas, even of most Christian ones, are to be found in Plato." That was the opinion of Benjamin Jowett, whose translation of Plato is an English classic and whose introductions to the several dialogues are masterpieces of literary criticism.

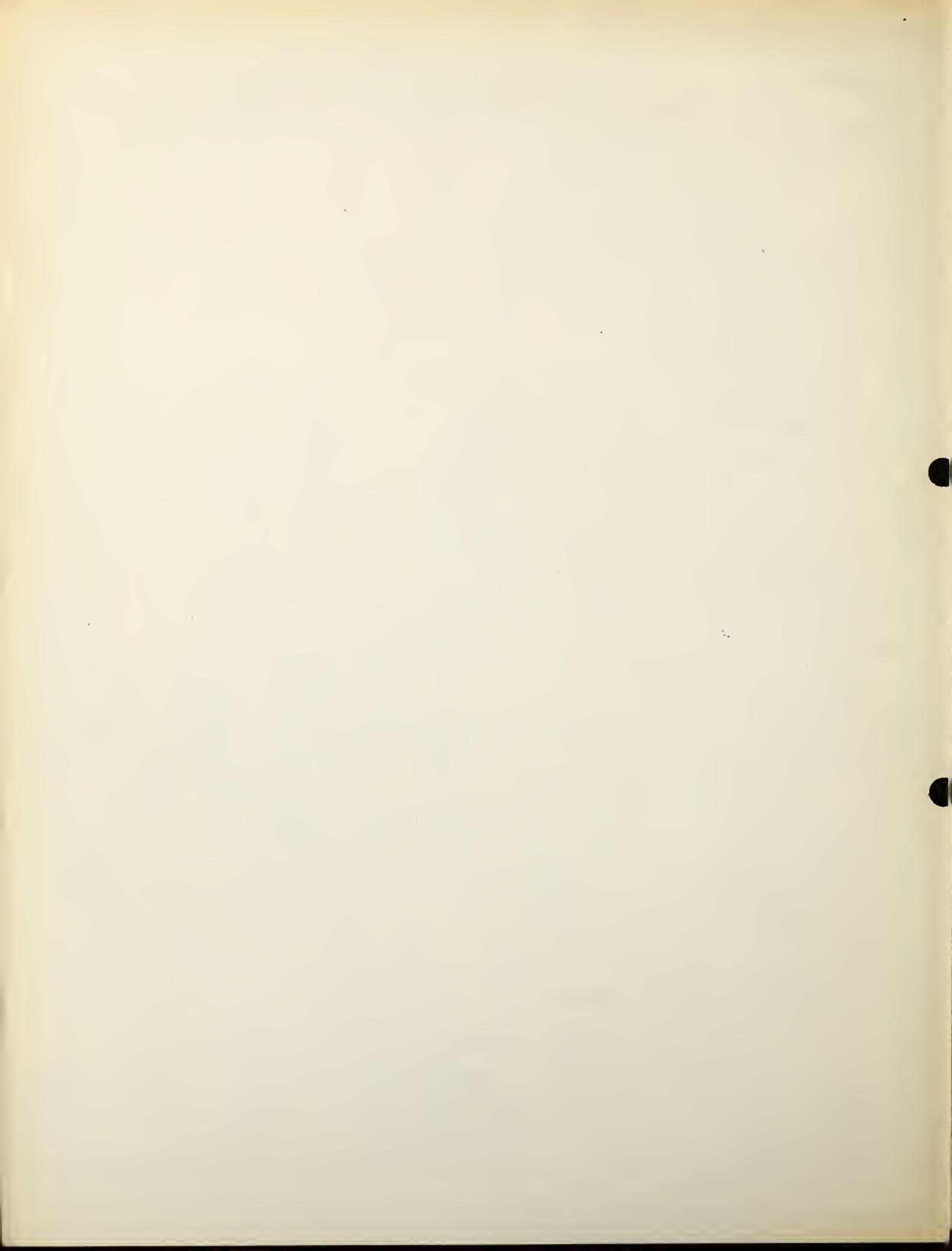
It is impossible to give here even an inkling of Plato's many ideas. But we can suggest two. One is the favorite notion of Socrates that virtue is knowledge and vice is ignorance. The belief that man misbehaves because he does not know any better is today widely current and is as good an explanation of sin as has ever been offered. It is consonant with the teaching of the man who in the hour of his death said: "Forgive them, for they know not what



they do." Another thought, central in Plato's metaphysics, is that the real world is idea, and material individual things are merely reflections of the idea. If you love a beautiful person or a beautiful flowers, what you really love with the highest part of your intellect is the idea of beauty and not the single specimen of it. This is a rough and inadequate statement of the doctrine of Platonic love, a notion that has been erroneously narrowed to the question of friendship between a man and a woman. Plato's thought was much broader than that, as we shall see in a moment when we say a word about the "Symposium".

The most attractive of Plato's dialogues for the reader who is not interested in technical philosophy are the "Republic" and the "Apology" and the "Symposium" or "Banquet". The "Republic" is not only an account of an ideal commonwealth but an analysis of the soul of man and of the nature of justice; in the ideal commonwealth the king will be not the politician nor the rich man but the thinker, the philosopher, just as in the perfect man the mind is supreme over all the other elements of human nature. The "Apology" is a beautiful and touching account of the trial and last days of Socrates. Whether the speeches of Socrates are what he actually said or whether they are in large part the invention of Plato, the artist and poet, makes little difference. The effect is dramatic and noble. The splendid conclusion is that "no evil can happen to a good man in life or after death."

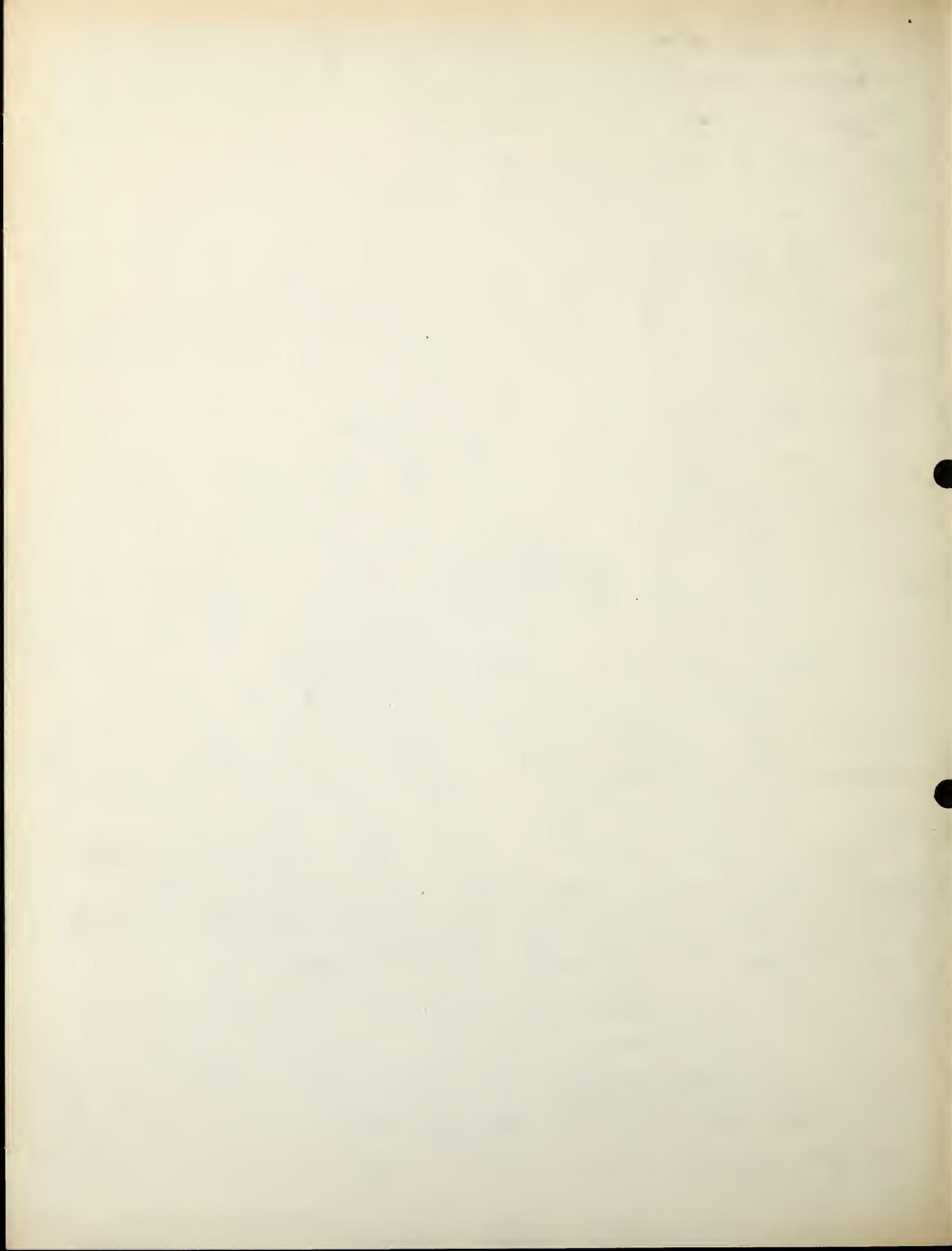
The "Symposium" is on the whole Plato's most charming literary performance. The theme is love in all its aspects developed by a variety of characters, by Socrates, of course, who as usual has the last and wisest word, and by the young and brilliant Alcibiades who became so important in Athenian politics. It is here that we find the true account of Platonic love, a term amusingly misunderstood and abused in common parlance. The essential thought, barely stated and so not quite true to the subtle development in the dialogue, is that love loves beauty, loves the idea of which the beloved object is only one image or manifestation. A poetic expression of the Platonic ideal love is to be found in Shakespeare's ~~xxx~~ sonnets, which, however, contain much else. In the "Symposium" there is every element of wisdom and delight, character-drawing which makes Plato almost a dramatist, humor, which puts the salt of good sense in his most intricate ideas, and exquisite phrasing, the phrasing of the true poet. Probably all modern philosophers, of whatever school, would agree that Plato is the supreme glory of their profession.



Aristotle, Plato's greatest pupil, shaped the course of European philosophy for two thousand years. Up to the seventeenth century he was "the philosopher." His teachings informed the official philosophy of the Christian Church - which was founded four hundred years after his death! His authority became so rigid that modern philosophers like Francis Bacon rebelled against it and asserted the right to independent investigation; which was really true to the spirit of Aristotle himself though not to what scholars and pedants had made of him. For Aristotle was a free spirit with a curious inquiring mind, essentially scientific, seeking to know what the facts are. He parted company with Plato, whom of course he revered, on one great crucial problem of philosophy. Plato, dreamer, mystic, artist, poet, believed that the eternal reality is abstract idea, and that things are but the images of it. Aristotle, more prosaic and endowed with hard-headed common-sense, believed that things are about what they seem to be, though we may misunderstand them, that you and I and stone and wood are actual substances. Generalities like Man, Nature, Beauty have no real existence except in the mind which uses them for purposes of classification.

The fundamental difference between Aristotle's conception of the world and Plato's has been one of the chief problems of philosophy down to the present day. It has not been settled and never will be settled except to the satisfaction of philosophers who take one side or the other. If Aristotle were alive today he would probably be with the pragmatists, or an experimenter in the physical sciences - though this will be immediately denied by those who disagree with pragmatism. Certainly the most eloquent account of Aristotle, or any other philosopher, that I ever listened to was from the lips of that great idealist, Josiah Royce.

To Aristotle we owe accidentally the word "metaphysics" as the general term for fundamental philosophic principles. Aristotle himself called the subject "first philosophy," but one of his editors put his treatise on the subject after (that is, in Greek, meta) his treatise on physics. Hence "metaphysics." Aristotle knew all that was known in his time and he set out to arrange the whole world of wisdom, first principles, natural history, ethics, politics, literary criticism. With the increased diversity and specialization of knowledge no modern philosopher would attempt so much, and therefore no modern philosopher has such a colossal unity, not Kant, nor Hegel, nor Spencer. It may be that Aristotle's metaphysics has been supplanted by the work of later thinkers, and he has not Plato's literary



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art to keep his speculations everlastingly fresh to the mere reader of literature. The "Ethics" and the "Politics" and the unsurpassable book of literary criticism, the "Poetics", will give to the ordinary reader who has no technical equipment for philosophy a sufficient glimpse into Aristotle's mind. The last book has a redoubled vitality in the edition, with the accompanying essay, of S.H. Butcher. Bernard Shaw in his delicious comedy, "Fanny's First Play", pokes fun at a critic who has a too servile respect for Aristotle's views of the drama. But after all the centuries that intervene, including the brilliant critical thought of the nineteenth century, Aristotle's "Poetics" stands solid and essential; whoever knows that book cannot go far wrong in his literary judgments - even of the latest novel.

After Aristotle there were two great schools of thought which dominated the Greek and Roman world, the Stoic and the Epicurean. These schools did not supplant Plato and Aristotle; on the contrary, they drew much of their wisdom from the two great masters. Stoicism and Epicureanism were practical philosophies peculiarly fitted to intellectual men of the world, in a world which was expanding and becoming cosmopolitan. Aristotle's most famous pupil, Alexander the Great, had conquered every land that was of any interest to a Greek and had founded the city of Alexandria in Egypt. This city, as we have seen, became the center of Greek culture, though Athens never quite stopped beating as the heart of Greek civilization. Then Alexander's empire crumbled and the seats of the mighty were transferred to Rome, the vanquished Greeks became the teachers of their Latin conquerors; and the Romans, who were less inclined to pure speculation than the Greeks, naturally absorbed and developed the more practical philosophies which have to do with every-day conduct.

The stoic philosophy has given us a common word. When we say that a man is stoic or stoical, we mean that he bears pain with calm fortitude. That idea is true to the spirit of the ancient Stoic philosophers, but it suggests only part of their teachings. They taught not only bravery in bearing pain, but also the suppression or control of pleasant emotions. For the Stoic the Wise Man is one who does not let his feelings run away with him. The aim of life is wisdom, reason; and the supreme happiness is virtuous conduct.

Two of the most famous Stoics were the slave, Epictetus, and the noble Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Epictetus lived in the first century of the Christian era. In his youth he was a slave, but he was subsequently freed, and became a missionary teacher and preacher.

Like Socrates, he taught by word of mouth, and we owe the preservation of his thoughts, the "Discourses", to one of his disciples. He overcame poverty and ill-health by renouncing all worldly ambition. He believed that true philosophy is to understand the ways of nature and to be resigned to the will of the gods. He was not unlike some of the bare-footed saints of the early Christian church, and he taught, somewhat in the spirit of St. Paul, that we are all members of one body, and that for the individual to realize himself he must try to realize the good of all men. But it was not until much later, just when is a complex problem in the history of thought, that Greek-Roman ethical ideas and the new heretical Christian ideas reconciled their differences and discovered their resemblances. And then for centuries the scholars who keep Greek and Roman philosophy alive are Christian priests and monks!

So it need not surprise us to find that the wise and gentle Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius, was hostile to the Christians, who were teaching ideas which seem, at this distance in time, quite in harmony with his. The oppositions of schools of philosophy are part of the human comedy and of the human tragedy. Marcus Aurelius was an emperor; he believed in the sacredness of the Roman state, and the Christians were a nuisance because they cared nothing for the Roman Empire. But oddly enough, in the first Christian century Epictetus and other philosophers, from whom Marcus Aurelius derived many ideas, were exiled from Rome because they were "liberals" opposed to the tyranny of the emperor Domitian. Marcus Aurelius was not tyrant, but a very Lincoln in devotion to his task. It was a difficult and bitter task, vexed by pestilence, famine, and wars, which he hated as sincerely as the most thoroughgoing pacifist and non-resistant of our day. In Stoicism he found support and consolation, the philosophy of duty, frugality (unusual virtue in a Roman emperor!), resignation, self-control. His book of "Meditations", which he called by the fine direct title "To Himself", is a small volume of maxims and moral counsels written to brace himself up and help him forward with his work. His philosophy is not a systematic description of the universe, but the sort of book, the expression of a character, which we all understand when we say that a man takes life "philosophically." "Life," says the emperor somewhat sadly, "is more like wrestling than dancing." But toward the end he quotes his master Epictetus: "No man can rob us of our will." That is the heart of Stoic philosophy, without its speculations. But why do we put a Roman emperor in a chapter on Greek philosophy? Because the Roman gentleman with Latin characteristics, problems, and

affairs, thought and wrote Greek. Later the gentleman of all western European countries thought and wrote Latin (if he could write at all!). Perhaps a close parallel is to be found in the fact that the educated Englishman of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries spoke not as an Englishman, but as a Frenchman. The geographical boundaries of thought are not determined by customs-house officials. And this idea would have appealed especially to a Stoic, or to any other Greek philosopher. "We are made for one another," says the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius. And the Jewish Christian, Paul, said something very like that!

Epicurus and his followers were, to some extent, opponents of the Stoics, and also of the more highly developed philosophies of Plato and Aristotle. Epicurean philosophy is generous and humane, not so puritanical as the Stoic (we may be taken to task for injecting the modern word, "puritanical" into Greek philosophy). The Epicurean had a very sound psychology; he knew how the human being is made, that man obeys his desires, though he never reaches the goal. The Epicurean emphasized the right of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." He believed that the senses are the primary source of knowledge. For this reason his name, or the name of his philosophy, was strangely distorted in popular usage: an "Epicure" is a man who likes good food! Nothing could be more false to a great teacher, whose life, so far as we know, was moderate and temperate. He taught the pleasures of duty and simplicity as well as of the senses. He knew human nature and walked with his feet on the earth, somewhat sceptical of philosophers who walked with their heads in the clouds. For English readers the essential nobility of that school of thought is best expressed in "Marius the Epicurean" by the English critic Walter Pater, a beautiful book. In modern times not only technical scholars but artists and poets have revived and rediscovered the great Greeks.

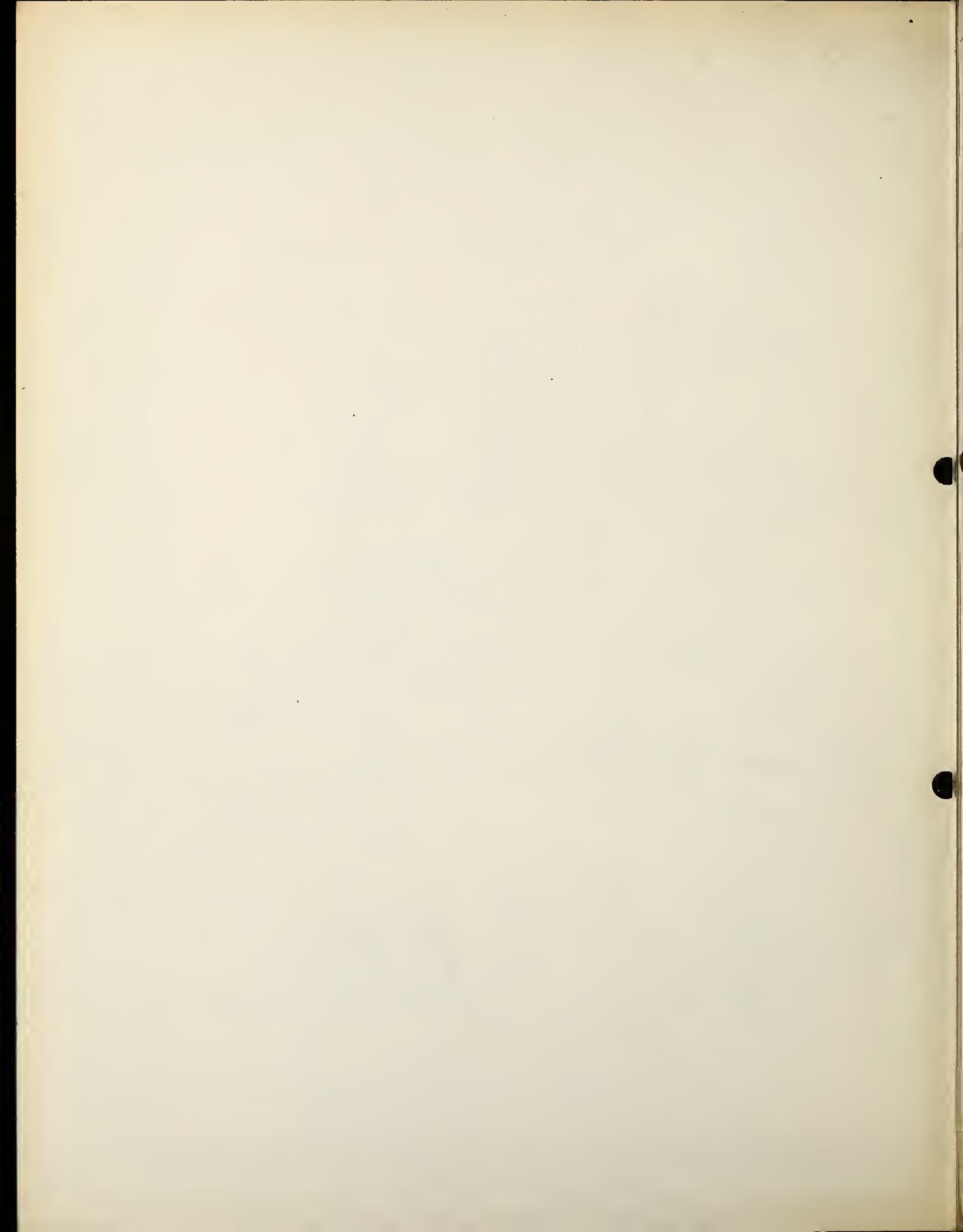
It is possible to overpraise the Greeks, to become idolaters of all things Hellenic, as were many modern men of letters, for example, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater. The critical judgment should keep its balance and seek the best in all periods and all peoples. And yet it is impossible to overpraise the Greeks, who developed every art and every science, except certain sciences which are modern.

One of the literary arts which reached a high degree of skill and power, in all the Greek communities but especially in Athens, was oratory. Oratory is literature if the spoken words committed to paper have a readable eloquence. Much oratory vanishes, like the art of the

singer or the actor with the silencing of the physical voice. The spiritual or intellectual voice sometimes persists. Edmund Burke seems not to have impressed the British parliament or to have had great oral power. But his speeches and orations have an imperishable place in English literature. Other orators who held the attention of cynical politicians and of the gaping multitude, Gladstone, for example, are flat and uninspired in cold print. Still others seem to have been gifted with vocal effectiveness and with literary eloquence that can survive the test of the printed page. The Greek orators brought the art to a high degree of perfection, for their political fortune depended on it to an extent inconceivable in our day of the newspaper and the "Congressional Record", which prints speeches never delivered at all! One of the great orators of Athens had a silent tongue, Lysias, who was not a lawful citizen, was therefore disqualified from speaking in the courts, and so devoted his gifts to writing speeches for others. That is, he was a professional logographer (speech writer). One exception is his spoken oration against the tyrant Eratosthenes who was responsible for the death of the brother of Lysias, Polemarchus.

Lysias served his clients in a dignified business-like way, bearing somewhat the relation to them that a modern lawyer, expert in drawing briefs, might bear to a barrister with a good voice and skill in persuading judge and jury. A contemporary of Lysias, Isocrates, was also a logographer, committing his work to writing and not appearing as a public speaker. He was a teacher of rhetoric and oratory, perhaps the most distinguished during the fourth century B.C. He lifted oratory from the ordinary subjects which had engaged Lysias, to magniloquent themes, treated in the grand manner, eloquence for its own sake. But his work is more than mere declamation, he is sound and sincere in his praise of Athens and his exhortations to her to take the brave course against Persia and the generous course toward the other Greek states.

The greatest of all Greek orators was Demosthenes. That may mean that he was the supreme orator of all time. The tradition of his oral power is clouded by foolish legends, for example, that he improved his diction by putting pebbles in his mouth - no man practicing the art of speech would do anything so obstructively stupid. But there is no doubt that his eloquence held his audiences, and the orations that survive are prose of the highest quality, in clearness of organization, variety of images and sonority of diction. His most famous



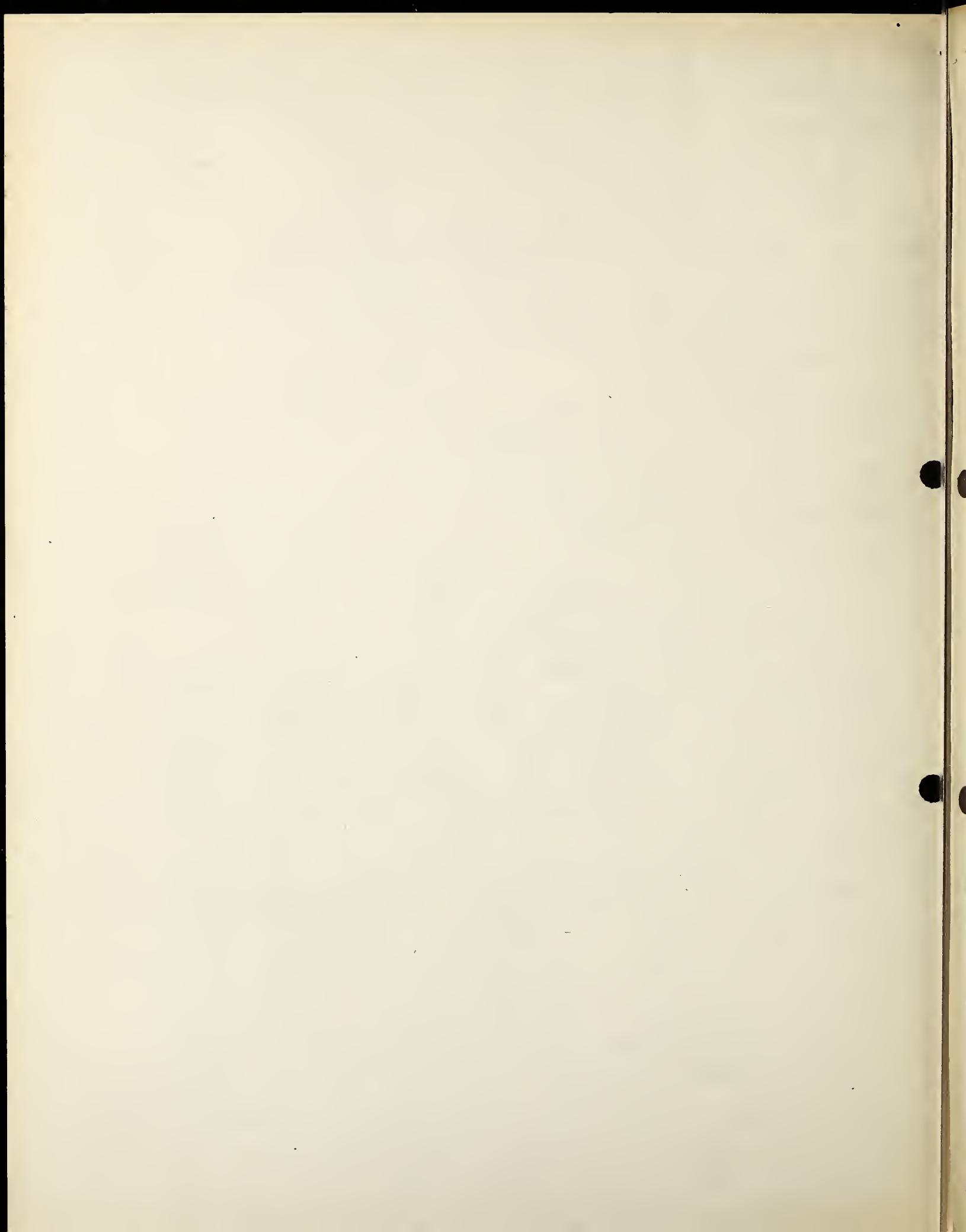
orations are those directed against Philip of Macedonia, who was conquering the rest of Greece and laying the foundations of the empire of his son Alexander. The vigorous passionate attacks of Demosthenes on Philip have given us the generic name for that kind of oratory (written or spoken) - philippic. Demosthenes was a practical politician as well as an artist in words, and he did as much as a talker could do to guard Athens from the superior power of ~~southern~~ arms and the man from the north. His most splendid oration is that "On the Crown". It had been proposed that in recognition of his public services the city of Athens give Demosthenes a golden wreath or crown. His political enemy and rival in oratory, AEschines, a tool of Philip, objected. Whatever the merits of the case, there is no doubt that Demosthenes swept his opponent off his feet and wrote himself down (we can only guess what the spoken effect may have been) as a great master of prose, the fervid vigor of which is not lost in translation.

Milton, who was immersed in Greek, inserted his classic learning into "Paradise Regained", in some magnificent lines which have nothing to do with his story - the literary scholar triumphing over the narrative artist:

Thence to the famous Orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

The history of later Greek literature and language is fascinating but we can barely touch on it. Greece, that is Attic Greece with Athens at the center, was conquered twice, by Macedonia and by Rome. In both conquests the vanquished was intellectually dominant: Athens and her pupil-provinces ruled the world of thought. During the whole period of classic Latin, the educated Roman spoke and wrote Greek as a matter of course. Then about the fourth century, owing both to the political supremacy of Rome and to the intellectual power of the Roman Church, Latin became the dominant language among educated people and Greek almost disappeared for ten centuries, to come to life again in that splendid rebirth of learning called the Renaissance.

Of the later Greek writers there is one man of genius who is great by virtue of his own creation and perhaps even greater by his influence on modern writers. That is the satirist, Lucian, an original, witty man, better than that, a profound humorist, the Swift, Voltaire, Mark Twain of his time. He lived in the second century after Christ. The vicissitudes of time have left us a good deal of his work, which has been translated into English, and is as

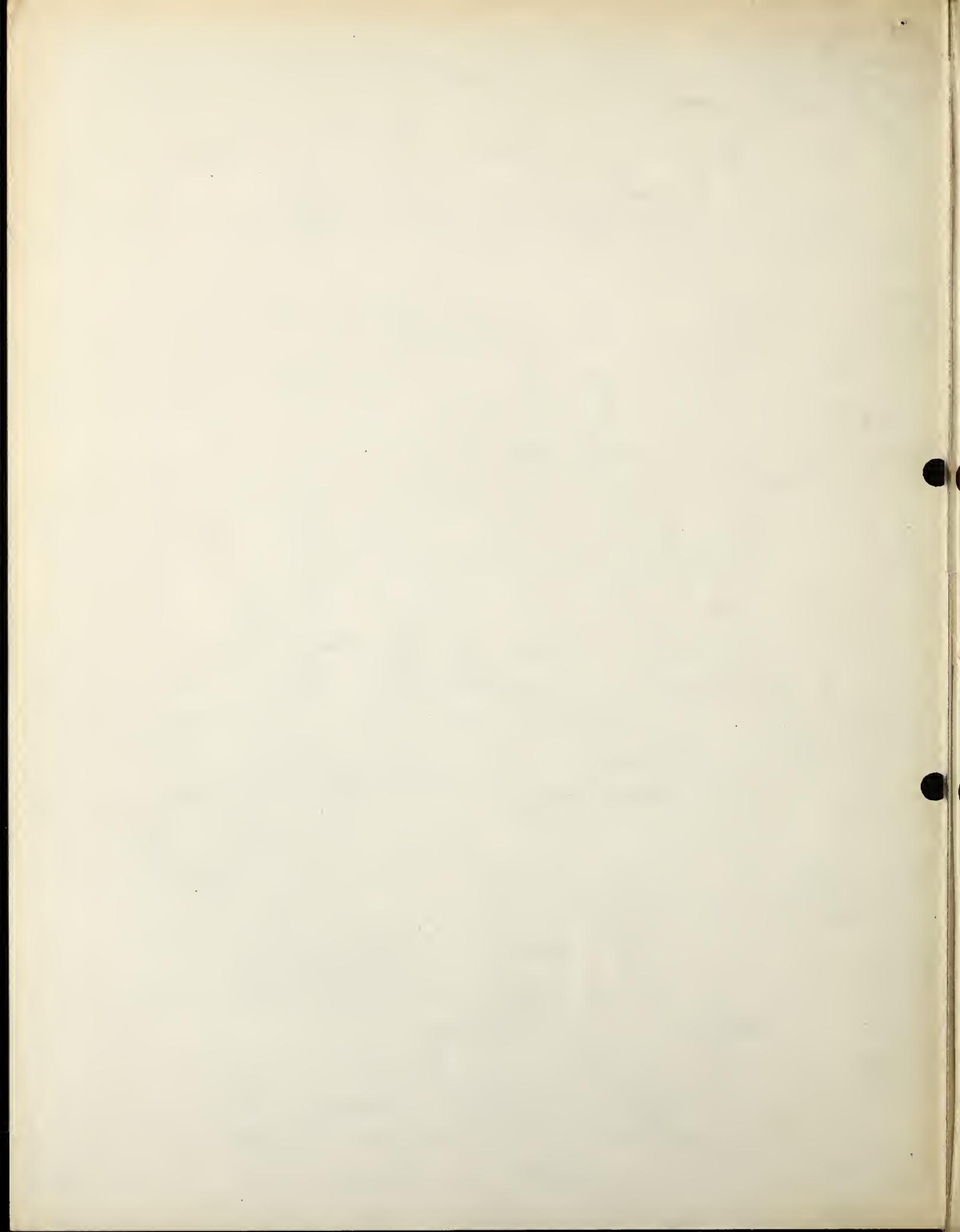


joyously fresh and readable as anything in Greek literature. The "True History", an account of a journey to the moon, and of the fight between the people of the sun and the people of the moon, is a piece of imaginative fooling, suggesting Rabelais, Swift, and Jules Verne. It is likely that Swift's "Gulliver" took a lesson or two from Lucian, though of course Swift's genius stands on its own stout legs. Lucian lived in the clear light of scepticism; he believed in nothing, though he evidently had a great respect for Plato and Socrates; he shot his keen shafts at the gods of tradition, and at the philosophers, and in an earlier time he might have shared the fate of Socrates. In "Alexander" he flays a mountebank who set up an oracle which was known throughout the Greek and Roman world. To Lucian all religion was superstition and all philosophy, or most of it, sophistical playing with words. But Lucian, whatever his beliefs, was a great imaginative artist. Those who read Greek easily - or pretend to - speak of the charm of his style. The charm, the wit and civilized intelligence of his thought, come through to us in translation.

As Greek literature faded, poetry went out of it and the vigor of its philosophy - the supreme gift of the Greek mind - became but the impotent repetition of sophists, professional school-teachers who did not contribute an idea to the thought of the world.

There were, however, in the twilight of Greece, two ideas of literary and intellectual importance. One was the novel. The other was the junction of Greek thought with Christianity. The Greek novel, or romance, does not amount to much; no man of real talent happened to take hold of it; poetry crumbled into prose. But its importance is greater than its merit. It had some effect on Roman and medieval literature and perhaps helped to shape the tales of adventure which have persisted down to the last novel printed yesterday. An example is "Daphnis and Chloe", written by Longus in the second century after Christ. I should suppose that anybody with a bit of training who should try to make a romantic yarn for a popular magazine could turn out a better piece of work. But tastes change. The finest taste consists in being interested in the literature that has been but not in overrating it because it happens to be in the handbooks, in the official history of literature.

Very important is the fusion of Greek thought with Christian, and many philosophers who had an influence on the Church were Greek in spirit and language. Fundamentally Christianity is Hebraic, and its chief exponent, Paul, called himself Hebrew of Hebrews. Later with the universal triumph of Rome Latin became the official language of the Church. But in the early



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centuries, as we can see in the Greek version of the Bible, the language if not the thought of Greece prevailed in Christianity. Paul must have been brought up on the Greek Bible, and probably preached in Greek, for that seems to have been the language that every literary person understood. An important Greek writer who deliberately injected Greek thought into Christian was Origen, a preacher and editor of the Bible. He belongs rather to religious history than to the art of letters. So also do Athanasius and Basil who lived in the fourth century. Christian literature did not ripen and flourish until ancient Greece had ceased as a political and an intellectual power. But that power, let us remember, had been dominant, though not exclusively important, for more than a thousand years, and the revival of Greek is the most important literary fact in the last five centuries. In a thousand years of activity and after a thousand years of almost complete oblivion, Greece was, and is, the intelligence of the world. It is not necessary to read Greek easily - few people do - but it is necessary, or highly desirable, to get from later civilizations and languages some of the best Greek thoughts. The Greek had many failings, but no other race in recorded history had such a faculty to express in all possible ways, in words or marble, the horror and the beauty of this world and the world beyond and the humorous pathos of us human beings who populate a small corner of the cosmos.

Editor's note: Among the books by authors mentioned in this chapter the following are in braille:

Aristophanes. The birds; tr. by Frere. 1v. NIB

Aurelius Antoninus, Marcus. Meditations. 2v. LC

Bacon, Francis. The essays. 5v. APH

Bacon, Francis, by T. B. Macaulay. 4v. ARC

Epictetus. The discourses, with the Encheiridion and fragments and a life. 13v. LC

Longus. The pastoral loves of Daphnis and Chloe. 2v. Sacramento.

~~Macaulay, T. B., Francis Bacon.~~ 4v. ARC

Plato. Apology, from The Four Socrates Dialogues, tr. by Jowett. LC

----The Republic; tr. by Spens with an introduction by Richard Garnett. 4v. NIB

----The Republic. 1v. Sacramento.

----Selections; tr. by Jowett. 1v. NYPL

Santayana, George. In volume 2 of Figures in Modern Literature, by John

Boynton. NIB



Socrates. In volume one of the Book of Courage, by Hermann Hagadorn. BIA

The following books are in the National Library for the Blind, London.

Aristophanes, by W.L.Collins. 2v.

Aristotle. Nichomachean ethics; tr. by D. Chase. 6v.

-----Politics; selections, tr. by Welldon. 4v.

-----Politics; selections, tr. by Jowett. 6v.

Aristotle and Plato, by J.A.K.Thompson.

Aristotle; by Sir A. Grant. 2v.

~~Milton, John. Paradise Regained.~~



Embossed

Braille Book Review

2nd year Contents for May, 1933 Number 16

- I Book Announcements.
- II Books on Farms and Gardens.
- III Books on Poultry.
- IV Rivers of Song. From the New York Times Magazine.
- V Myrtle Reed, by Edith Colson.
- VI Living Authors: Grace Stone.
- VII Elizabeth Drama Before Shakespeare. From the Story of the World's Literature.
- VIII Latest Publications from the NIB



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Braille Book Review
Book Announcements, May 1933

A book is an offer of friendship from him who writes to him who reads.—Meiklejohn
Adams, Samuel. See note under author J.K. Hosmer.

Beesly, A.H. Sir John Franklin. 2v. 1881 HMP FF Grade 2 An interesting account of the several expeditions made by an Englishman who was one of the early explorers of the Arctic region. His first voyage was in 1819.

Bostwick, Arthur Elmore. American public library. llv. 1929 edition. ARC A comprehensive survey of the public library movement in this country, describing its aims and tendencies, and presenting clearly and in some detail the movements, processes and problems that constitute library science. The third edition contains chapters on country libraries, the music collection, and publicity, and adds copiously to others, many sections being rewritten. The attention of those interested in library work is called to two titles in the list of "Hand-copied Books" in this number, Cutter's Rules and a book on classification.

Breasted, J.H. Ancient times; a history of the early world. 7v. 1916 APH ~~FF~~ Grade 2 An authoritative, scholarly and readable high school text, extending from the stone age through the establishment of the Moors in Spain.

Broadus, E.K. The story of English literature. 7v. 1931 APH Grade 2 An attractively written history of English literature from Beowulf to the present day. Only the more important literary movements and the main figures are included, but many extracts are inserted in order "to persuade the student to go on a voyage of discovery for himself with his own aroused curiosity at the helm."

FF

Chambers, R.W. Cardigan. 3v. 1901 APH ^A Grade 2. Revolutionary romance of love and adventure. Hero nephew of Sir William Johnson. Scenes, Mohawk valley, Pittsburgh and Lexington.

Claire, Mabel. The busy woman's cookbook. lv. ARC

Clendenning, Frances and M.C. Lower. Mastering English; an elementary exercise book for foreigners. 2v. 1926 APH FF A textbook to supplement readers in classes for foreigners. The emphasis is upon sentence building, with particular attention to verb forms and the errors common to foreigners.

Cleveland, Grover, see note under author Allan Nevins.



Collodi, C. See note under Carlo Lorenzini.

Contractins of standard English braille, grade two, arranged for reference
DeKruif, P.H. Hunger fighters. 4v. 1928 APH Grade 2 Brief biographical sketches of a

group of experimenters whose work has resulted in increasing the supply or improving
the quality of certain necessary foods. It is written with the same vividness as his
earlier book, "Microbe hunters."

Delafield, E.M., pseudonym. A provincial lady in London. 2v. 1932. ABPP FF Grade 2 The
Provincial Lady continues her delightful diary begun in The Diary of a Provincial Lady.
Beset by the difficulties of housekeeping in the country and finding it almost imposs-
ible to discuss matters with Robert, her extraordinarily silent husband, she confides
to her diary her trials and her droll reactions to them. When her book proves a success
financially she rents a flat in London, and spends some time rubbing shoulders with
contemporary literary geniuses, eccentric and otherwise. As the book closes she is
talking about a trip to America, to which, as usual, Robert makes little or no reply.
Elementary arithmetic; arranged in the order of difficulty determined by the University of
Wisconsin. 1v. ARC

Engleman, R.G. and Vincent Coffin. Sensible selling. BIA To be embossed.

Franklin, Benjamin. See note under author J.T.Morse, jr.

Franklin, Sir John, see note under author A.H.Beesly.

Hamilton, Alexander. See note under author H.C.Lodge.

Hosmer, J.K. Samuel Adams. (American statesmen). 3v. 1913 edition. First published 1899.

APH FF Grade 2. Interesting and appreciative life which fairly sets forth the man,
his work and his times.

Jefferson, Thomas, see note under author J.T.Morse, jr.

Keller, Helen. Story of my life. 4v. 1914 APH FF Grade 2 Letters and experiences of the
courageous girl blind and deaf, from infancy, who educated herself despite these handi-
caps.

Lanier, Sidney. Poems, edited by his wife with a memorial by W.H.Ward. 2v. 1918 edition.

BIA FF ~~See article in this issue.~~

Lodge, H.C. Alexander Hamilton. (American statesmen) ~~series~~ 2v. 1910 edition APH FF Grade 2
First published 1882. An excellent bit of biography. It presents on the whole a very
fair picture of an extraordinary man. See also Jefferson and Hamilton, by Claude Bowers,

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purposed by Alice M. Smith. For free distribution by libraries. AFB



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1925 (in grade 1½), a book of the first importance in American history, presents the conflicting ideals of these two and the imprint they left on the character of the new republic.

Lodge, H.C. George Washington. (American statesmen) 2v. 1917 edition. APH FF Grade 2

First published 1889. Seeks to present Washington as he really was, a man capable of winning the respect of all and the affection of many rather than the prudish, cold, and bloodless man of the cherry-tree tradition.

Lord, Mrs. W.H., compiler. Handcraft; directions for knitting, crocheting and tatting. lv. ARC

Lorenzini, Carlo.. Pinocchio, adventures of a marionette. 2v. APH and HMP A favorite Italian story of a little wooden puppet.

Lovelace, G.M. House of protection. BIA To be embossed.

Marie of the Ursulines, Mere, see note under author Agnes Repplier.

Metropolitan Life Insurance, publishers. The child from birth to one year. lv. ARC.

----First aid. lv. ARC

Morgan, James. Our presidents. 3v. 1926 APH WF Grade 2 Combined in these brief, popular summaries, of all the presidents from Washington to Coolidge, are sketches of the personalities of the men, something of their intimate home-life and the salient features of each administration.

Morrow, H.W. Beyond the blue Sierra. 2v. 1932 ABFR FF Grade 2 This historical novel is based upon the story of the opening of the overland trail from Mexico to upper California and the founding by the Spaniards of the first settlement at San Francisco in 1775 and 1776. It is mainly the story of Captain Don Juan de Anza, the leader of the colonists, and his friendship for Don Antonio Bucareli, the Spanish viceroy in Mexico City, under whose patronage the expedition was sent out.

Morse, John T.,jr. Benjamin Franklin. (American statesmen). 3v. 1917 edition. APH FF Grade 2 First published 1889. Ranks high among minor biographies of Franklin.

Morse, John T.,jr. Thomas Jefferson. (American statesmen). 3v. 1917 edition. CPH WF Grade 2 First published 1883. Chiefly devoted to Jefferson's official career after 1790 - his relations to Washington, Hamilton, Randolph, and Burr, to the Louisiana purchase, and to the embargo, receiving particular attention.



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Nevins, Allan. Grover Cleveland, a study in courage. 8v. 1932. HMP FF Grade 2. The quality of President Cleveland's greatness is clearly revealed in this book which is not only the fullest biography of him yet written but a history of the years when he dominated American politics. It is a scholar's work and yet there is no lack of swift movement, no sense of erudition for its own sake, no failure to dramatize an event sharply, when the event requires dramatization. But above all, this is not one of those "smarty" books written by men who study their subjects diligently in order to strafe them intelligently. Apparently, Mr. Nevins had no thesis about Grover Cleveland when he started to write. The story of the man has grown out of the material under the author's hands; which is an ideal way to make a biography; and the tale that is told here, if it is finally a hero tale and it is - is well told, convincingly and with charm, intelligently, and never shrinking from unpleasant truth.

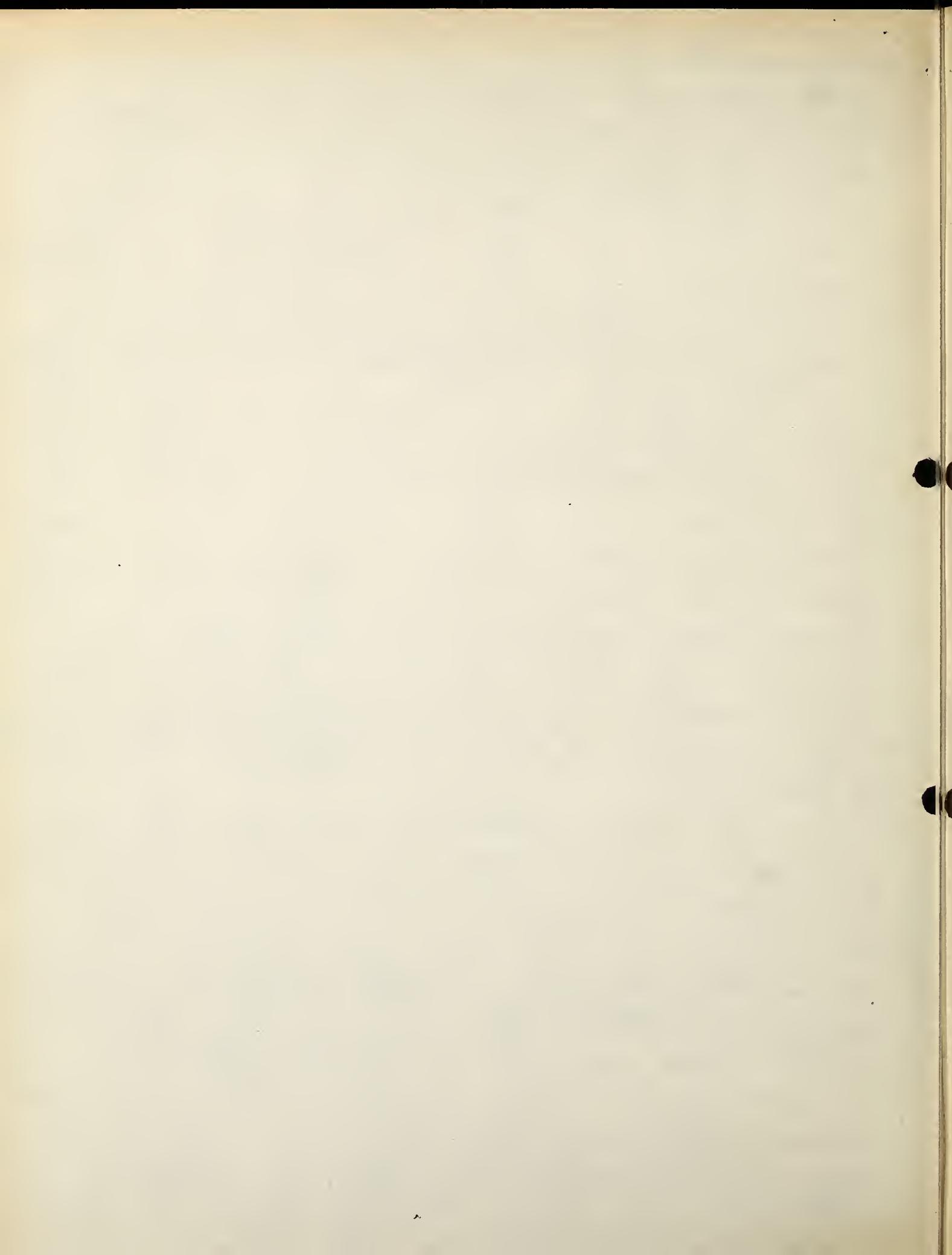
Nordhoff, C.B. and J.N. Hall. Mutiny on the Bounty. 4v. 1932. BIA Grade 2. A novel retelling the story of the mutiny on board the English vessel, Bounty, on its return voyage from the South Seas in 1789. The account of the causes of the mutiny and of the subsequent events, including the trial of certain of the mutineers in England, is told in the first person as by one Roger Byam who had shipped as a midshipman and, too not one of the mutineers, was involved in their fate.

Ophthalmology (Science of the eye). Abridged glossary of anatomical terms; after E. Fuchs testbook. 13 pages. ARC

Parkman, Francis. Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV 5v. 1919 APH FF Grade 2
A stirring record of the French and English struggle for ascendancy in America and of the part played by Frontenac.

-----Half century of conflict. 6v. 1920 APH FF Grade 2 This work fills the gap between the author's Count Frontenac and his Montcalm and Wolfe. The chief episodes treated are the fights along the border settlements of Maine during Queen Anne's War, the sack of Deerfield, the ~~xxxxxx~~ story of Acadia, and the siege of Louisburg.

-----LaSalle and the discovery of the great West. 4v. 1907 BIA FF Grade 2 In his inimitable style Parkman describes the exploration of the Mississippi and the Great Lakes, and the adventures of Joliet, Marquette and Father Hennepin, grouping all these events about La Salle.



6
----The old regime in Canada. 3v. BIA FF Grade 2 An authoritative work which shows the methods by which the monarchic administration of France reached out for colonies in the new world, its achievements, and the reasons for its failure.

----The Oregon trail. 3v. 1920 APH FF Grade 2 An American classic which describes the great historian's actual wanderings in 1846 with a company of Indians across the regions of the Platte River, returning through the Rocky Mountains.

----Pioneers of France in the New World. 4v. 1897 BIA FF Grade 2 Spirited, graphic narratives of the exploration and colonization done by the Huguenots in Florida, and by Champlain and his associates in the north.

Pattee, F.L. History of American literature since 1870. 6v. 1915 APH FF Grade 2 An interesting survey stressing the development of poetry, fiction and essays that showed the influences growing out of the Civil War. Notes only writers who did their first distinctive work before 1892.

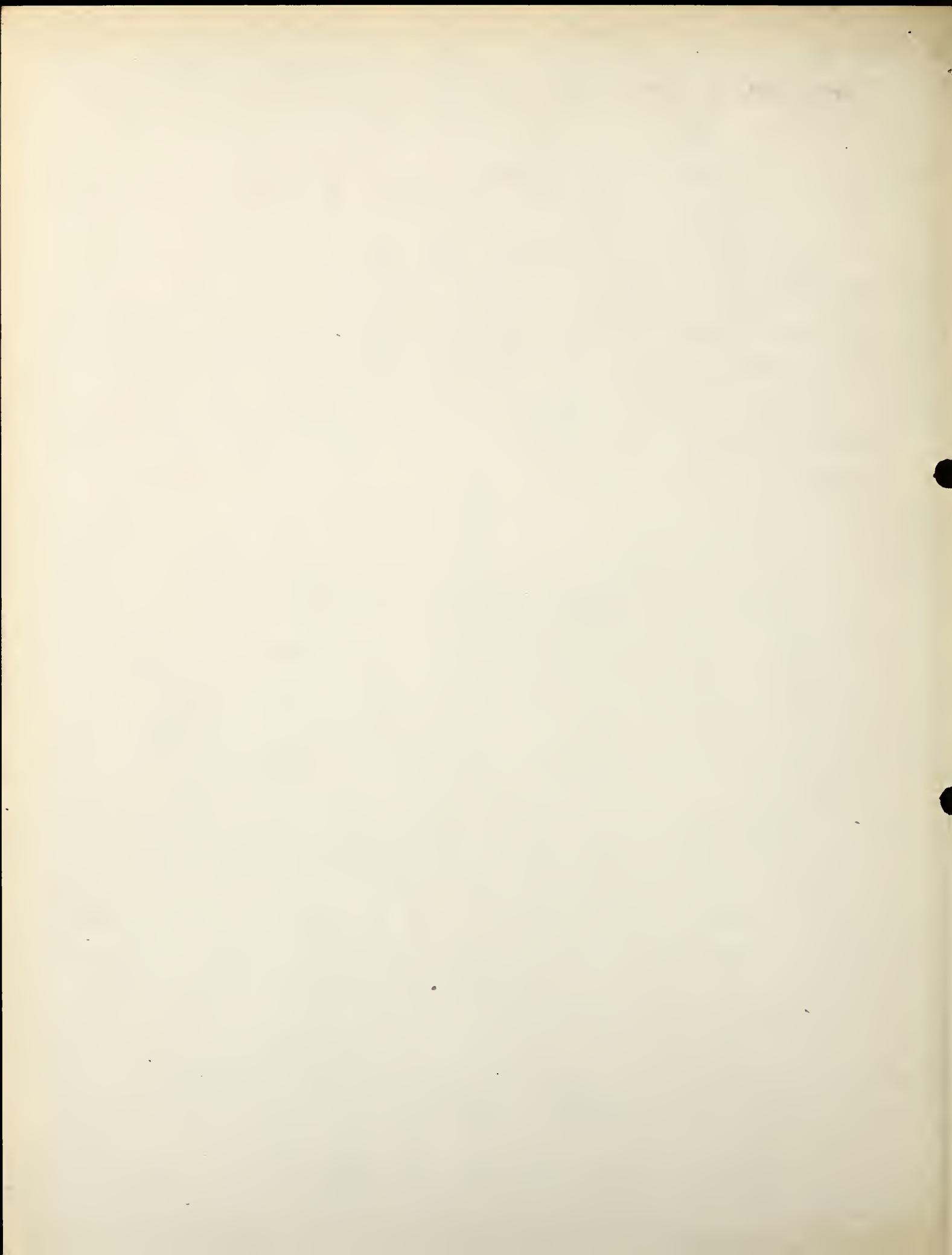
----New American literature, 1890 - 1930. 6v. 1930 APH FF Grade 2. The period from 1890 to 1930 in American literature is covered by Professor Pattee in this critical survey. The book has among its contents significant chapters on the decade of the strenuous life, 1901-1909; the muck-rake school; Theodore Dreiser; the transition poets; the feminine novel; the prairie poets; the short story; Mencken; and the new biography.

Patterns for four heddle looms, compiled by Thorwald Holmes from Foot-power loom weaving.

lv. ARC

Plutarch. Lives (through Marcellus). (Langhorne translation). Bk.1, 4v., Bk.2, 4v. ~~HMP~~ FF Grade 2 This writer, one of the most celebrated of antiquity, lived in the first century of our era. Plutarch's heroes were the conquerors and rulers of the ancient world - statesmen, politicians, orators, and demagogues, whose conduct the biographer subjected, without being too severe with them, to the text of Greek ethics and philosophies as embodied in the teachings of Socrates and Plato and Aristotle.

Repllier, Agnes. Mère Marie of the Ursulines; a study in adventure. 2v. 1931 HMP FF Grade 2. A most human life story of the Ursuline nun who went to New France in 1639 and founded in Quebec a convent and school. With her customary wit and interest in people, Miss Repllier has managed to endow all the characters with life, so that they become personages.



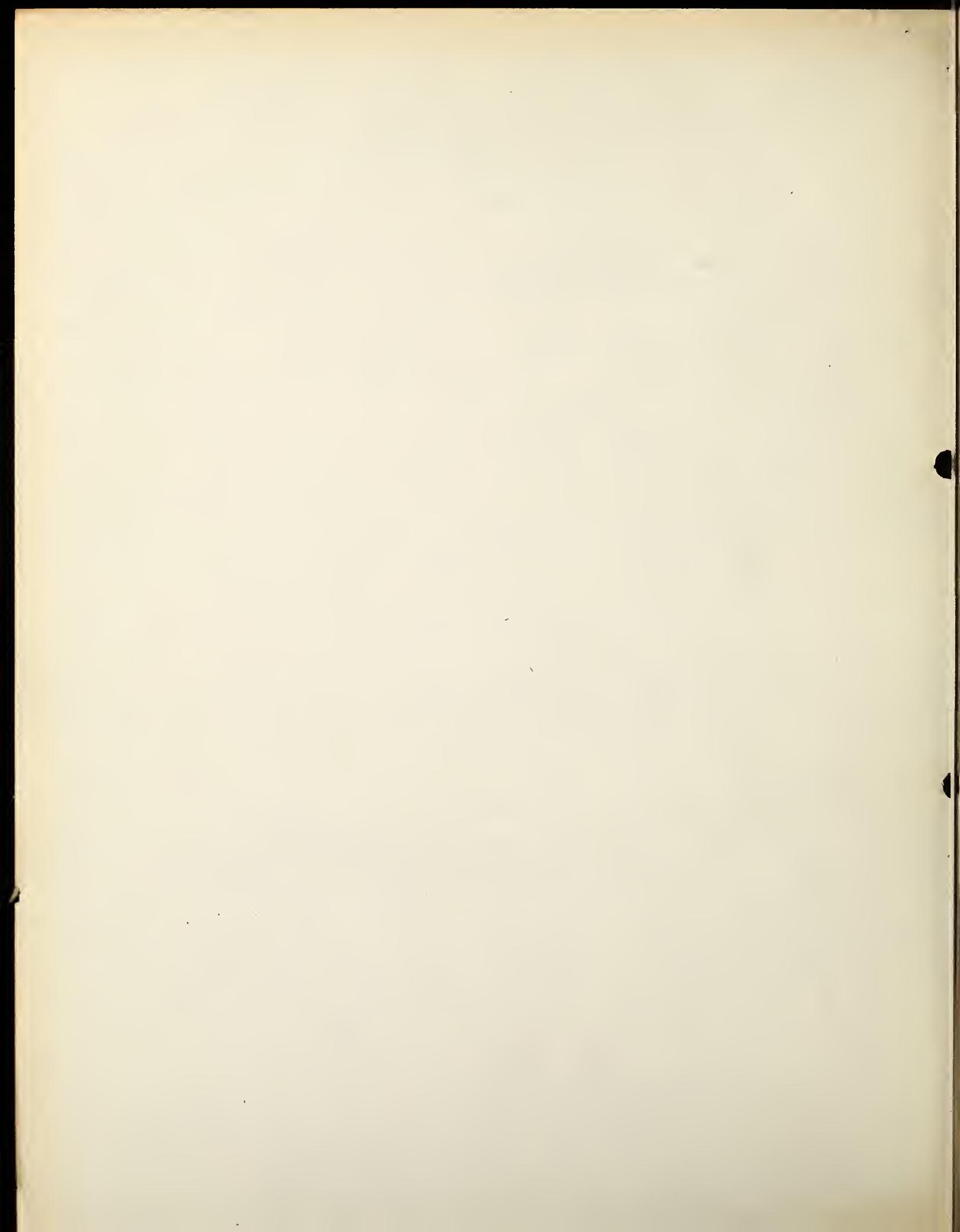
Sullivan, Mark. Our times. Pt.4, 4v. 1932 BIA FF Grade 2 Volume 4 of Our times covers the period from 1909 to 1914 - the years of the Taft administration, the Progressive movement, the emergence of Henry Ford and mass production.

Tables, multiplication, weights and measures. Grade 1. 1v. ARC

Tappan, E.M. Dixie kitten. 1v. 1910 APH A true story about a real cat who begins life in a barn and becomes a household pet.

The Venture, a monthly braille magazine for scouts and guides. Published by the National Institute for the Blind, London. Consists of articles, stories and other features of interest to scouts. Your attention is called to this magazine as it is the only one of its kind in braille. May be borrowed from the NYPL. Subscription price is 6d per yr. Any other library circulating it please notify us.

Washington, George. See note under author H.C.Lodge.



Hand-copied Books

Benson, E.F. Mother. 5v. 1925 Detroit. The wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the mother of four brilliant children, a woman whose life was dominated by high motives, is the subject of this biography by her son. Written with a wholesome, non-sentimental respect for its subject, although there is deep personal tenderness. The years between 1896 and 1918 are covered, and the account deals with many notable personages.

Brooks, Rupert. Collected poems, with an introduction by G.E.Woodberry and a biographical note by Margaret Lavington. 3v. 1915 Detroit, LC

Burroughs, John. Bird and bough. 1v. 1906 LC

Chesterton, G.K. The resurrection of Rome. 5v. 1930 Chicago, Sacramento. An interpretation of modern Rome which deals with it as a city risen from the dead and once more showing a tendency to assume its high place at the head of the world. Mr. Chesterton describes the rise to power of the Fascists, and the creation of the Vatican State, and points out that in order to understand present day Rome a knowledge of her past is essential.

Clark, Glenn, Fishers of men. 2v. 1928 LC A few years ago Prof. Glenn Clark's "Soul's Sincere Desire" met with instant and widespread attention. His "Fishers of men" is of the same high order as the former volume. Intensely personal and highly human, the author writes a book which he confesses he never believed could be written.

Classification, outline scheme of classes; reprint of revision of 1920 1v. Cincinnati, LC
 Cutler. Rules for a dictionary catalogue. IV. LC
 Ditmars, Raymond L. Strange animals I have known. 6v. 1931. Now in NYPL, Sacramento.

Dobie, J.Frank. Coronado's children; tales of lost mines and buried treasures of the Southwest. 10v. 1930 Dallas, St.Louis. Tales of the treasure-hunters - firm believers in those many myths, legends, and rumors of buried gold with which the old Southwest is rife - here collected and set forth with just enough tantalizing assumption of fact in land-marks and maps to tease the gullible. Beginning with the story of Coronado's famous expedition in search of the lost Seven cities of Cibola, Mr. Dobie takes up the accounts of the lost San Saba mine and the Padre mine, the secret of the Guadalupes, the treasure of the Wichitas, Lafitte's hidden pirate booty, etc. The book concludes with an interesting chapter on shadows and symbols.

Duganne, Phyllis and W.P.Eaton. Four short stories. lv. Detroit.

Grove, John, editor. The omnibus of adventure. 4v. 1930 Detroit. Forty-four adventure stories drawn from the great literature of the world, with the emphasis on English, French, Russian, and American authors. It includes selections from Kipling, Poe, Stevenson, Melville, Pushkin, Zola, Conrad, Maupassant, Tolstoy, Hardy and Balzac.

Guedalla, Philip. Bonnet and shawl. 2v. 1928 LC, Detroit, NYPL, Cleveland. In this series of portraits of the wives of six eminent Victorians - Jane Welsh Carlyle, Catherine Gladstone, Mary Arnold, Mary Anne Disraeli, Emily Tennyson and Emily Palmerston, Mr. Guedalla almost forgets to be satirical and becomes at times even tender.

Halevy, Ludovic. The Abbe Constantin. 3v. Atlanta, St.Louis. A charming story simply and skillfully told which will be remembered longest for the lovable character of the old French curé who plays the part of matchmaker.

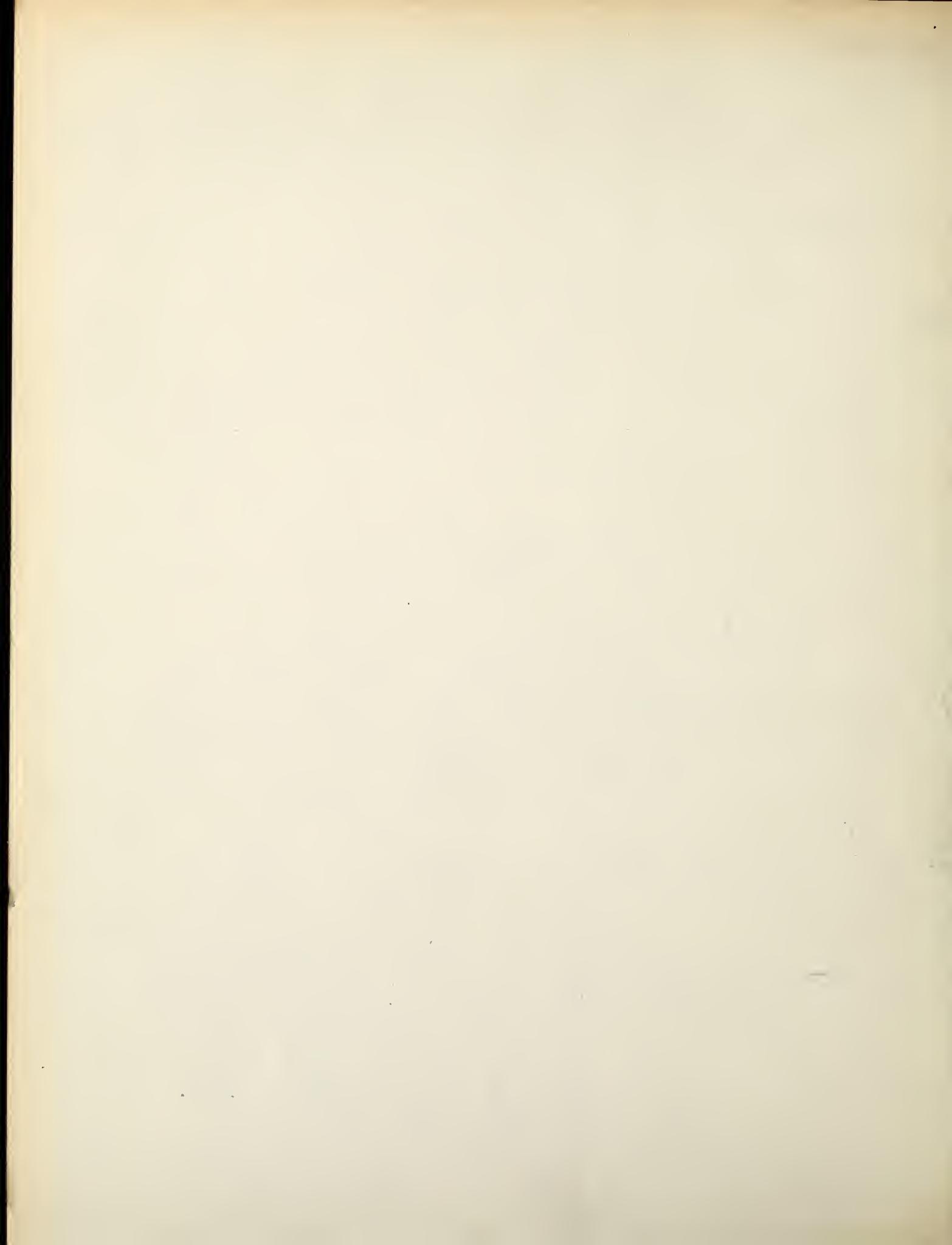
Hemingway, Ernest. Men without women. 4v. 1927 Detroit. Fourteen short stories written with a minimum of words and conveying an impression of reality as hard, steely and naked as a razor blade. The author's manner is sophisticated, simple, detached, and entirely unacademic. Not for immature readers.

Kelly, E.M. Sea change. 5v. Chicago. A young American, returning to the island of Mallorca where as a child he had spent a delightful holiday, finds in a childhood sweetheart an important young princess, a pawn in international politics. Kit Vincent is resigned to his fate but, the author contrives a happy ending.

Keyes, F.P. Queen Anne's lace. 6v. 1930 Cincinnati. A country girl marrying a promising young New England lawyer becomes a famous Washington hostess and helps her husband in his upward career to Senator and Presidential nominee.

Kornhauser, A.W. How to study - some suggestions for college students. lv. 1924 Cleveland.

Latimer, Louise P. Your Washington and mine. 9v. 1924. LC In this book not only is the history of the national capital surveyed, but there are descriptions of public buildings, historic places and executive departments, in their original and present settings, Mount Vernon, Georgetown and Arlington, national memorials ^{and} parks pass in review, and the government of the District of Columbia is explained.



10

Lawrence, D.H. *Sea and Sardinia*. 6v. 1921. LC An unusual travel book, describing a trip from Sicily to Sardinia, up the length of the island to Terranova, across the sea to Civita, Vecchia and back to Sicily once more. Everything is seen thru and colored by the author's personality, of which the book reveals quite as much as of scenes and people along the way.

Lowes, John Livingston. Of reading books. 1v. 1929. LC, NYPL A delightful essay on the gentle art of reading which takes its text from Chaucer's "I hope, y-wis to rede."

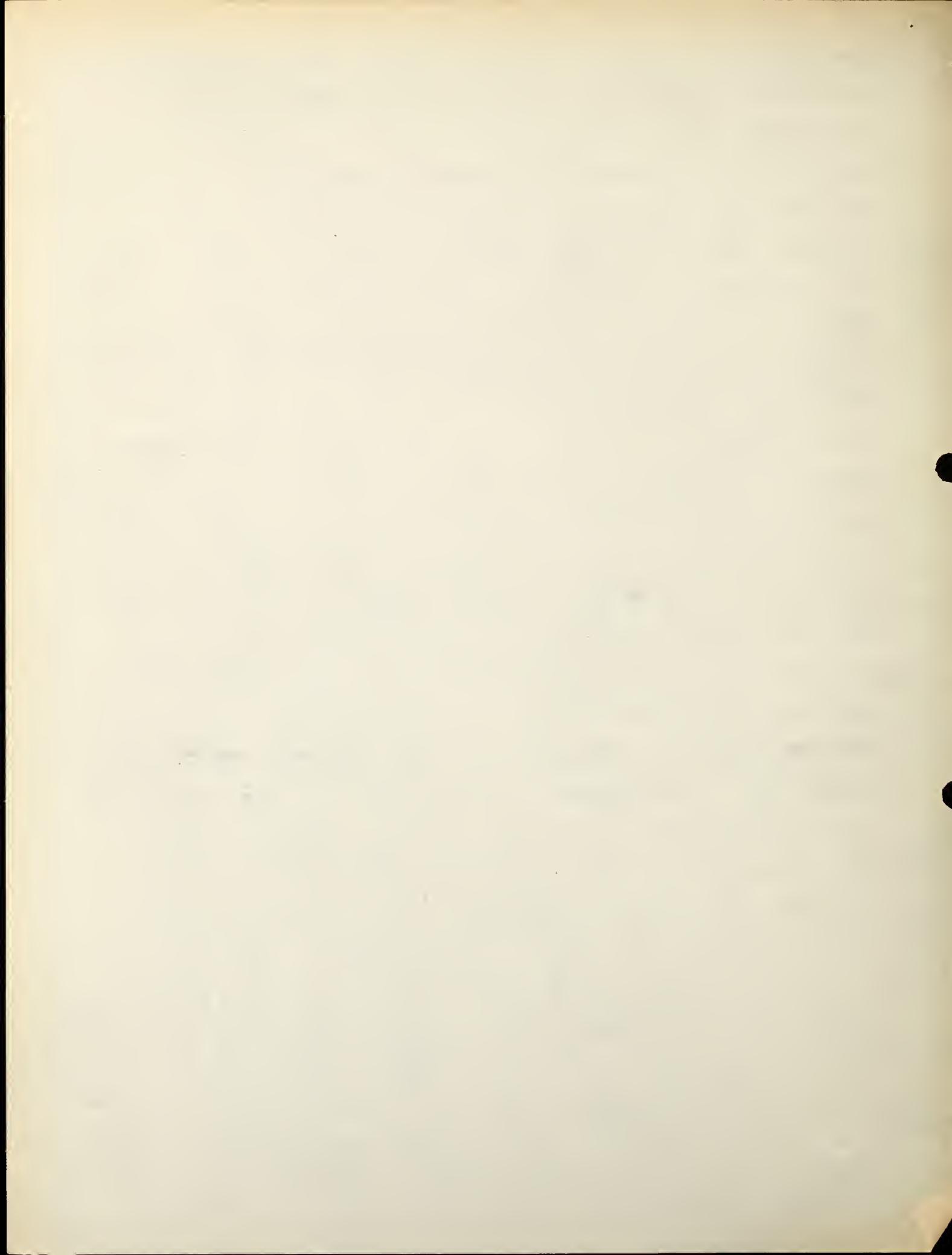
Morgan, Charles. The fountain. 9v. 1932. Chicago. The scene is Enkendahl, the castle of the van Leydens, a Dutch family of ancient lineage. To it comes Lewis Alison, a British officer interned for the duration of the war. Here he will write his history of the contemplative life, pondering the while the meaning of existence, but here he finds Julie, step-daughter of his host. She is the English wife of a Prussian nobleman - an officer at the front. First an interloper, then an interlude, Julie becomes finally and completely the whole meaning of Alison's life. And then suddenly the husband returns - a very wraith and shadow of a man. A strange and a strangely moving love story theirs - in a setting strange and far away.

Morrow, Honore' Willsie. With malice toward none. 6v. Chicago. ~~This~~ ~~Honoré Morrow's~~ second Lincoln novel deals with the last two years of the Civil war and Lincoln and Charles Sumner over reconstruction policies. Mrs. Lincoln is pictured as a loyal, lovable and very human woman who played a large part in her husband's success. - ~~Book Review Digest~~. Sequel to "Forever free."

Newman, E.M. Seeing Italy. 4v. Chicago. Although this book does not take one far from the beaten path of the tourist, the author sees to it that his tourists do not miss anything and - what is still more to the point - shows them how to take the trip without hurrying.

Nordhoff, Charles and J.N. Hall. Falcons of France; a tale of youth and the air. 8v. 1929 Detroit. Story of the Lafayette Flying Corps as seen by two young Americans who joined it. Based on the author's experiences.

Parker, Seth, pseudonym. Stories and sayings. Written for the Christian Herald. 1v. ~~LC~~ LC Pinchot, Gifford. To the South Seas. 7v. 1930 Chicago, Cleveland, LC "The cruise of the schooner Mary Pinchot to the Galapagos, the Marquesas, and the Tuamotu Islands, and



Tahiti. Mr. Pinchot tells the entertaining story of his trip to the South Seas with much humor and gusto, giving each member of his party of experts his share of the credit in its success.

Priestley, J.B. George Meredith. 6v. 1926 Sacramento. Grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. NIB 2v. Grade 2.

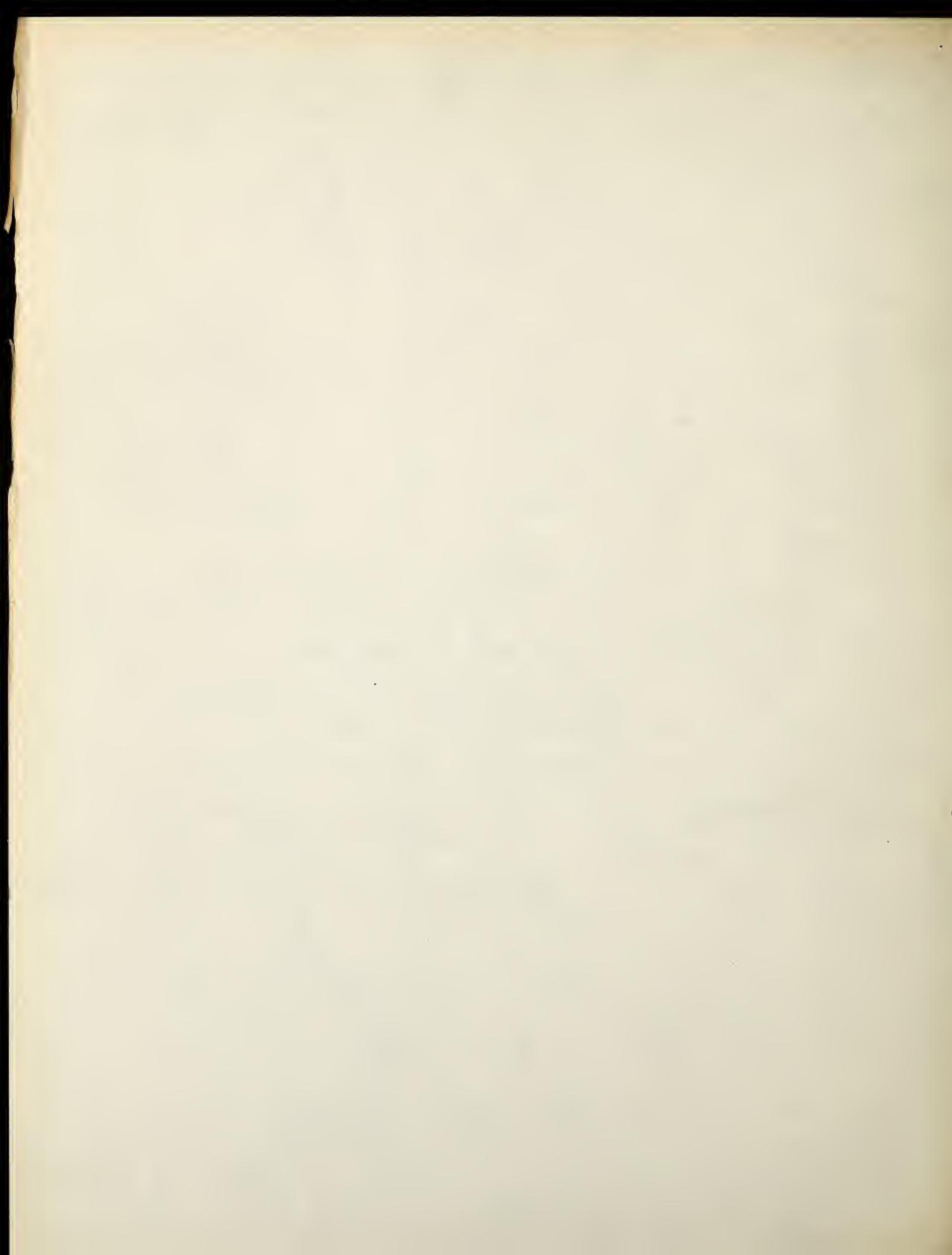
A thoroughly helpful and enjoyable study. One of the English Men of Letters series.

Roffey, Mabel. Simple basketry for homes and schools. 1v. 1930 Sacramento.

Sedgwick, Anne Douglas. Philippa. 1930 9v. LC The adored and adoring father of a keenly intellectual young English girl who asks for release from her gentle, self-effacing mother so that he may marry an inferior but beautiful younger woman. With her usual skill in analyzing human emotions Miss Sedgwick follows the girl's life as a rival to her stepmother in her father's affections, the course of events by which the happiness that comes to her brings tragedy to her father, and the more tranquil life of the wise mother.

Shaw, Charles G. The road to culture; 6v. 1931 LC A brief popular discussion and exposition of the meaning and practice of culture, in which the author particularly relates culture to an appreciation of the arts - painting, sculpture, poetry, music, etc. The last three chapters take up the following: culture and happiness, culture and personality, and paths and pitfalls of culture.

Ward, R.D. The climates of the United States. 10v. 1925 NYPL The climatic changes and disturbances in the various sections of this large country of ours may be traced to their causes in this interesting and valuable book. Tornadoes, thunderstorms, wind, rainfall, sunshine, hot and cold waves, all are discussed and their relations to human beings emphasized.



12

Books on Farms and Gardens

Bailey, E.H. The harvest of the year to the tiller of the soil. 1v. BIA Seasoned and philosophical observations on the present farm situation in America.

Baker, R.W. Adventures in contentment. 2v. Grade 2 NIB A book of fiction which yet has more truth in it than most books of facts. From Farm life.

Poe, Clarence. Farm life; problems and opportunities. 1v. RWAP BIA This is written for persons who seek to understand the problems of fifty million rural Americans. It includes a list of books on the subject and among these approved books are the titles, "The harvest of the year" and "Adventures in contentment."

Stainsby, F.C. Gardening notes; reprinted from Progress and written specially for the blind. 1v. Grade 2 NIB

Sutcliffe, J.E. Gardening for the blind; with chapters on The kitchen garden. by F.Eyre and Teaching the young, by A.Byron. 1v. Grade 2. NIB

Books on Poultry

Brown, Edward. Races of domestic poultry. 7v. Grade 2 NIB

Graham, J.C. Brooding and rearing of chicks. APH

Hagopian, George. Poultry raising as an occupation for the blind. Paper read at A.A.W.B. Convention. Atlantic City. IMP

Hurd, L.M. Practical poultry-farming. 4v. 1928. APH

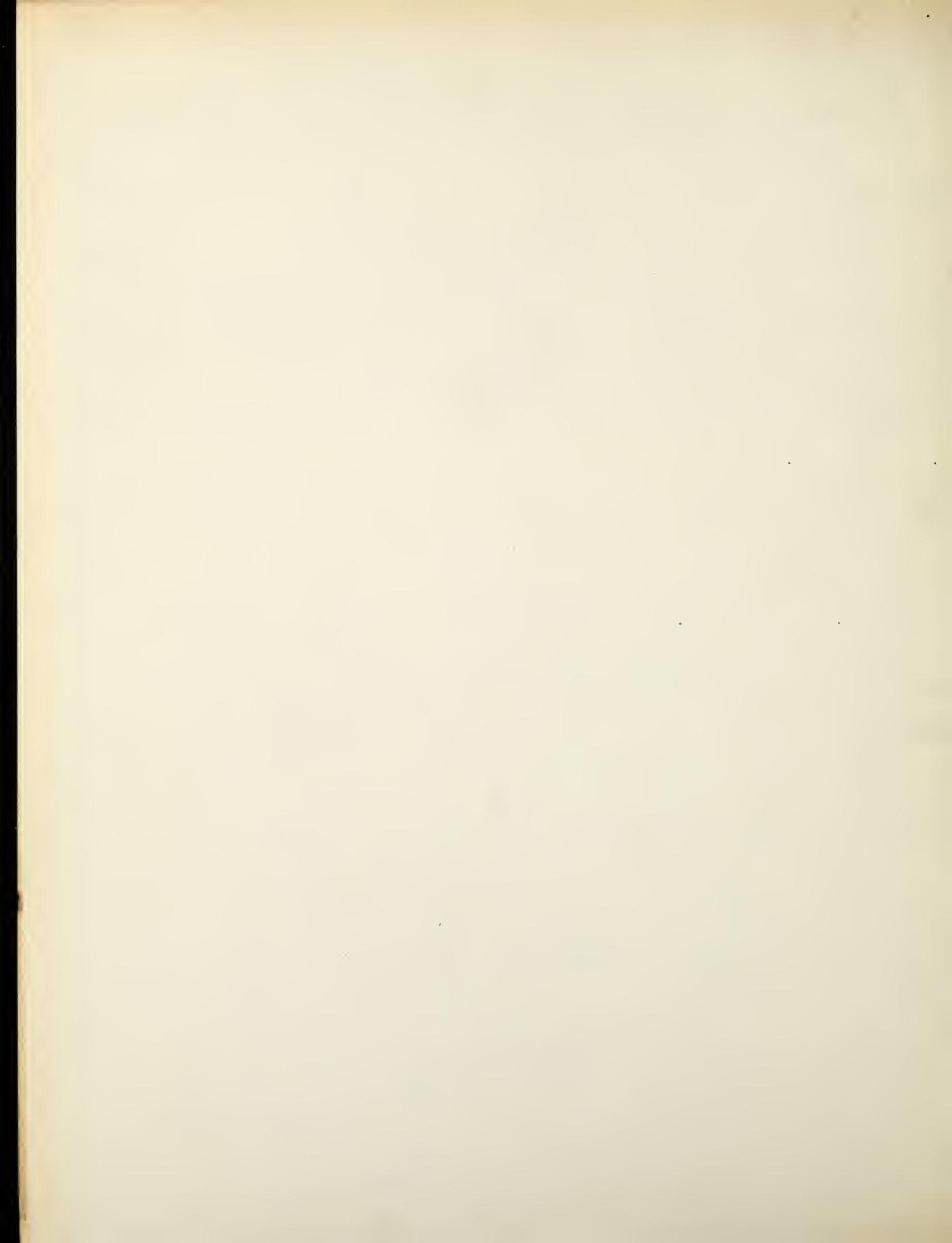
Lewis, Harry Reynolds. Poultry keeping. 4v. APH Elementary textbook for the high school, giving general and specific facts. Includes laboratory exercises, plans and rules for poultry exercises.

National service poultry culture. Grade 2 NIB

Owen, W. Powell. How to make money from poultry. Grade 2 NIB

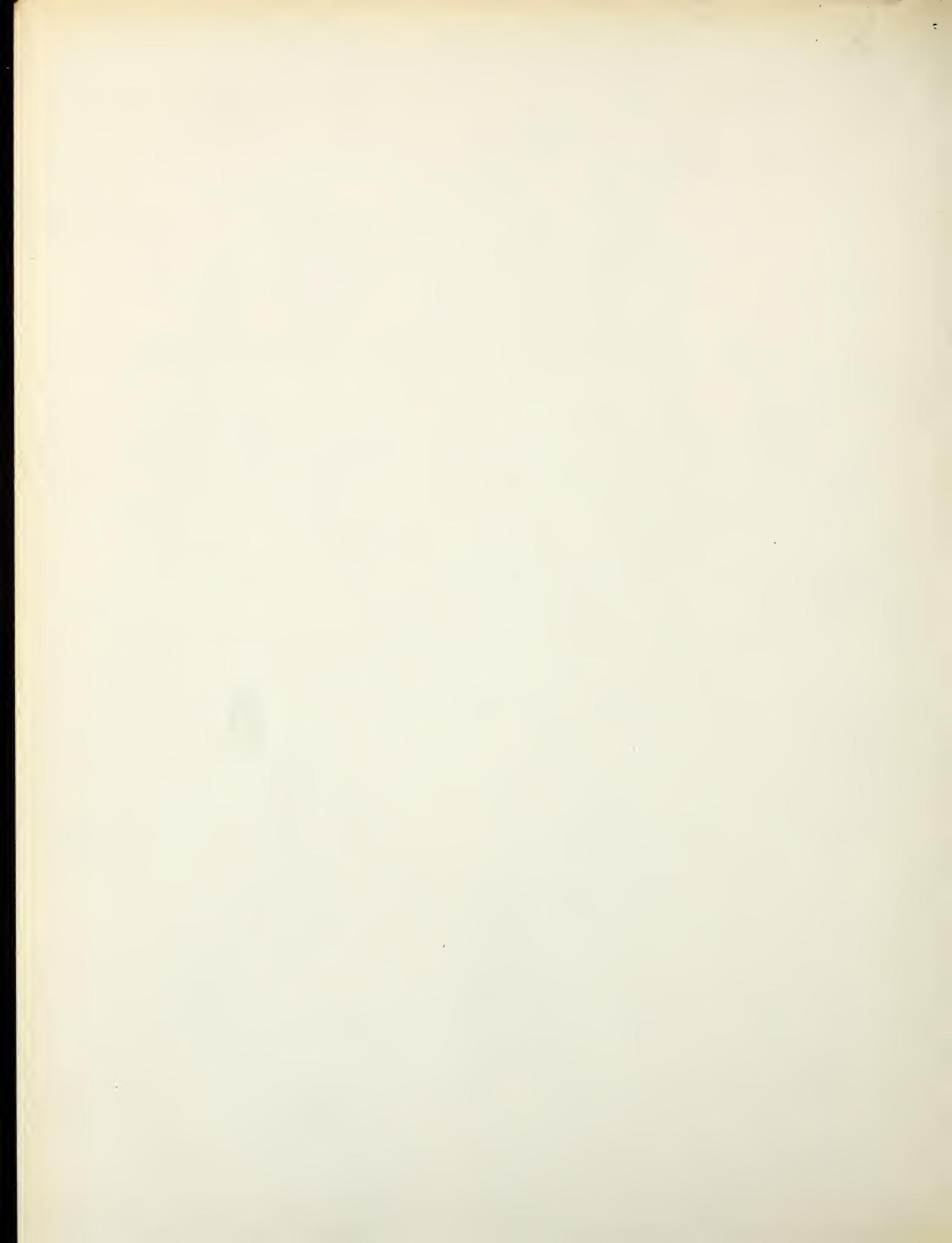
Playfoot, John. Poultry craft, layers and payers. 9 parts. Grade 2 NIB

Webber, Pierson. Hints on poultry keeping. Grade 2 NIB



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Myrtle Reed, by Ethel S. Colson.

(By request)

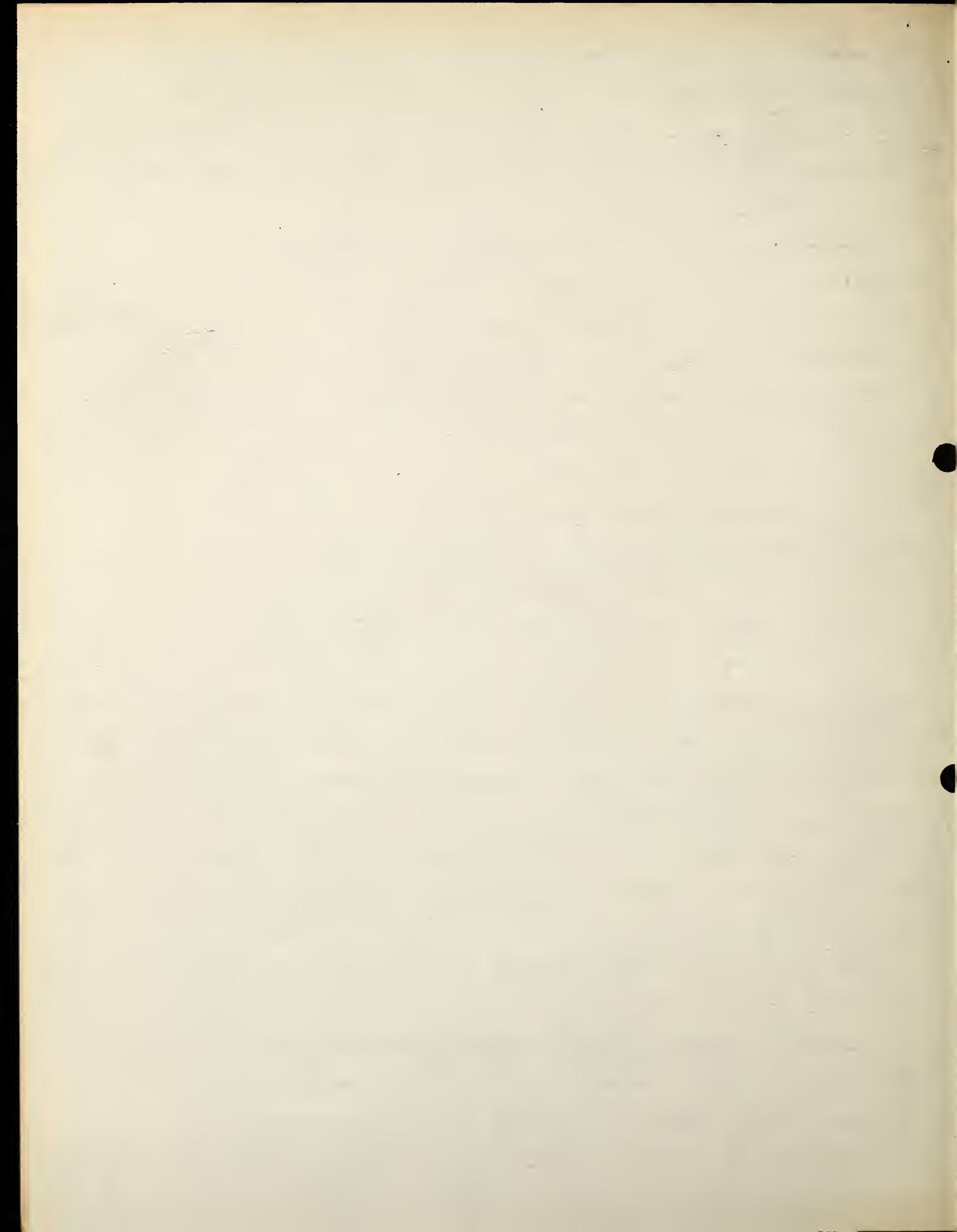
"Let's see! She's sure to be literary, so we must choose a name that will look well in print; she's sure to marry, so one name will be enough. I have it - Myrtle!" And thus, by the father who still adores her, was Myrtle Reed named when she was but two days old.

The intuitive prediction of this devoted parent, between whom and his brilliant daughter a peculiar sympathy has always existed, proved true in every detail. From her earliest childhood the clever girl, inheriting from both sides of the family literary and scholarly traditions, took to writing as a duck to water, or, as she herself puts it, she was "vaccinated with literature and it took."

Her equally devoted mother, Elizabeth A. Reed, famed for her wide knowledge and long researches in Persian and Hindu literature, speedily discovered and proudly fostered the child's genius. At an age when most girls are consistently "clothes-minded," this particular girl was writing tender poetry and good prose. As she also enjoyed herself extremely, Myrtle Reed, indeed, may be said to have a triple genius - for literature, love, and a "royal good time."

Born in Norwood Park, Chicago, September, 27, 1874 - no, she doesn't mind telling her age and truthfully at that - the genial good spirits for which Myrtle Reed is almost as widely famous as for the tender love stories that represent the other half of her actually "dual nature," were noticeable even in infancy. Her course at the West Division High School, Chicago, was marked by high scholarship and numberless relieving pranks. The "Love Letters of a Musician," composed soon after her graduation, surprised all her friends by their total unlikeness to the girl's merry chatter and unfailingly scintillating wit. The piquant, pungent sayings of "The Spinster Book" that shortly followed, expressed the ~~xxx~~ opposite side of her unusual mentality. So did "The Book of Clever Beasts," which followed later on, and which won from Theodore Roosevelt, then President, a warmly appreciative letter.

Oddly enough, however, the bubbling, irrepressible fun, the humorous element of Myrtle Reed's remarkable make-up, never has been so thoroughly recognized by her vast public - no other woman writer has so sure and steady an advance sale record as this gracious teller of graceful "heart interest" tales - as her true vein. To the great majority of her readers



it is as little known as are the numerous kindnesses in which she finds pleasure to all but those who profit by her graciously offered aid. Since "The Book of Clever Beasts" she has published no more humorous writings under her own name, though, as she merrily says, she has "supported half a dozen pen-names," and many a funny story and laughable sketch or skit is turned out in this way.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of her first literary success, "Love Letters of a Musician," came the first "real" love affair of the brilliant author. Always Myrtle Reed has been loved - always she will be. But James Sydney McCullough, a clever young Irish-Canadian, was the lucky man who unlocked the inner portal of her generous heart.

The two made acquaintance through correspondence in their school days. Miss Reed was editor of the West Division High School paper, while Mr. McCullough was performing similar duties for a Toronto school journal. He wrote - to ask questions in regard to the management of the financial part of the enterprise, and kept on writing. A long and romantic courtship followed, and, after six years, the two met, for two brief hours. This time was all-sufficient, however, for Mr. McCullough to discover that he had found "the one girl." After securing, though not too quickly, a definite promise. Mr. McCullough gave up his interests in Toronto, went to Chicago, and began all over again, in the real estate business.

About this time there sprang into being the unusual and original manifestation of the tender passion which later flowered into the series of ten charming and helpful cookbooks, bound in blue and white gingham and modestly signed "Olive Green." "He had the tastes of an epicure," says Mrs. McCullough, reminiscently, "and the appetite of a healthy horse, and I naturally began to think about the gas range and chafing dish, in a wholly unselfish desire to please. Perhaps everything I cooked was good, and perhaps it wasn't; but he swore manfully that it was - and I kept on.

"My mother always had been anxious for me to be a good housekeeper. She told me, when I was a mere infant, that if I were going to write, I absolutely had to cook, and help to remove the longstanding reproach that went with the old-fashioned name 'blue-stocking.' I didn't care a bit about it, but 'Binkie' was coming every evening, and every Sunday, and 'Binkie' was invariably hungry; so I went up against the obstacle with all steam on. I knew I wouldn't take a position as stenographer without knowing shorthand, or attempt to

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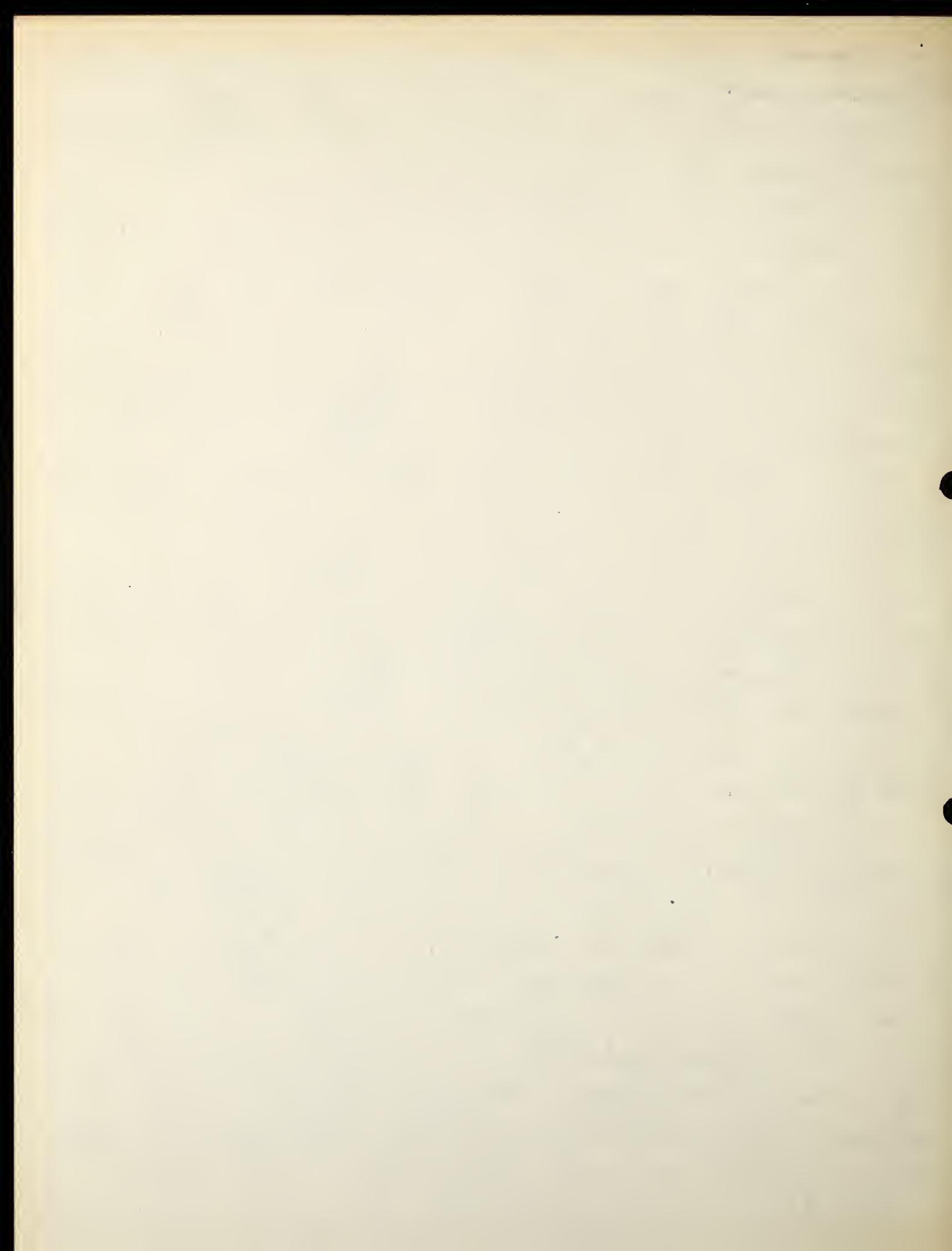
teach music when I couldn't play a tune with either hand, let alone both at once; so, why should I take a lifelong situation as a man's wife without knowing how to keep house?"

Mrs. McCullough - to give her the married title she much prefers to the "Miss Reed" upon which certain unthinking individuals insist - points proudly to her sleek, prosperous-looking and altogether well-fed husband in proof of the quality of her culinary art. Since her marriage, however, October 22, 1906, she has done comparatively little cooking. "I'm too busy," she explains; but adds, wistfully: "and Annie won't let me come into the kitchen. She knows her work and wants to do it without interference, as I do mine, but on Sunday nights and on 'off days' I can cook spaghetti, or make a salad, or make chocolate pancakes in the electric chafing dish and spread 'em with strawberry jam, or try some experiment which looks promising, I yield this point, and gladly, for my 'Priceless Jewell' has shown no peripatetic tendencies in the three years and more she has lived with us - and we don't want her to."

Miss Reed's wedding was a disappointment to many friends, in that it was very quietly conducted, its characteristic features being exactly similar to those of the wedding ceremony described in "Flower of the Busk," the first novel written after her marriage. The happy couple went straight to "Paradise Flat," in the apartment house they built together, and, at that time, according to the quaint "Explanation Book" later issued by Mrs. McCullough in a limited edition for Christmas purposes, consisting of "six rooms and a mortgage," on Kenmore Avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. McCullough loves dogs, especially collies, setters and St. Bernards, but insists that to keep a dog in a flat is fair ~~unmixx~~ neither to the dog nor the flat, to say nothing of the neighbors. She is fond of horses, but at present is deeply ensmored of her electric automobile, which she has christened the "go-cart." A little note in the "Explanation Book" explains the secret of Mr. McCullough's pet name by recalling Kipling's verses about a "My Firstest Friend."

The McCulloughs are nothing if not hospitable, and "Paradise Flat" was scarcely in order - it is crowded, from the brass knocker on the front door, which a brass plate requests visitors to use if they are inclined to knowk, since "no knocking is allowed inside," to the white-tiled gem of a kitchen, with quaint and beautiful things of a varied nature - before its happy occupants began giving parties.



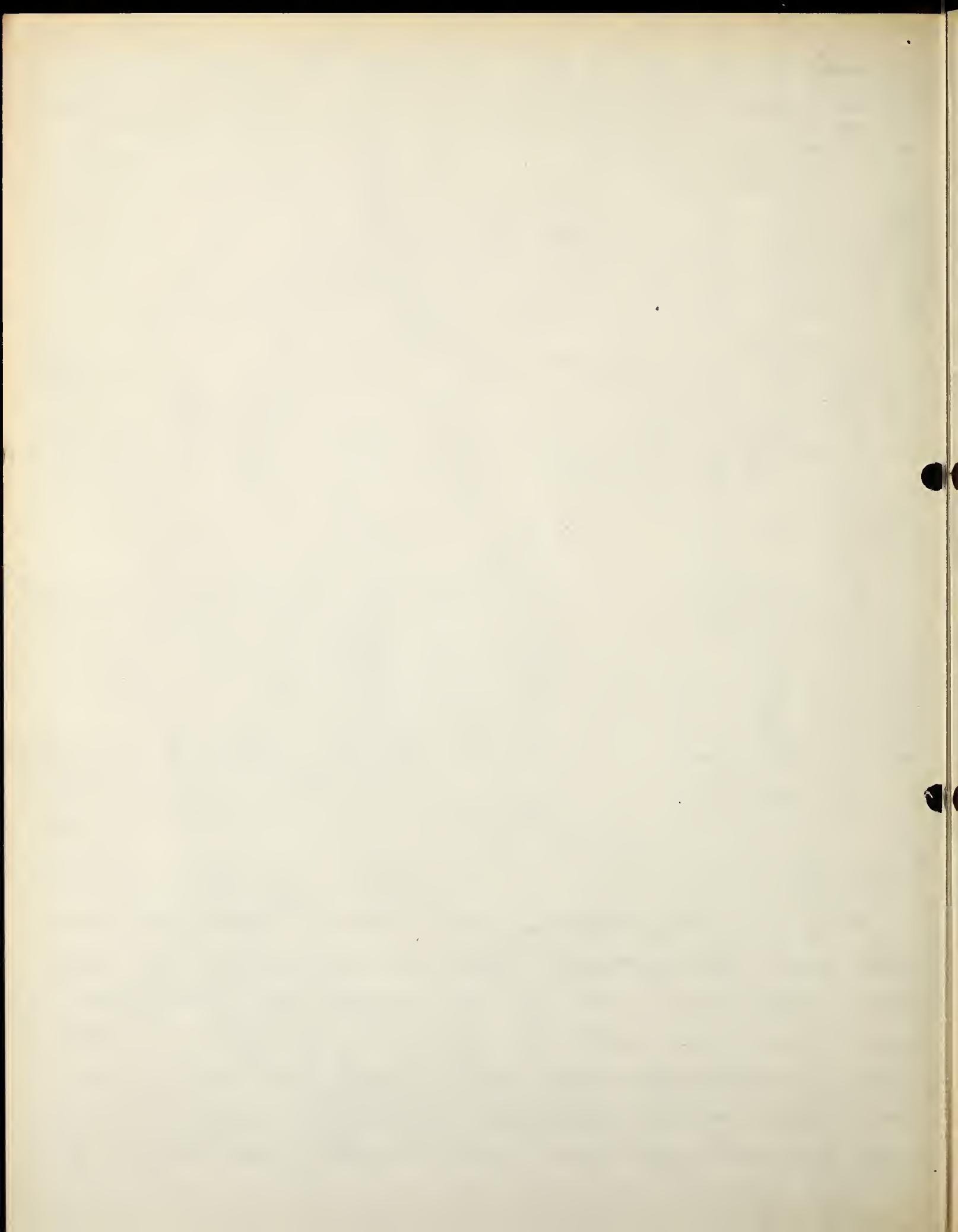
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All manner of notables, literary, dramatic, artistic and musical, have been entertained in its pleasant precincts, and each "real friend" receiving a copy of the "Explanation Book" also received a genuine "meal ticket," in sign and token of the warm welcome always awaiting him or her at "Paradise Flat." "If you receive one of these books," it is added, "it is a sign that you are considered a Friend of the Establishment and that your presence is earnestly desired." The "Paradise Flat" toast, usually drunk from the handsome silver loving cup presented to Mrs. McCullough by her publishers as a wedding gift, is: "May our house always be too small to hold all our friends" - a toast pretty certain of realization.

The final clause of the "Rules and Regulations" of the joyous household reads thus: "Believing that a house takes its atmosphere from the speech and thought of those who are in it, and wishing our six small rooms to be a true home in every sense of the word, we ask our friends, while here, to say only kind things, think the best of everything and everybody, and to help us do the same. N.B. - Matrimonial differences are settled on the Back Porch" - which, by the way, is a delightful, vine-shaded, flower-bordered retreat.

The "Explanation Book" also contains an amusing list of the Paradise Flat Auxiliary Corps, the "Index Expurgatorius," or list of "Things the Manager Would be Glad not to Hear Again," and the "Bench Rules of the Paradise Flat Husband Shows," which, while avowedly "subject to revision," have served for three gloriously hilarious celebrations. The first Husband Show took place on the first anniversary of the McCullough marriage, prizes being offered for the looks, character, disposition and qualifications of contestants, entered by their wives, and judged by three sympathetic spinsters of diversified nature and kind. At all three of the Husband Shows Mr. McCullough has won the "Prize for Looks," to the great delight of his wife.

The prizes for the Husband Shows manifested all the humor and originality for which Mrs. McCullough is famous, as did also the refreshments. Such statements are equally true of the Bean Party given in the back yard to celebrate Mr. McCullough's birthday. The McCulloughs allude to it, invariably, as "the back yard," which, indeed, seems right and proper for an apartment building, but the place itself looks more like a park than anything else. The Bean Party was a progressive function, games with beans being played at seven tables decorated in the prismatic colors and appropriately illuminated, the crescent leading up to

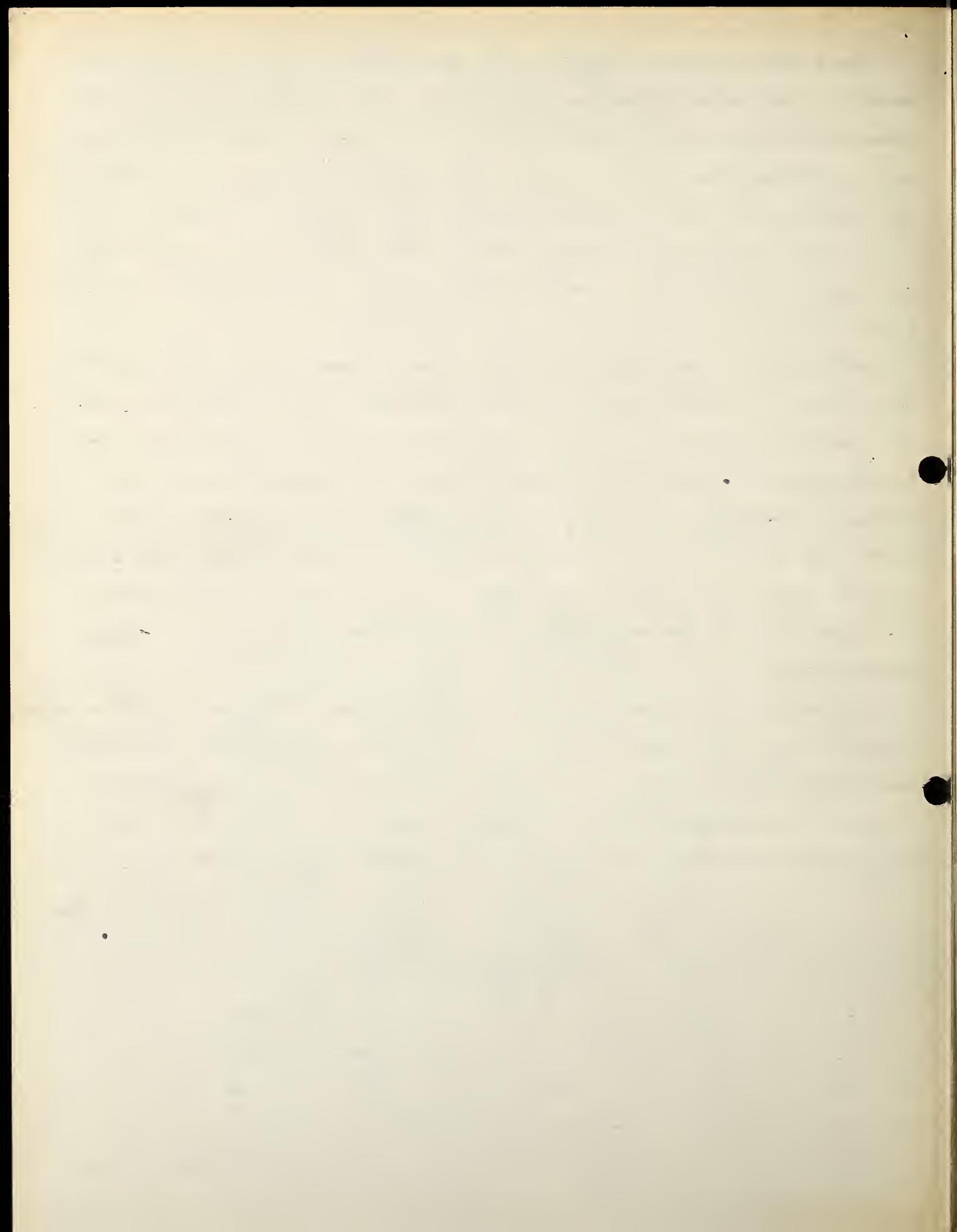


a veritable "pot of gold" suspended from a tree at the foot of the rainbow. After supper there was an auction, guests buying mysteriously wrapped parcels with the beans they had won at the tables.

Later on the McCulloughs gave a party in honor of the American Hen, a quietly domestic and industrious citizen well in accord with Mrs. McCullough's ideals. The invitations were written on hard-boiled eggs and packed in small baskets filled with hay, a few feathers being scattered about for realistic effect. "Henry and Henrietta," the guests of honor, received in a gaily decorated coop on the back porch. Three other chickens were also brought by guests; one pair of magnificent White Leghorns, bearing silver tags on their yellow legs, were duly christened "Binkie" and "Myrtle" to celebrate the auspicious occasion. The celebration ended with the singing of an amusing "'Owed' to the Hen," composed by Mrs. McCullough.

All these and many other original entertainments, to say nothing of innumerable less premeditated occasions, take place, as it were, "between books." All the year round Mrs. McCullough works steadily, though not always actually writing. Last October she was represented by four published books: Master of the Vineyard, Sonnets to a Lover - dedicated to Mr. McCullough - and two cook-books. When she has time - and inspiration - she writes verse and short stories, or whatever strikes her fancy, but, to quote once more from the "Explanation Book": - "In February and March, usually, the Manager is in her shell, organizing a literary production, and is inaccessible to all but the Patron Saint, the ~~xxxxxx~~ President, the Priceless Jewel, and a badly frightened stenographer. She is also too cross to be desirable socially. Those desiring corroboration may inquire of the President. Those who love the Manager or themselves will let her alone during these eight weeks."

Friends are notified of Mrs. McCullough's retirement by the receipt of one of the clever postals designed by her artist friend, Pauline Palmer, depicting the author's shell in the act of closing. Emergence from this retreat is usually marked by some social function. While a book is in progress she is visible only to members of her immediate family, though many of her friends miss her too much not to attempt to cross the barrier. Sometimes, indeed, she leaves her home and takes refuge in some quiet place where she is not known until after the creation is accomplished. "Master of the Vineyard" was written in this way, in a Detroit hotel.



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Mrs. McCullough does all her work herself, seldom having a stenographer ever to transcribe the final version of the stories over which she toils with such ardent and arduous concentration. Every book that appears has been written by her own hand - or typewriter, rather - at least twice. "Lavender and Old Lace" was written three times before satisfying both author and publisher.

Loving her work devotedly, having a high conception of her vocation, she spends herself prodigally in the preparation of her novels, living at high pressure for two months at a time.

Sentiment, not sentimentality, may be set down as the keynote of her work. Into it go all the force and power of a strong nature, the production of her stories being a labor of love that leaves the author, despite her fine physique and splendid health, utterly exhausted. Usually, when the last proofs have been read, Mr. McCullough takes his wife a-fishing, in some quiet place as nearly as possible out of the sound of the human voice. Blessed with great recuperative power, and endowed with a deep love of Nature, she soon is once more herself; but the sensitive nature that renders possible such intense enjoyment of life demands a high emotional toll, and the gifted writer has need of all her unlimited capacity for fun.

This capacity, as original and unique in expression as all things else about its possessor comes out in such merry "tricks and manners" as in the wedding trip which Mrs. McCullough took, in part, alone. The journey, deferred until "Paradise Flat" was nearly completed, began with a trip to Washington, D.C. Mr. McCullough has not the gift of punctuality, and Mrs. McCullough sagely reflected that while the thought of going through life without "The Beloved" was unbearable, the thought of being late to all engagements was distinctly trying, punctuality being her own "besetting sin". So she warned him that, honeymoon though it was, she, at least, would start on time. Mr. McCullough reached the railway station where he was to meet her a few minutes too late, and discovered that she had gone on, with all the tickets, baggage and money of the two. He caught up with her in Washington, arriving an hour after her own train, which was delayed, but, in the meantime, she had enjoyed more than one hearty laugh over his discomfiture, and startled a newer bride - whose husband had not missed the train - almost out of her wits by explaining that she "always took her wedding

C.T.

journeys alone." "The Beloved" is said to have kept better time, upon the whole, ever since, though occasionally subject to relapse. "Out West," says Mrs. McCullough, proudly, "he made twenty-nine consecutive trains without a break, though at Salt Lake City the cinders of the starting engine fell upon his outspread coat tails. I was on the platform, so I didn't worry much, as I had the tickets. I always carry 'em - and the money too."

Hard as she works during the day, her typewriter is closed and her papers folded at six or half-past in the evening. "My evenings and Sundays belong absolutely to my husband," she says. When asked which she would choose, marriage or a career, she answered, earnestly:

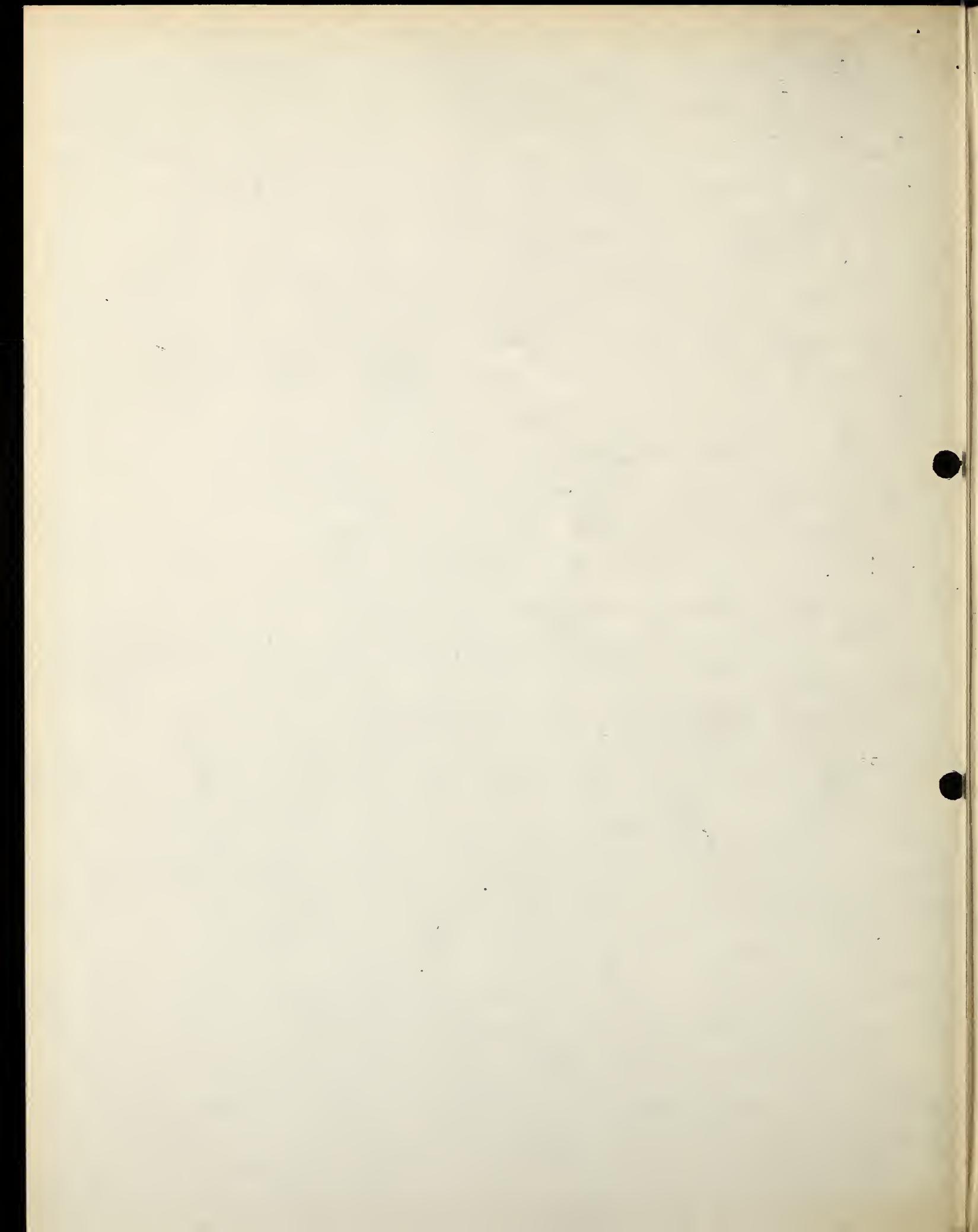
"I never have had to choose, as, with me, the two are harmonious and supplement one another; but, for any woman, I do not believe the most brilliant career offers anything worth an hour of being married to the man she loves and who loves her."

Mr. McCullough, it is needless to add, also scorns the idea that real marriage is a failure. "During the seventeen years I've known him," the author says, "he has had a deep belief in me, an unselfish pride in my work, and a boundless hope for my future. On this I lean, when things won't come right; and when they do, I endeavor to justify it."

When asked which she considered her best book, she replied: "I trust I have it yet to write. I am never satisfied with anything I do, after the first glow of ecstasy that comes with creation is over."

Mrs. McCullough belongs in the ranks of the anti-suffragists, though admitting that she considers woman's ballot a question of expediency, rather than of abstract right.

She is fond of all sorts of simple gaiety, is normally interested in clothes and all other truly feminine matters, from the lavender-scented sheets of her well-filled linen closet to the dinner set of Chinese gold-medallion ware, picked up, piece by piece, from coast to coast. She likes practically all her fellows, though confessing to occasional psychological attractions and repulsions, equally pronounced. "I don't like everybody," she explains; "but I can get along with anybody who won't stoke or pat me, and who is willing to call me Mrs. McCullough instead of the 'Miss Reed' I left at the altar four years ago. With pitifully few exceptions, I have a horror of the personal touch, and our women seem to be a nation of strokers. I like to have fresh air circulating uninterruptedly all around me - to be, as it were, well insulated."



"I have learned," she said, a little later, "to save myself for things that count. First I belong to my husband, then to my work, then to my friends. I don't sew, or trim hats, or do fancy work, or play cards, or do a lot of things I might do - indeed, I even pay some one to shop for me, most of the time. I have discovered that in these little things I spend creative energy which I might use to better advantage elsewhere."

"I love the theatre, small informal parties, music, and a lot of other things, especially travel, though I've never gone abroad, as yet, simply because there's no land route, and I could become actively ill inside of ten minutes in a rowboat full of plants on a lawn. It isn't the motion, surely, for I rather like a bumpy automobile, and I could spend my life in ecstasy and die in bliss on a roller coaster. I don't know what it is, but even the sight of a sailor hat makes me feel queer; and when we crossed the Gulf of Mexico, from Vera Cruz to New Orleans, in a freight steamer --" An eloquent silence indicated that the remainder of the subject was painful, even in retrospect.

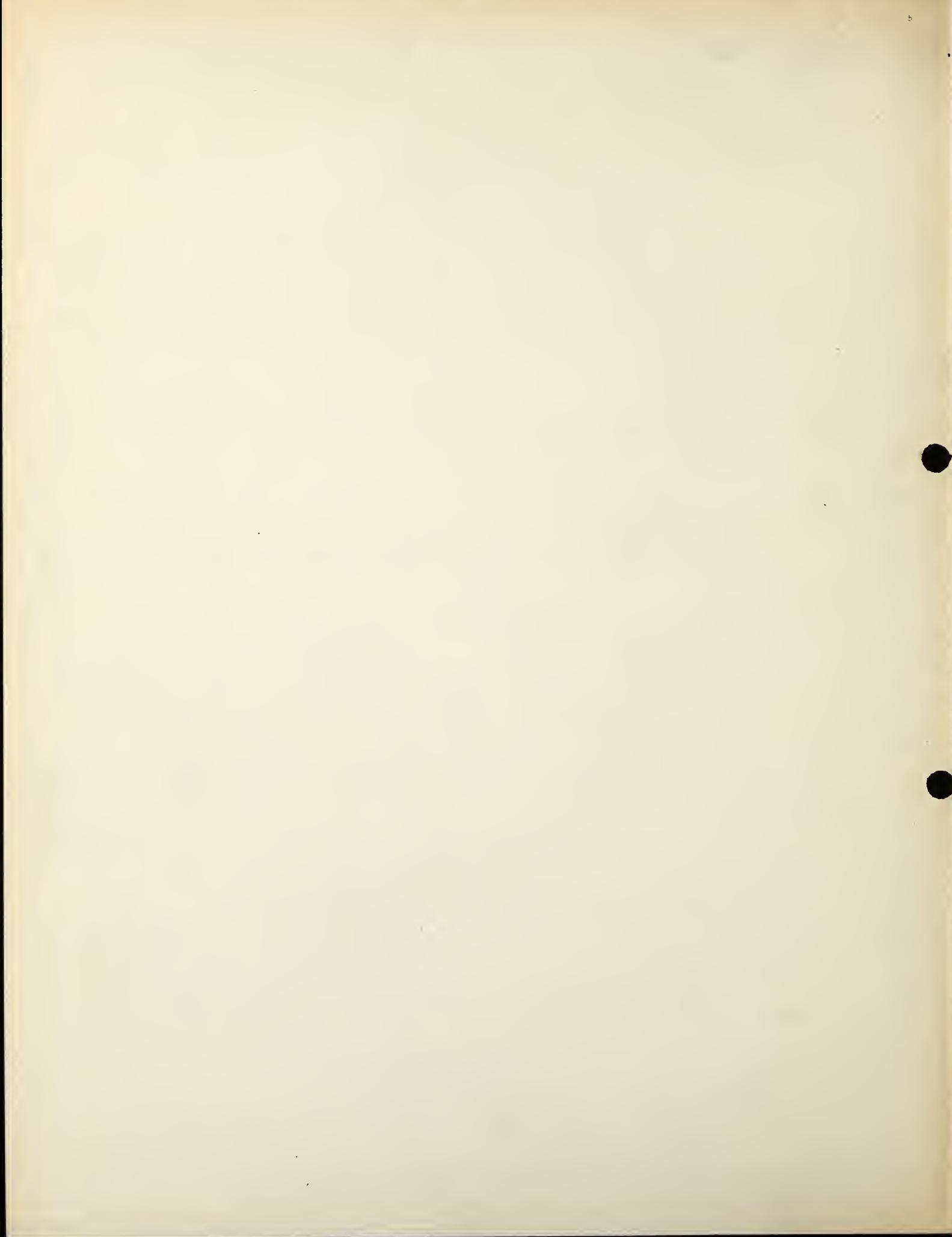
"After all," she concluded, "I believe that my favorite relaxation is just to sit and talk with my friends."

a list of her books includes Love letters of a musician, Later love letters of a musician, The spinster book, Lavender and old lace, Pickaback songs, The shadow of victory, The master's violin, The book of clever beasts, At the sign of the Jack O'Lantern, A spinner in the sun, Love affairs of literary men, Flower of the dusk, Old rose and silver.

Editor's note: Myrtle Reed died in 1911, not long after this sketch was published. Among her books the following are in braille:

Lavender and old lace. 2v. CPH

Old rose and silver. 3v. CPH



Grace Zaring Stone

Grace Zaring Stone was born in New York City on January 9, 1896. She is the great-granddaughter of the Socialistic reformer, Robert Dale Owen, who was a member of Congress and Ambassador to Naples, and as a firm believer in spiritualism, wrote "Footprints on the Boundary of Another World."

She was educated in a convent in New York and in Paris, but at fifteen decided that she had had enough of school. Music was her serious study and was to be her career. She studied dancing, too, at the Duncan School in Paris. While still a young girl she went alone to Australia where she stayed with an aunt for a year. She returned by way of New Guinea, the East Indies, and Malaya.

Grace Zaring Stone resumed her studies in France until the outbreak of the World War, She worked for six months in the British Red Cross and then her health demanded that she take a rest.

She is the wife of Lieutenant Commander Ellis S. Stone of the United States Navy. Since their marriage she has lived two years in the West Indies, a year and a half in Europe while her husband served with the European Squadron, and two years in China, where her husband was stationed during the civil war and revolution.

Her first book was "Letters to a Djinn", a comic travelogue novel in the form of letters.

Mrs. Stone published "The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena" in 1929. It is the story of the Mother Superior in a Spanish convent who fights an inevitable love.

For her third novel, "The Bitter Tea of General Yen, she drew upon her experiences during the harrowing years in China. After eight months in Shanghai where there was continual fighting, Mrs. Stone had persuaded her husband, who commanded the flagship of the Yangtse river patrol, to take her to Hangchow for a rest and a change. The capital city mentioned in the book is in reality Hangchow, and at the time the Stones went there the province was ruled by just such an intelligent, unscrupulous, and benevolent gentleman as "General Yen". In "The Bitter Tea of General Yen", the author introduces a cultivated New England girl who goes to China to marry a medical missionary, and suddenly finds herself in this setting. The book was published in England under the title, "Bitter Tea."

Mrs. Stone is a tall, slender woman, a witty conversationalist, vivacious and reckless in

spirit, with dark brown curly hair and bright hazel eyes.

The Stones now live in Washington, D.C., with their young daughter, Eleanor. The books by Grace Zaring Stone are: Letters to a Djinn, 1922, The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena, 1929, The Bitter Tea of General Yen, 1930.

Editor's note: The only book in braille by this author is The bitter tea of General Yen.

2v. Grade 2 ABFR 4v. Cleveland, LC

Elizabethan Drama Before Shakespeare; From The Story of the
World's Literature, by John Macy.

If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there linger in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.

---Marlowe.

English drama springs from two main sources, the popular and the literary. The popular forerunners of Shakespeare are the miracle plays of the middle ages. The miracle plays were simple dialogues based on Bible stories, such as the story of Abraham and Isaac and the birth of the Savior. They were actually performed in the churches with all reverence. But the actors, whether priests or laymen, introduced secular ideas, even comic ones, and ecclesiastical authority forbade them inside the church. The people enjoyed them and continued to play them in public places. The guilds, or trades unions, took them up and prided themselves on the excellence of their performances. The groups of plays that survive are named for the towns in which they developed, Chester, York, Coventry. It is probable that the other name for these plays, "m' steries," has nothing to do with the sacredness of the subject but comes, both in English and in French, from the word "mystere," which means a trade, because the players were craftsmen. However that may be, here was the beginning of dramatic dialogue, the trained actor and primitive stagecraft. Besides the miracle plays, and a little later, there were the morality plays, in which the characters are allegorical abstractions. Some of these have real literary quality. A good example is "Everyman," which was revived on our stage a few years ago and proved very effective.

It is true that most of the liturgical plays, versified Biblical episodes in crude dialogue and the moralities which have for their characters abstractions, Sin, Hate, Pride, Folly, and so on, and the interludes, which are wholly secular entertainments, often farcical jibes at human nature--all these preliminaries to the great drama have little poetic quality. Their interest is historical, archeological. Yet it is an interest not to be neglected. As Saints-



bury says with emphatic italics, "The modern drama did arise out of the Miracles. The Miracles did pass into the Moralities. The Moralities did pass into modern drama." But if one may modestly pit one's ignorance against vast and venerable learning, I venture to say that Saintsbury goes too far when he says: "Though the imitation of the ancient classical drama, and its performance in schools and universities, coloured, shaped, generally influenced the modern drama most momentously, this drama no more arose out of them than Spenser rose out of Virgil, or Hooker out of Cicero."

At any rate, even the earliest crude specimens of English drama which have anything like the modern play form were written by university men who may be supposed to have had a glimpse of the classics. The earliest "legitimate" English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," was written about the middle of the sixteenth century by Udall, headmaster of Eton and a graduate of Oxford. The play is English in substance, crude slap-stick humor, but there is a dramatic outline and continuity which suggests the descent upon English shoulders of the classic robe. The diction is English doggerel of little merit.

Another farce, coarse and cheap, heavily funny, is "Gammer Gurton's Needle," by John Still, a Cambridge graduate who became Vice-Chancellor of his university. It is thoroughly English in its rough laughter but it has a construction which is as old as the classics and was new to English.

The first English tragedy in regular form, the Senecan, is "Gorbuduc," reputed to have been written in whole or in part by Sackville, whom we have met as an early lyric or narrative poet. It is a dull play in stodgy unilluminated verse. But it has an approach toward shape, progressive action, and sense of character.

All these plays are but groping experiments, and so are others in the early years of the great queen's reign, and so too rudimentary and dull are most of the plays before Marlowe. But immediately before Marlowe and surrounding him is a group of dramatists, who were also lyric poets, pamphleteers and miscellaneous writers, and so-called University Wits, Llyl, Greene, Nash, Peele, Lodge, and Kyd (who went to a public school if not to a university). The merit of these men, except Marlowe, is not great and it suffers diminution because we see them through the blazing glory of the mature Elizabethan drama.

Llyl, whose euphuistic prose is so conceited and false, loses much of his vice and

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increases his virtue when he turns to romantic drama. "Endymion" and "The Woman in the Moon" are (to euphuize) of fine fancy if not of immortal imagery. Shakespeare evidently knew them, and it is not without significance that Jonson in the memorial verses prefixed to the Shakespeare folio groups Llyl, Kyd, and Marlowe.

Peele is at his best in two plays, "The Arraignment of Paris," a pastoral court masque which contains some lovely lines, and "David and Bethsabe," a really dramatic rendering of the Bible story with many passages of poetic beauty.

Greene's best play, "Frair Bacon and Friar Bungay," is a mixture of the supernatural, of horse-play and love story, a combination to be found in much higher form in Marlowe's "Faustus." More interesting than Greene's dramas are his pamphlets, notably his "Groat's Worth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance," which contains the famous left-handed complimentary reference to Shakespeare as "Shakescene."

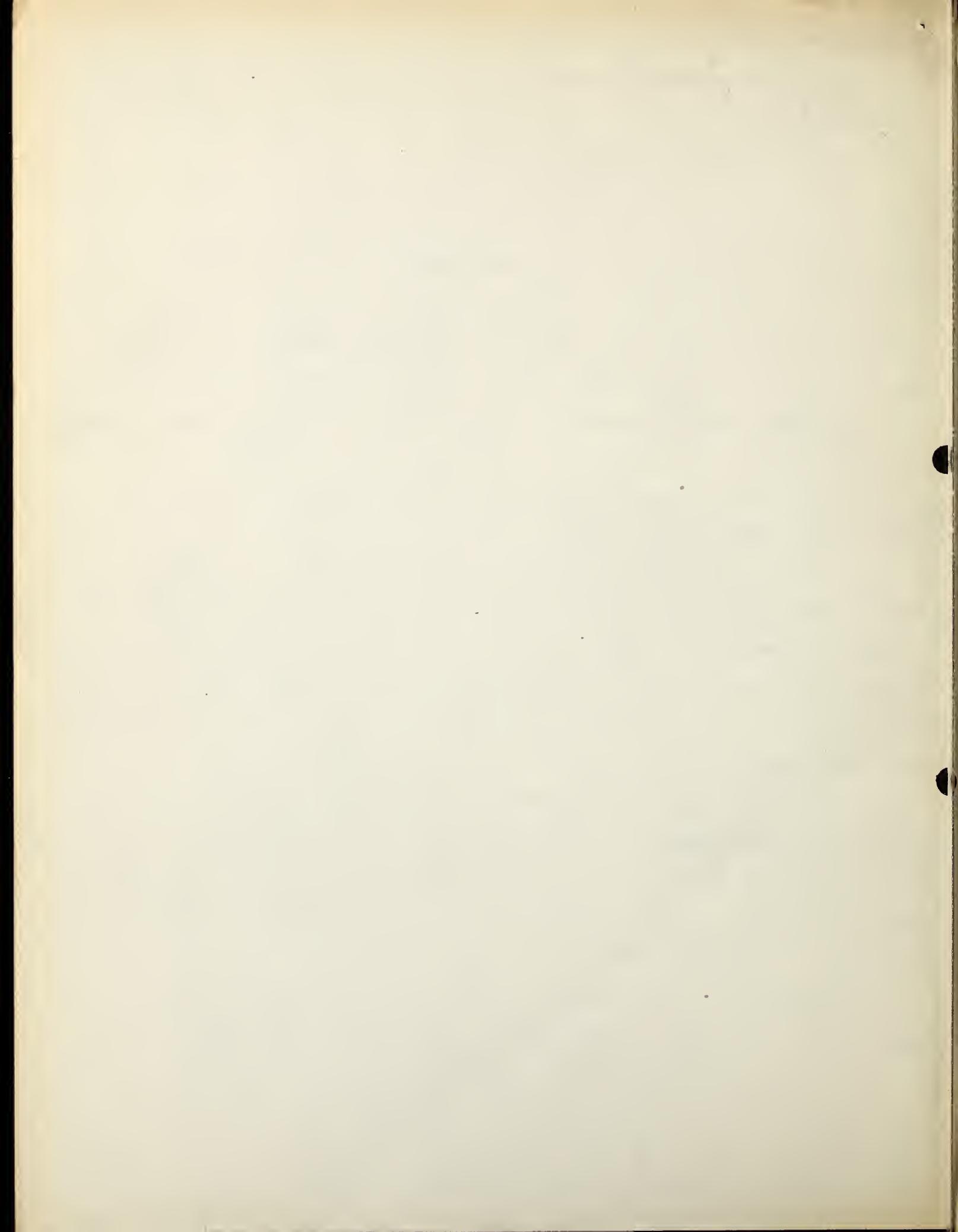
Lodge is very much more important as lyric poet and pamphleteer than as dramatist, and Nash, a clever pamphleteer, barely touched the drama.

Kyd in "The Spanish Tragedy" gives an early example of the tragedy of blood, full of rant and murder; in other words, roaring melodrama.

Dwarfing all these and himself undwarfed by even the greatest Shakespeare or Wilton, is Marlowe, the first great tragic poet in our language, a fierce, insolent spirit, who accomplished miracles of beauty in the short twenty-nine years of his life. He wrote four plays, in all of which the theme is human ambition and love of power, the will of man to penetrate the baffling mystery of the universe. His best play is "Faustus", based on the old legend of the magician who sold his soul to the Devil in return for a brief period of unlimited power. This is the story which Goethe wrought into his complicated philosophic poem, "Faust", and is the subject of Gounod's perennially popular opera. In Marlowe's play the tragic hero is the poet himself, rebellious against human bondage and striving toward infinite knowledge. The play contains much fustian, but it also contains passages on Marlowe's "admired themes," some of the most magnificent verse that has ever been written in English. Blank verse, even in the hands of Shakespeare, cannot be more sonorous. When Mephistophilis summons Helen of Troy, Faustus speaks the famous lines:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.



And when Faustus asks:

How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Mephistophilis replies:

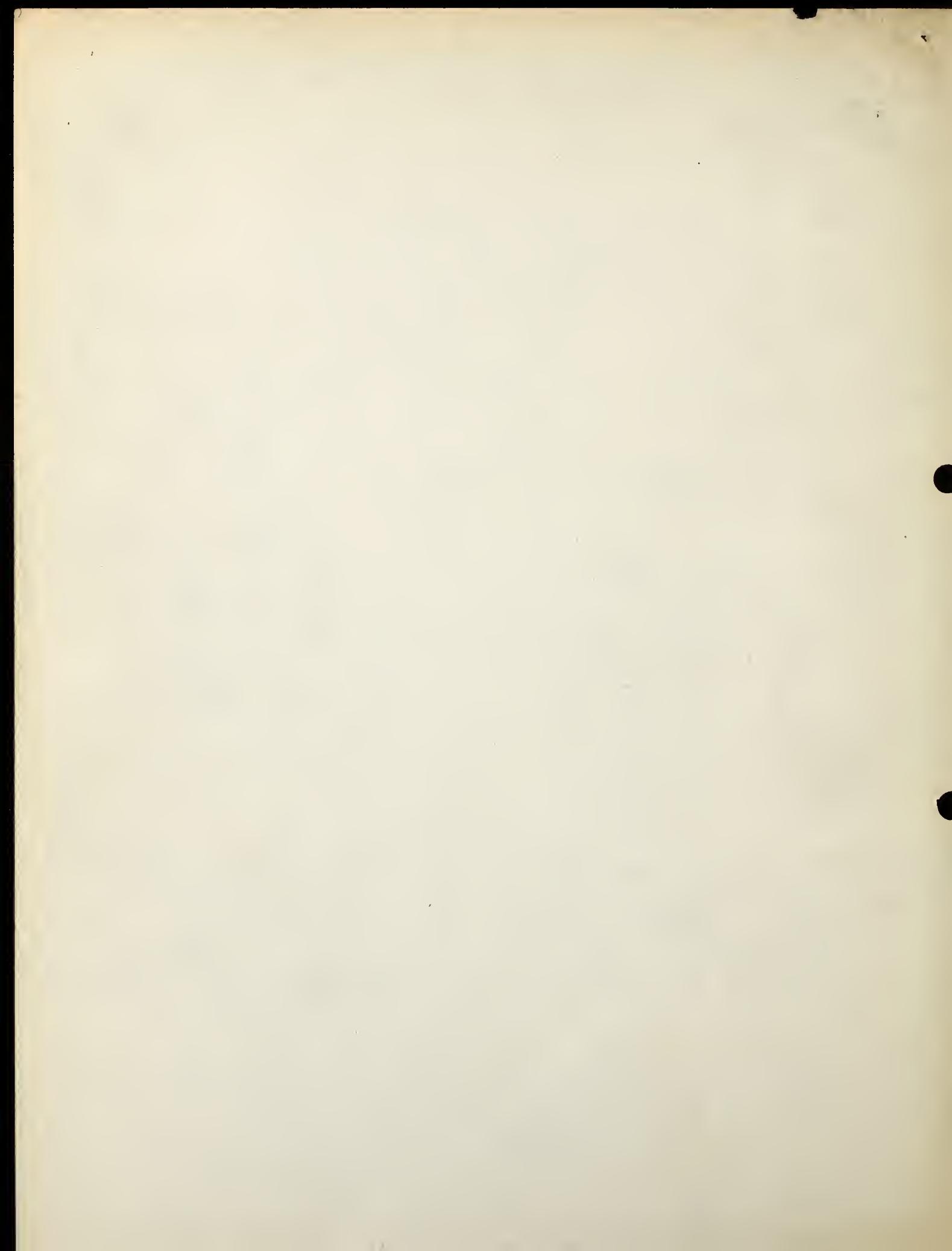
Why this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Thinkst thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?

"Faustus" is Marlowe's masterpiece. But the three other plays are as characteristic and are crammed with fine things. "Tamburlaine the Great," his first arrogant challenge to the world of poetry, is a rhetorical pageant, young with a Byronic youth. Here indeed are what the prologue promises, high astounding terms, Marlowe's mighty line, as Jonson called it. The barbaric splendor of it pushed one stage further would break and flutter into mere theatrical trappings. But Marlowe is in command of his great natural power. "The Jew of Malta," with its terrible cruelty, is a good specimen of the tragedy of blood and it shows most clearly Marlowe's one shortcoming--the lack of wisdom, which may be due to passionate youth, complete indifference to human character, or ignorance of it. When in "Edward II" the facts of history and of actual character subdue him he is somewhat ill at ease, there are not so many magnificent lines, but the play is dramatically and humanly his best.

Marlowe was a great lyric and narrative poet. He would be remembered for his "Hero and Leander" alone, in which is the line that everybody knows, though not everybody knows that he wrote it:

Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?

Neither Marlowe nor any other one man created blank verse or suddenly made English tragedy. But there is truth in the opinion of Swinburne that "He is the greatest discoverer, the most daring and inspired pioneer, in all our poetic literature...After his arrival the way was prepared, the paths were made straight, for Shakespeare."



Braille Book Review

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Braille Book Review
Book Announcements, June 1933

A book is an offer of friendship from him who writes to him who reads.—Meiklejohn

Ackerman, S.B. Insurance. BIA To be embossed.

Bailey, Temple. Little girl lost. 2v. 1932 CPH Love story about a young girl of 19 who takes a year to make up her mind just which man she wants to marry — the fascinator who doesn't really believe in marriage, and hasn't a nickel, or the fine-looking young man who wants terribly to marry her, and is incidentally worth several millions. She arrives at her momentous decision after a number of adventures, and promises to marry the nice young man with the millions.

Burnett, F.H. T.Tembarom. To be embossed.

Butzel, Ben. A digest of insurance. BIA To be embossed.

Catherwood, M.H. The romance of Dollard. 1v. 1906 BIA FF Grade 2. Dollard was "the man of courageous heart" who saved New France from the Iroquois in 1660.

Crane, Stephen. The red badge of courage. 1v. 1925 BIA FF Grade 2. A short novel devoted to one protracted episode, the battle of Chancellorsville, and to the psychology of a soldier in action. The author's impressions were absorbed in boyhood from the tales of men who had been in battle.

Deeping, Warwick. The eyes of love. 3v. CPH To be embossed.

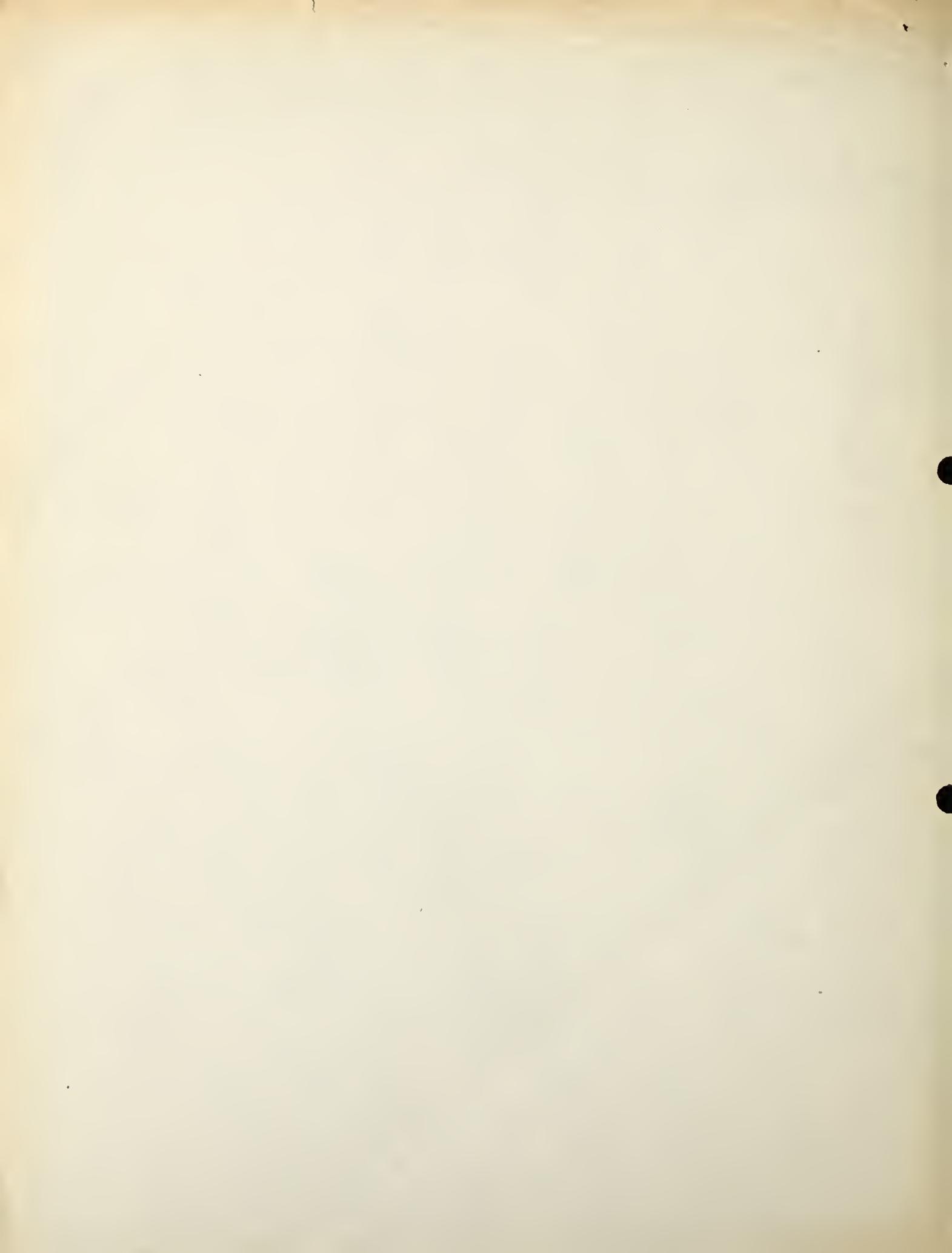
Goforth, Rosalind. How I know God answers prayers. To be embossed.

Goldstone, G.A., compiler. One-act plays. (Academy classics for junior high school.) 4v.

1926 APH

Grey, Zane. (For sketch of his life see Feb. 1932 number) Robbers' roost. 3v. 1932 CPH A tale of wild adventure in Utah in the '70's of a battle between two rival bands of robbers, and of the rescue of an English girl from the stronghold of the robber chief.

Hare, Martin, pseudonym. The enchanted winter. 3v. 1933 ABFR FF Grade 2. Philip Silver, a bank clerk in Liverpool, learns that he is to be left an estate in Ireland. He leaves the bank and lives with relations in order to acquire the stock-in-trade of a country gentleman. The author, daughter of a Protestant clergyman of County Cork, lived for eighteen years in a small rectory, and therefore her knowledge of conditions in South Ireland is accurate.



Hardy, Marjorie. Best stories. 3v. HMP Supplementary reading in the kindergarten.

Henry, Patrick, see note under author M.C.Tyler.

Lehmann, Rosamond. Invitation to the waltz. 2v. 1932 CPH FF Grade 2 The heroine of the story is a girl awakening to her 17th birthday with a much anticipated dance just one week away. Most of the book is occupied with preparations for the event. The writer has revived the emotions and doubts and hopes of the very young with uncanny sympathy and humor, and has invested the two young sisters with equally charming but very distinct personalities. A minor character in the book is blind.

Lippmann, Walter. The United States in world affairs; an account of American foreign relations, 1932. 3v. 1933 CPH FF Grade 2 This survey is the joint product of Walter Lippmann, William O. Scroggs, and Charles Merz under the direction of Mr. Lippmann. The writers find that at the close of 1932 "None of the great issues with the exception of German reparations, had definitely been settled. The world-wide depression was running its course unchecked by any common action of nations." Epilogue.

Lunt, D.C. The road to the law. 2v. 1932 BIA FF Grade 2 The author, member of the bar of Delaware and of Maine, explains the elements of the common law in terms intelligible to the layman, illustrated by actual cases. He attempts to do for the law what Dr. Logan Clendening did so brilliantly a few years ago for the medical profession. Though lacking the literary skill of the other, the author has written a book admirable in scope and clarity.

Marshall, F.V. The layman's legal guide. BIA To be embossed.

Mitchell, S. Weir. The adventures of Francois. 2v. 1898 BIA FF Grade 2 A novel of the French Revolution. The hero, who tells his own story, is a happy-go-lucky foundling who spends most of his life on the streets.

Morse, John T.,jr. John Adams. (American statesmen) 2v. 1900 BIA FF Grade 2 We have John Adams the man and patriot, in all his rugged honesty, full of courage in great emergencies when his judgment was not clouded by passion, a statesman without tact, vain and conceited, yet always a patriot, possessing the traits found in most of the world's great heroes, yet not reaching the stature of a hero. It is a truthful portrait.



Phillips, Ulrich B. Life and labor in the old south. 3v. 1929 BIA FF Grade 2. Messrs.

James Truslow Adams, Worthington C. Ford and Allan Nevins are to be congratulated on their fine discrimination in awarding to this volume the prize of \$2,500 offered by Little, Brown & Co. for the best unpublished work on American history. It is characterized by a ripened and well rounded scholarship, an erudition, an impartiality and an understanding which make it perhaps the most significant contribution to the history of the Old South in this generation.

Roosevelt, Franklin Delano. Looking forward. 2v. 1933 APH FF Grade 2. See review in this issue.

Snedeker, C.D. Theras and his town. lv. 1924 CPH Anthens and Sparta at the height of their power furnish the background for a little Athenian school-boy's exciting experiences.

The story will prove a pleasant stepping-stone to stories from Homer and Herodotus.

Sterne, E.G. No surrender. lv. 1932 CPH FF Grade 2 As this story opens, news of Lee's surrender had just reached the Thomas plantation in Alabama and as it progresses a true and stirring picture of the months immediately following is presented - months made forever memorable by the hours of waiting for the uncertain return of men from war and prison, months which witnessed the struggle to resume the says of peace and the business of making a living. Through the characters of the story, especially those of Julia Thomas and her son Christopher, something of the courage and steadfastness of the South is made clear and unforgettable for young readers.

Stevenson, Augusta. Abe Lincoln, frontier boy. HMP To be embossed.

Taylor, F.L. Adventures in happy living. HMP To be embossed.

Tyler, M.C. Patrick Henry. (American statesmen) 3v. CPH FF Grade 2. First published in 1887. May be fairly said to reconstruct the life of Patrick Henry and to vindicate his memory from the unappreciative estimate which has been placed upon it.

Van Doren, Mark, editor. American poets, 1630-1930. 7v. 1932 APH FF Grade 2 An anthology selected from the works of fifty-seven American poets, thirty-four of whom have done the major part of their work since 1900. The arrangement is chronological by birth date of the writers. Biographical notes are given. One can always quarrel with the editors of contemporary poetry; decision here is so largely a matter of personal judgment. We



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wonder, therefore, about certain inclusions and certain exclusions. Taken as a whole, however, Mr. Van Doren's choice shows taste and awareness of movements in the development of poetry in this country.

Weiss, Mollie. Playmates. Book two. lv. HMP Supplementary reading in the kindergarten.

Hand-copied Books

Adler, Felix. Life and destiny; or, Thoughts from the ethical lectures of Felix Adler. lv. 1903 NYPL

Barker, R.L. Caballeros. 8v. Oklahoma. 1931 This account of the old Spanish-American town of Santa Fé begins with chapters on its early history during the days of the caballeros "gentlemen-on-horseback," and continues with the story of the years when Santa Fé was an important American frontier town down to the present, with its intermingling of ancient customs and modern Americanization.

Barrie, J.M. Margaret Ogilvy. 2v. Atlanta, LC, Denver. 1896 A charming picture of Barrie's mother, a shrewd, mirthful, pious and intensely human woman.

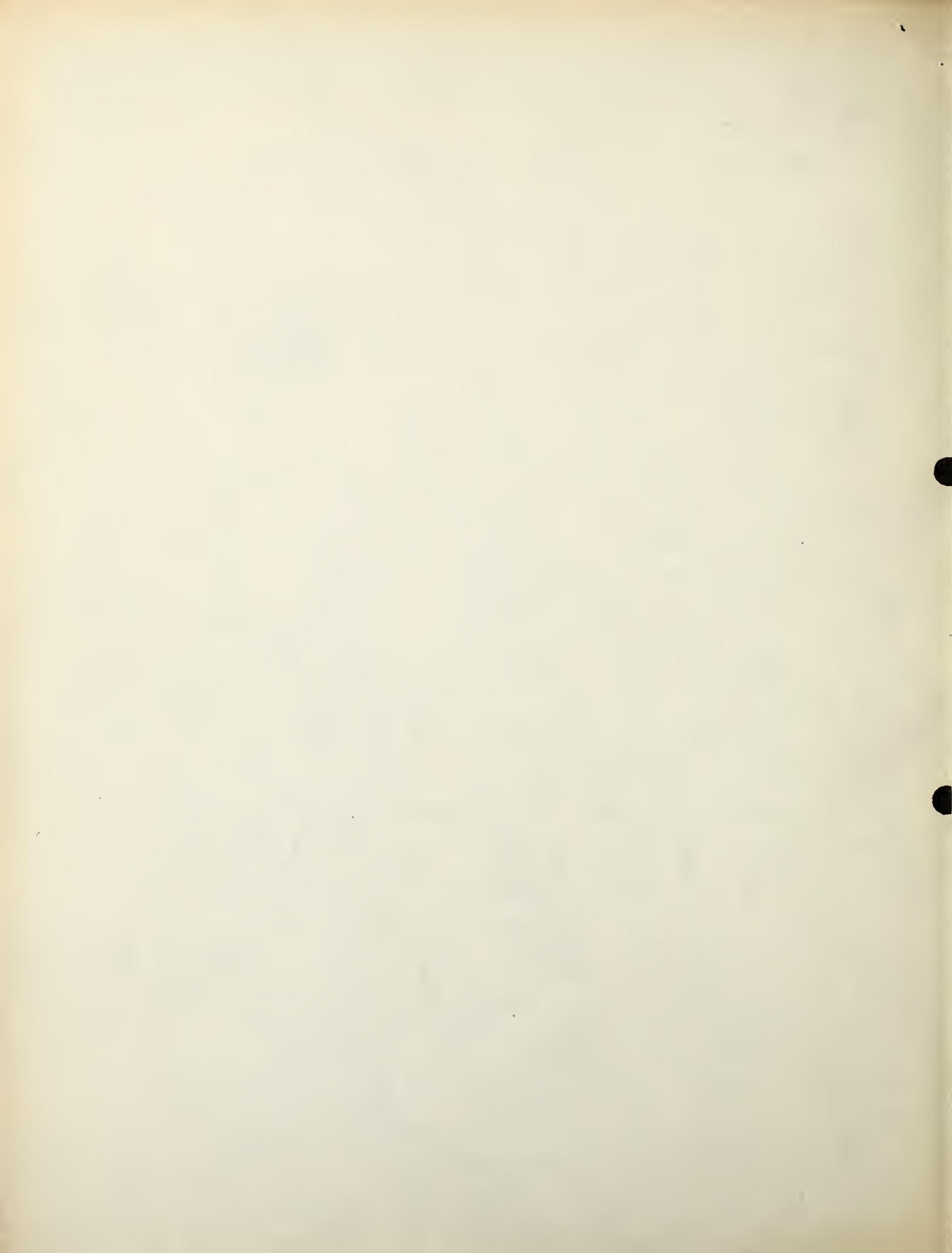
Buck, Frank. Bring 'em back alive. 7v. 1930 NYPL A most exciting book. The stories are told modestly, as mere matter of fact and all in the day's work. It is a conversational sort of narrative, as if Mr. Buck were talking it to you off-hand and so, inevitably, it is a bit over-stocked with words. But it is vivid and lively and the book can be recommended to anybody who likes being made to sit on the edge of his chair and gasp for breath as his eyes eat up the print to see what happens next.

Dallam, Helen. The difference between counterpoint and harmony, from "Etude" magazine. lv. L de Schweinitz, Carl. Growing up: the story of how we become alive, are born and grow up. lv. 1928 Now in Detroit, Cleveland, and Perkins.

Doyle, A.C. Through the magic door. 3v. NYPL Also in grade 2. This volume of essays is a piece of beautiful writing containing arresting opinions about literature. It is a work that bids fair to survive longer than all else that he wrote.

Hawkes, Clarence. Dapples of the circus; the story of a Shetland pony. 2v. NYPL

Hooker, F.C. Star; the story of an Indian pony. 3v. NYPL Told from the point of view of a pony belonging to Songbird, the little daughter of a Comanche chief.



Housman, A.E. A Shropshire lad. 1v. LC, NYPL, Sacramento, St. Louis. First published in 1896. Its 63 short lyrics have exerted more influence on other poets, and have been more widely read than any other book of verse of modern times.

-----Last poems. 1v. 1922 NYPL For over twenty-five years the author kept an eager public waiting for this second book of his verse. Its poems are all short lyrics of great beauty and melody, very personal in feeling.

Huneker, J.G. Franz Liszt. 7v. NYPL Certain aspects of Liszt's life and are are studied without strict adherence to chronological sequence. The result, though it falls short of the author's original plan for an exhaustive biography, is admirable and the book gives a vivid impression of this many sided musical genius, his career and the adulation which he received.

Lanier, H.W. O rare content. 5v. 1930 Detroit. A nervous wreck of a city man, sentenced by his doctor to six months on an old New Hampshire farm, regains health and a cheerful if slightly cynical outlook by this experience and his humorous narration of what he saw and heard in exile makes the tissue of the book.

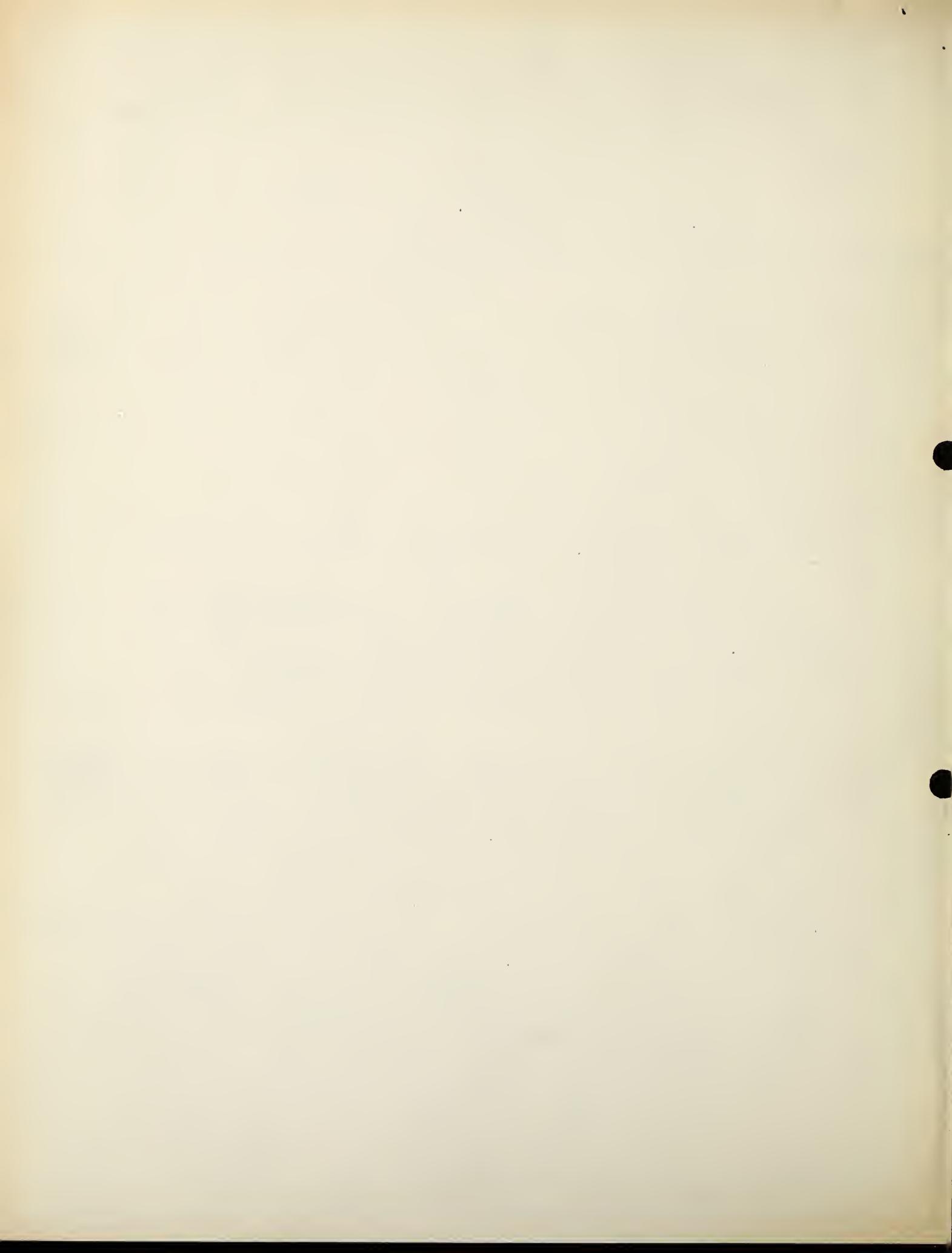
Martin, A.W. Comparative religion and the religion of the future. 2v. 1926 NYPL A popular treatment of various phases of the religions of the world by one who is sympathetic toward all of them while expecting to see them all transcended in the future religion of humanity.

Norris, Kathleen. Belle-mère. 8v. 1931 LC How Shelley Davenport St.John, beloved daughter of an elderly doctor and his wife, and married to the only son of a doting mother, finally solved the problem of mothers-in-law in the home. In this absorbing story by Kathleen Norris we have one of her best studies of human nature.

Oppenheim, E.P. Th golden beast. 5v. 1925. St.Louis. A detective story in which Scotland Yard, an eminent scientist and a lady of high degree unite to solve the mystery.

Richards, Mrs. L.E.H. Captain January. 2v. 1902 Detroit. About an old lighthouse keeper and a little girl whom he rescued from the sea.

Santee, Ross. Cowboy. 5v. 1928 Detroit. At fourteen Santee tired of roping hogs and chickens on his father's east Texas farm and started west to be a cowboy. His father brought him home from that trip in quick time. But his determination grew and not long



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thereafter his father gave him a horse and forty dollars and let him depart. The boy wandered from outfit to outfit looking for a job, meeting all kinds of rebuffs and hardships and keeping his courage high. Before he was twenty he was taken on as a regular hand and his life as a cowboy began.

Selected short stories, edited with an introduction and notes by Claude M. Fuess. 5v. 1914. LC Tarkington, Booth. Alice Adams. 5v. Now in Detroit and NYPL The story of a small-town girl whose pathetic efforts to live up to a false social standard end disastrously. It does not let down into sentimentality at the end, but in the intimation that the girl herself has gained a new viewpoint, there is something of a satisfactory, if not a happy, ending.

Wells, Carveth. Six years in the Malay jungle. 4v. 1925 LC Sent to the Malay peninsula in 1913 to survey a railroad route, Mr. Wells was kept there by the fortunes of war for six years. His narrative of experiences contains animal tales and jungle exploits so striking as sometimes to suggest nature fakers' and travellers' tales, but the accuracy of his natural history is vouched for in the preface by no less of an authority than F. A. Lucas of the American Museum of Natural History.

Wharton, Edith. Sanctuary. 2v. NYPL A study of heredity. A woman of fine instincts married to a man of defective moral nature, tries to save her son from the consequences of an inherited taint.



Looking Forward, by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Taken from a review
by a member of the Editorial Staff of the New York Herald Tribune

One is entitled to marvel at the energy, or perhaps a better word would be the self-possession, of a man who on the eve of his inauguration as President of the United States can prepare a book for publication. "Looking Forward," to be sure, is "essentially a compilation from many articles written and speeches made prior to March 1, 1933," to quote from Mr. Roosevelt's own introduction. Yet in the circumstances, with the problems and importunities that must have been his, with an unexampled test of leadership at hand, the task of synthesizing this material must have required a very unusual power of detachment. The result is an unhurried, dispassionate, entirely coherent resume of his political philosophy and of the larger aspects of the program which, as President, he hopes to consummate.

It has not occurred to most Americans to think of their new President as the scholar in politics. He has never made any parade of erudition, having been identified for most of his adult life with the practical affairs of state. Yet in this book there is unmistakable evidence of the scholarly mind. The clear, crisp, graceful style, the ability shown to express fundamentals in terms as simple as they are free of the vernacular, seem especially noticeable. Also marked is the consistent "follow through" from broad premise to particular conclusion. It is the work of a man who has made a careful selection of his mental baggage and kept it in order against the rush of events.

Intellectually Mr. Roosevelt belongs in the line of succession from Jefferson through Wilson. "We have in our own history," he writes, "three men who chiefly stand out for the universality of their interest and of their knowledge, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt. All three were possessed of a profound culture in the best sense of the word. And of the three, I think that Jefferson was in many ways the deepest student."

• • •

Here is President Roosevelt's creed: "I believe that our industrial and economic system is made for individual men and women, and not individual men and women for the benefit of the system.

I believe that the individual should have full liberty of action to make the most of himself; but I do not believe that in the name of the sacred word, individualism, a few power-



ful interests should be permitted to make industrial cannon fodder of the lives of half the population of the United States.

I believe in the sacredness of private property, which means that I do not believe that it should be subjected to the ruthless manipulation of professional gamblers in the stock market and in the corporate system.

I share the common complaint against regimentation; I dislike it not only when it is carried out by an informal group amounting to an economic government of the United States, but also when it is done by the government of the United States itself.

I believe that the government, without becoming a prying bureaucracy, can act as a check or counterbalance of this oligarchy so as to secure initiative, life, a chance to work and the safety of savings to men and women, rather than safety to exploitation to the exploiter, safety of manipulation to the financial manipulator, safety of unlicensed power to those who would speculate to the bitter end with the welfare and property of other people.

We must get back to first principles; we must make American individualism what it was intended to be - equality of opportunity for all, the right of exploitation for none."



Henry VanDyke, internationally known as a teacher, clergyman and author, died at his home in Princeton, New Jersey, on April 10th. He was 81 years of age, and had been in ill health for the past eight months.

Dr. VanDyke was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1852. He was graduated from the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute in 1869, received his A.B. from Princeton in 1873, and his M.A. three years later. At this time he was unable to decide whether to become a preacher or a writer, but entered the Princeton Theological Seminary, which he attended for two years. Princeton University awarded him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1884. He was pastor of the United Congregational Church in Newport, Rhode Island, from 1879 until 1882 when he took the pulpit in the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City. This he held until 1900.

From 1900 until 1923 Dr. VanDyke was professor of English Literature in Princeton University. From 1913 until he resigned in 1917 he was U. S. minister to Netherlands and Luxembourg.

Dr. VanDyke was a prolific author. His first book, "The Reality of Religion," was published in 1884. In 1888 a sermon in pamphlet form on "The National Sin of Literary Piracy" was published by Scribner's, who published most of his works. The first volume to receive a wide circulation was "Little Rivers" published in 1895. His Christmas story, "The Other Wise Man" is still in constant demand. He wrote several volumes of poetry, beginning with "The Builders, and Other Poems" in 1897. His collected poetry was published in 1911. Three novels, "The Ruling Passion," "The Blue Flower," and "The Open Door" were his first important works of fiction. Dr. VanDyke was a great lover of the out of doors and wrote often on this subject. "Fisherman's Luck" is one of the best known of his outdoor studies. In 1908 he published "Out of Doors in the Holy Land." His latest work, "Gratitude," was one of a series of small inspirational volumes published by Dutton. It was published in 1930.

Dr. VanDyke was also the editor of the Gateway Series of English Texts, and "Little Masterpieces of English Poetry."

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

Americanism of Washington. 1v. APC

The Blue Flowers. 4v. Chicago, Sacramento.

First Christmas Tree. 1v. Austin.



The Fringe of Words. 1v. Seattle.

The Golden Key. 5v. LC

The Lost Word; and The Lost Boy. 2v. Portland.

A Lover of Music. 1v. APH

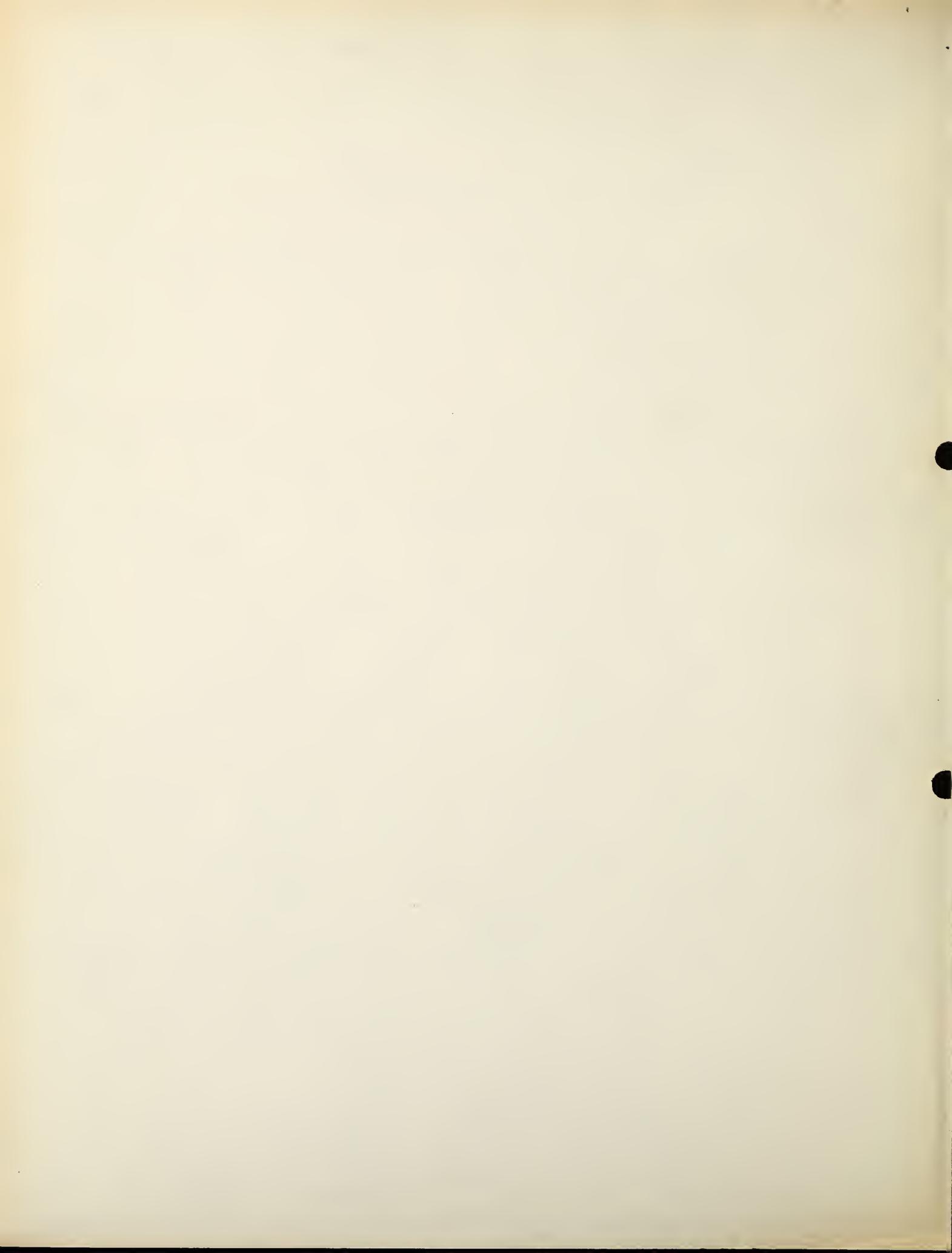
The Mansion. 1v. APH

The Return of Charm. 1v. Seattle.

Ships and Havens. 1v. Sacramento.

The Spirit of Christmas. Seattle.

The Story of the Other Wise Man. 1v. Grade 1 APH



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Earl Derr Biggers. From The Publishers' Weekly.

Earl Derr Biggers, American detective story writer, died in Pasadena, California, on April 5th from heart disease. He was forty-eight years old. Mr. Biggers had been writing fiction and plays since he was graduated from Harvard College in 1907, but it was not until he wrote "Seven Keys to Baldpate" in 1913 that he recognized that his forte was writing mysteries. Charlie Chan, the epigrammatic Chinese detective, who figures in so many of his books, and who is probably as well known as Sherlock Holmes, was an instantaneous hit with the book-reading public as well as with the movie public. The stories were translated into many foreign languages. After Mr. Biggers' graduation from Harvard, he joined the editorial staff of the Boston "Traveler" writing a humorous column and reviewing plays. He was a frequent contributor to the "Saturday Evening Post" and other magazines. His last novel was "Keeper of the Keys," and in March of this year Bobbs-Merrill, his publishers, brought out an omnibus volume of his Charlie Chan stories under the name of "Celebrated Cases of Charlie Chan."

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

The Agony Column. 2v. LC

Behind That Curtain. 7v. Detroit, Austin, Sacramento.

Black Camel. 2v. APH

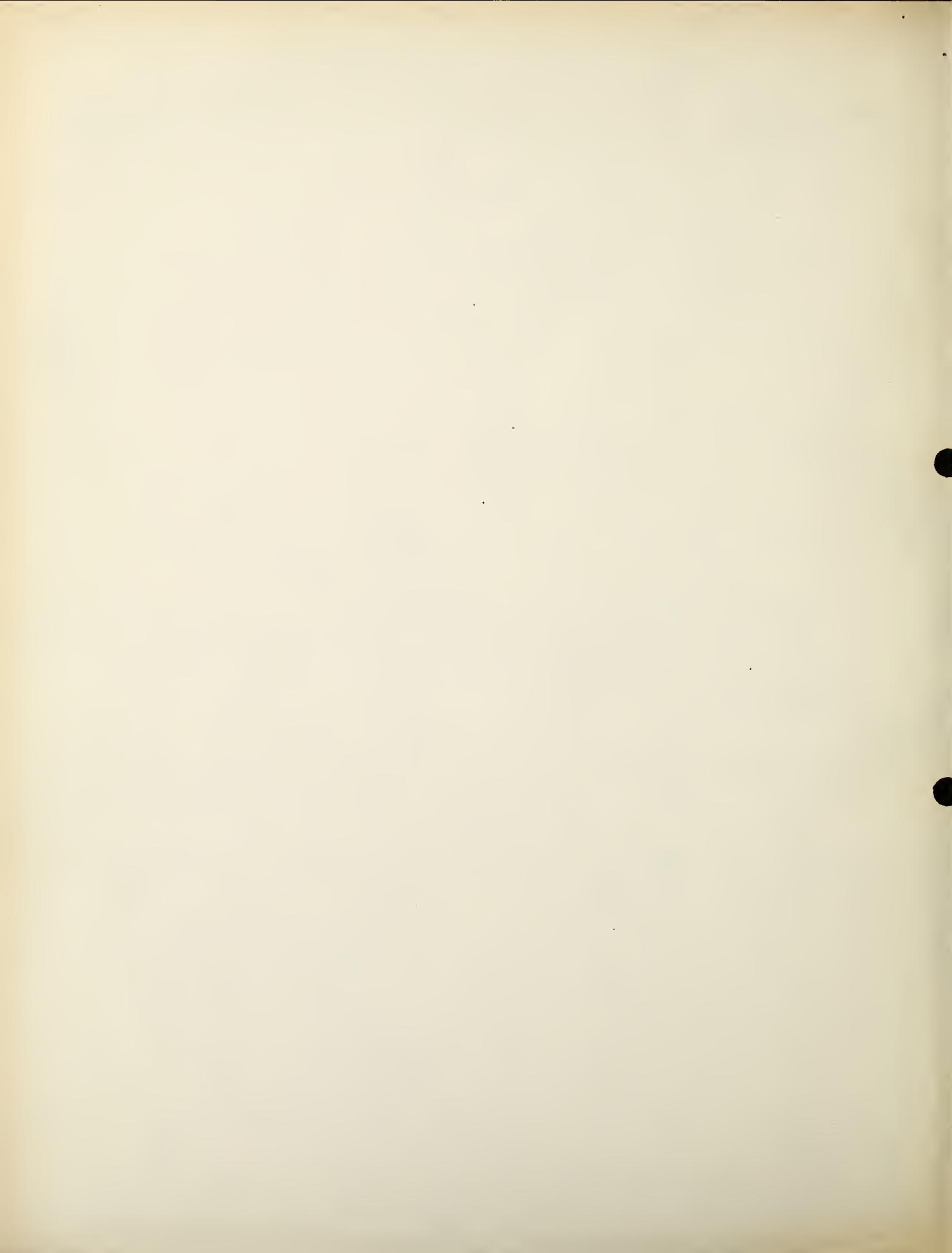
Charlie Chan Carries On. 7v. LC

Chinese Parrot. 7v. LC, Sacramento.

Fifty Candles. 2v. Detroit, Sacramento.

Honeymoon Flats. LC

The House Without a Key. PPS



Temple Bailey

"Nothing," once remarked an able American woman writer, "so appeals to women readers as a good love story. They are, perhaps, a little jaded, much-married, caught up with workaday cares. And it rests and refreshes them to read the story of those not-impossible young lovers. They had almost forgotten that this deliciousness is in the world; they are pleasantly reminded that they, too, once upon a time. . . ."

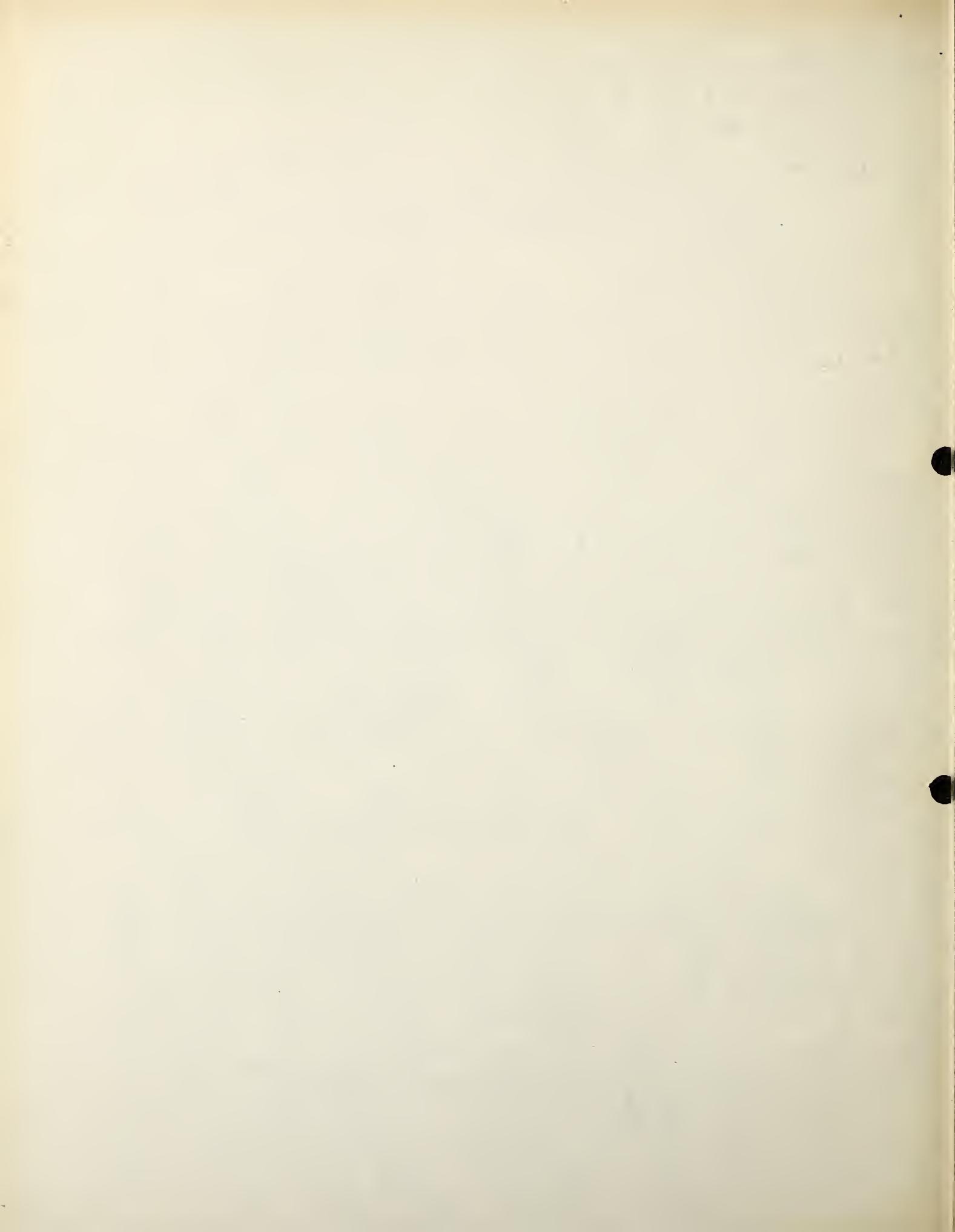
She was not defending the sentimental love story - which no more needs defense and no more merits scorn than a box of confectionery. But what she said explained rather well the popularity of such a writer as Temple Bailey and said what there is to say in justification of it.

(Irene) Temple Bailey was born in Petersburg, Virginia, the daughter of Milo Varnum Bailey and Emma Sprague Bailey. Despite her Virginia birth, her ancestry is of Massachusetts. Her childhood was spent in Washington, D.C., and she was educated in a girls' school at Richmond, Virginia. In recent years Miss Bailey has made her home in St. Louis.

Success with magazine stories led her to try her hand at novels. Two or three of these served to draw her full audience and for the last ten years her new book has regularly been reported among the best-sellers.

In an autobiographical sketch which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post she writes:

"In my early writing days a suddenly illuminated correspondent wrote, "I understand that Temple Bailey is no gentleman." In spite of a style which has since been called by critics unmistakably feminine, I was addressed for years by publishers, editors, and those who knew me only through my stories, as "Mr. Bailey": a mistake which would not have occurred had I used the "Irene Temple" which is my full name, and which has belonged to more than one generation of my family. Yet had my readers known me always as a woman, I fear that I might have missed many delightful letters. There were men who, believing me a man, wrote without self-consciousness. There were women who, believing me a man, wrote with entire self-consciousness. There was one darling old lady who told of her school-teacher days in Minnesota, and of a little lad whom she had taught: "I can see him now as he stood in front of my desk in red tippet and red mittens, with his mischievous eyes meeting mine. My name was Mary Blank. The boy's name was Temple Bailey. Are you the boy?"



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There were girls, too, whose youth flamed in every line, and whose letters I left unanswered lest I destroy their belief in a fire which matched their own. In reading some of these youthful screeds I was assailed at times by a sense of double personality, as if I were not in the least a sane and rather well-balanced person with a flair for writing romances, but a Byronic masculine who burned midnight oil, and rose and fell to temperamental heights and depths of ecstasy and despair!

I have never burned midnight oil, and I have always envied those who do. I have a feeling that Kipling and Conrad and Wells and Snaith and our own Tarkington and Margaret De-land must have moments when they rise from their beds and dash off masterpieces by candle dips. As for myself, a typewriter and three hours in the morning do the trick. There is never a fine frenzy. I wish there were, and hope for it.

For the rest, I love opals, the ocean, orderly living. My political allegiance went to Theodore Roosevelt, and now that he is dead I look for another of his kind to lead me. I like old-fashioned churches and old-fashioned houses. I like up-to-date ideas and new fashions in clothes. I am neither Bolshevik nor Bahemian. Yet a strain of Spanish gypsy blood may account for certain wayfaring moods in which I travel north, south, east and west. I am an American and love mine own people. And since I am of Massachusetts ancestry, of Virginia birth, with years of residence in Washington, and other years of sojourning in New England, the Middle West and on the Coast, I know the lands of Bret Harte, of Mark Twain, of Mary Wilkins, of Thomas Nelson Page. I wish sometimes that I knew only one section that I might make it in a literary sense my own.¹²

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

The Blue Window. 3v. CPH

Burning Beauty. 5v. St. Louis

Contrary Mary. 8v. Sacramento.

The Dim Lantern. 4v. CPH

The Gay Cockade. 1v. Jacksonville.

Glory of Youth. 5v. LC

The Holly Hedge and other Christmas Stories. 1v. CPH

Lady Crusoe. 1v. Detroit.



Mistress Anne. 2v. CPH

Peacock Feathers. 6v. St.Louis.

Princess Anne. 2v. CPH

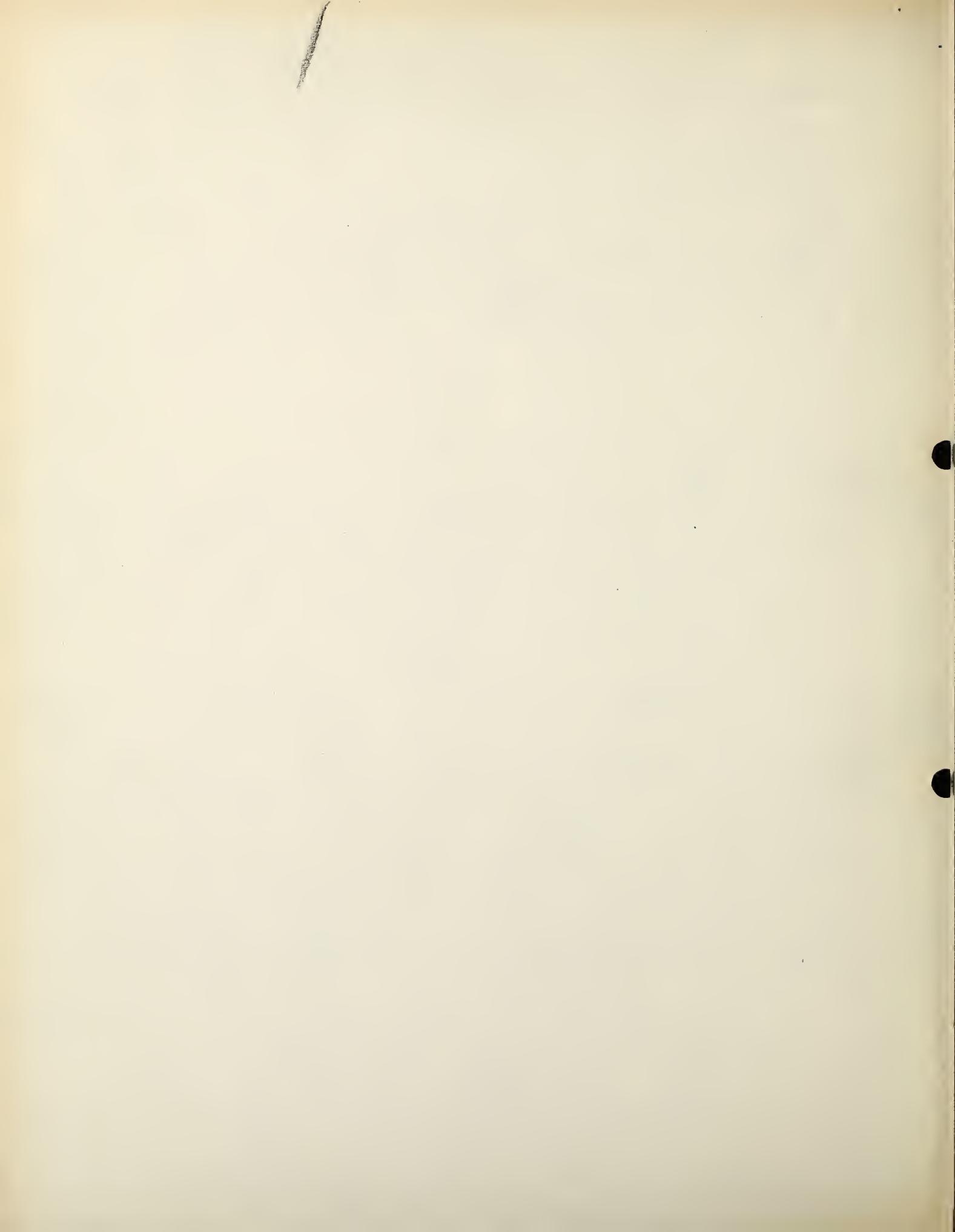
Sandwich Jane. Detroit.

Silver Slippers. 6v. St.Louis, Sacramento.

The Tin Soldier. 7v. LC

The Trumpeter Swan. 7v. Sacramento.

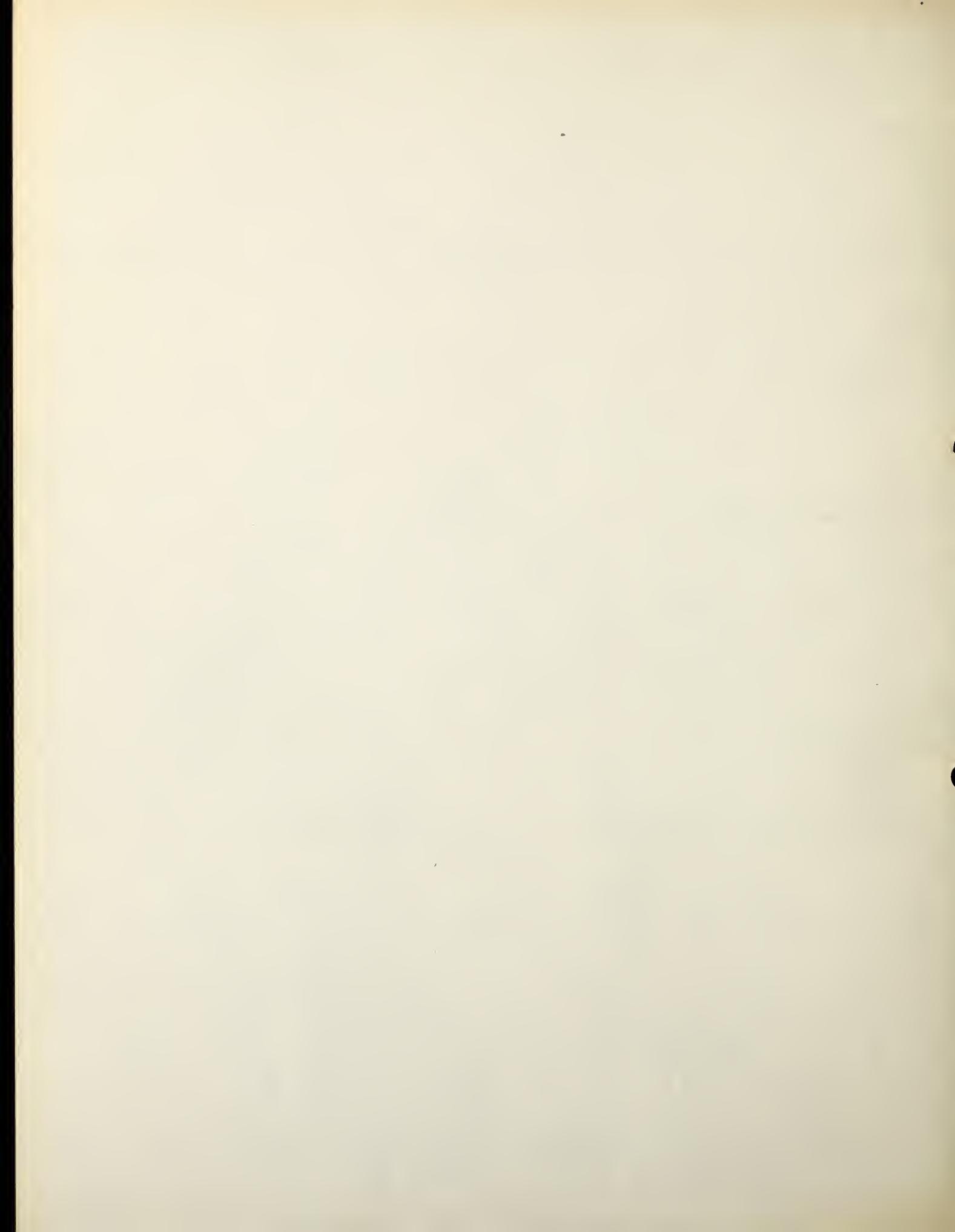
The Wallflowers. 7v. Dallas, LC, Sacramento.



New York Welcomes Shaw. From the Publisher's Weekly.

New York rose with spirit to welcome the visiting author, and Bernard Shaw was made to understand with what keen interest his visit was awaited by the whole city. His speech in the old crimson-hued Opera House was a notable occasion, and he spoke for nearly two hours without manuscript, delighting his audience because of the seriousness of his discussion and the wit and quick turn of the presentation. Thousands listed over the radio and the morning papers printed the text of the speech in full, a tribute to the importance the public placed on this visit.

Mr. Shaw's publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company, as represented by Frank C. Dodd and Howard C. Lewis, found Mr. and Mrs. Shaw charming and natural guests, keenly interested in the city. Mr. Lewis met the incoming boat at Quarantine and was called upon to play a part in protecting Mr. Shaw from the too zealous attention of the reporters. His wife felt that Mr. Shaw's strength should not be unduly taxed with the evening ahead. At the wharf Mr. Dodd met them with a car, and, at their request, showed them the principal sights of the city, up Fifth Avenue, through the Park, and, when they came to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Mr. Shaw insisted on alighting and spent nearly an hour examining all the chapels and every detail of the architecture. After the impressive view of the Hudson from the great Washington Bridge they lunched at the old Claremont Inn. By noon of the following day the Shaws had sailed for home.



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The Xavier Free Publication Society and Circulating Library for the Blind

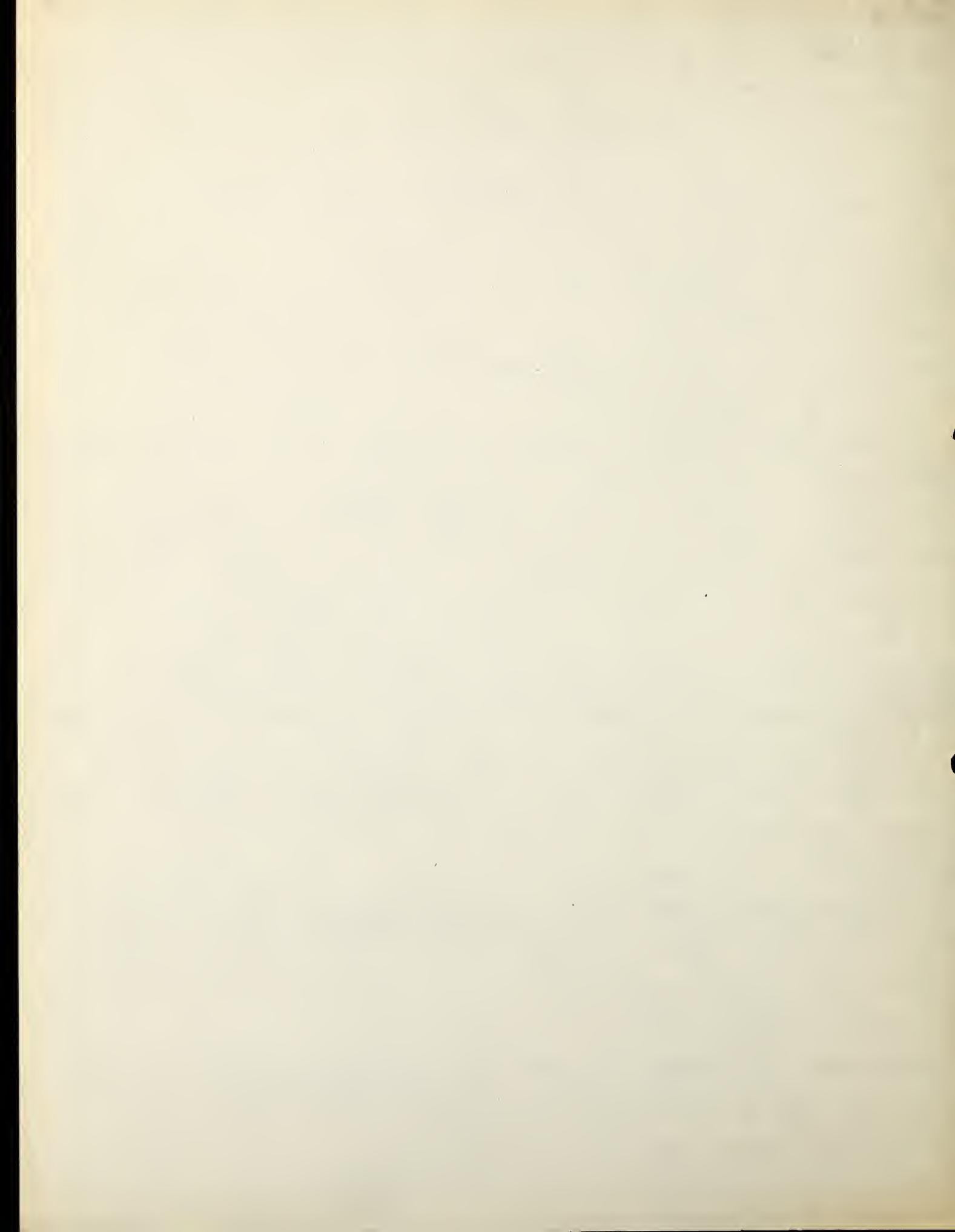
In the front window of a three story house in West Ninety-seventh Street, New York, midway between Riverside Drive and Central Park, there is a modest black and gold sign inscribed "The Xavier Free Publication Society and Circulating Library for the Blind." The block is one in which modern apartment buildings have not encroached and the house is an old fashioned New York house with a flight of stone steps and an English basement.

Through the doors of number 136, great bags of bulky Braille books are sent out by express each week to be mailed to every part of the United States, free of postal charge through the franking privilege extended by the Federal Government. These books are sent in response to the requests for reading matter made by blind Catholics. Two magazines, the Catholic Review and the Catholic Transcript, the former in Braille and the latter in New York Point, are also mailed free of all charge to any blind person who wants them.

The name of Father Stadelman has been associated with the Xavier Free Publication Society since its organization in 1900. Thirty years ago when he was a young priest, teaching five days of each week and busy with church work besides, he became interested in needs of deaf and dumb people. To them he devoted what leisure he could spare from his other duties. One of these handicapped women begged him to do something for the Catholic blind who had far greater needs. In this way began the fine work which has spread all over the United States and Canada.

Sitting before his desk piled high with papers which represent long hours of concentrated work Father Stadelman looks backward to 1900. Like many important movements this society owes much of its pioneer work to a little group of women.

"We started out by buying a New York Point kleidograph for \$15," Father Stadelman relates. "One of the ladies who volunteered her services asked her husband to contribute this fifteen dollars. With it we started out to see what we could do. I became acquainted with Mr. Waite of the New York Institute for the Blind and from him learned New York Point. Our first stereograph we bought for \$350, money which came to me through the interest and sacrifice of a blind woman, a graduate of the New York Institute. I didn't want to take this money at first for I felt the time might come when she would need it, but she insisted and with it we purchased our first stereotyping machine. I then visited the Pennsylvania Institution for the

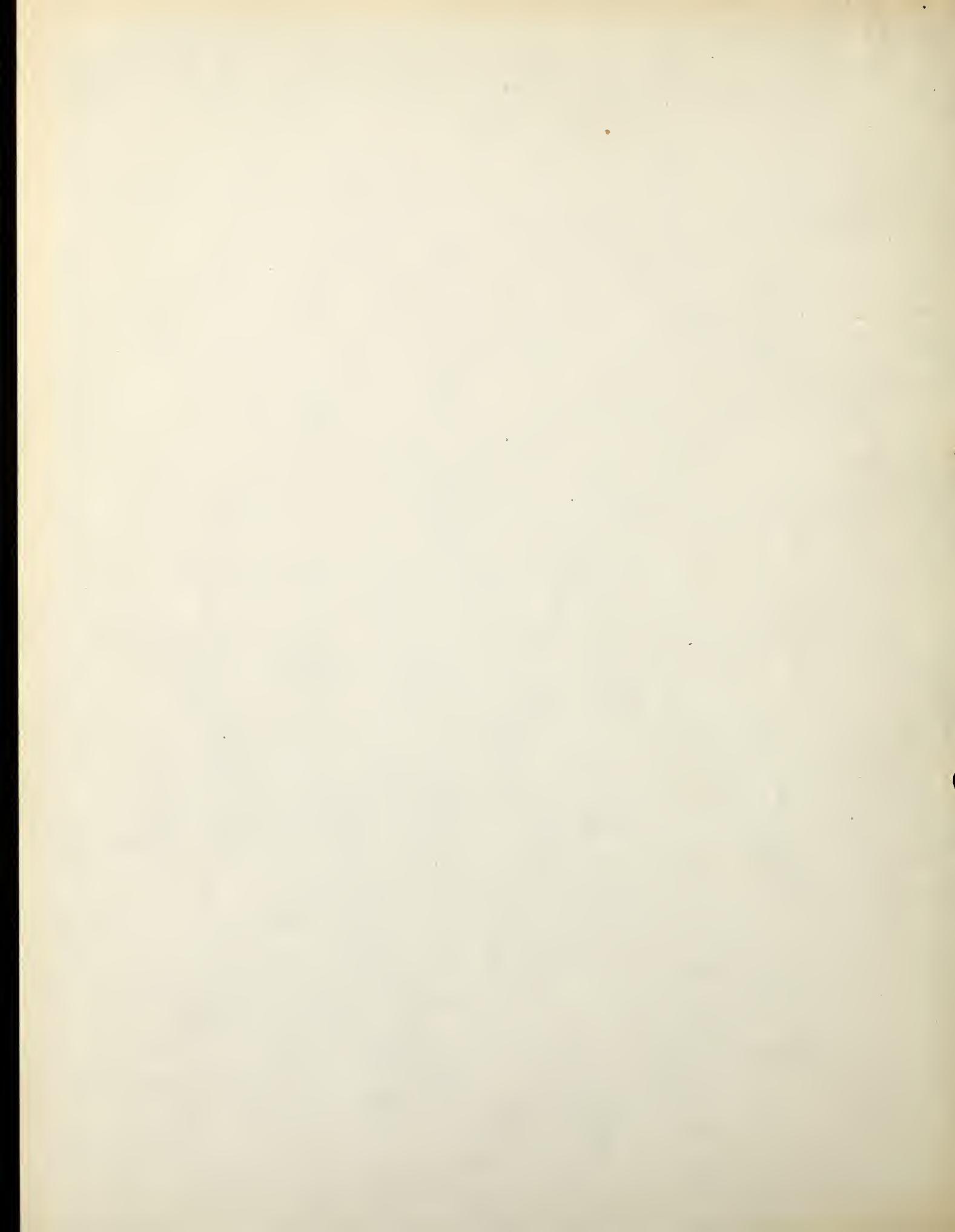


Instruction of the Blind to learn all I could about embossing books for the blind. At that time Mr. Allen was at Overbrook and I recall his kindness in showing me about the school when I went to see the work there. Great progress has been made along mechanical lines in printing Braille since those days. In 1904, we incorporated and the work of providing New York Point and subsequently Braille literature has gone steadily on ever since. A board of lay trustees was appointed to finance the society until 1911, at which time the work of the Xavier Free Publication Society for the Blind was adopted by members of the Society of Jesus, and the burden of financing it has ever since laid upon me. judicious investment of funds and income derived from gifts, legacies and specific contributions for the plating of books have since enabled me to carry on and expand the work without further appeals for the yearly contributions which we formerly had partly to depend on."

Since its foundation in 1900 and its incorporation under the laws of New York in 1904, along with the publication of a monthly magazine in New York Point the Xavier Free Publication Society for the Blind has at the cost of upwards of \$70,000 embossed hundreds of works in New York Point, copies of which it donated to state and city libraries for general circulation among the blind.

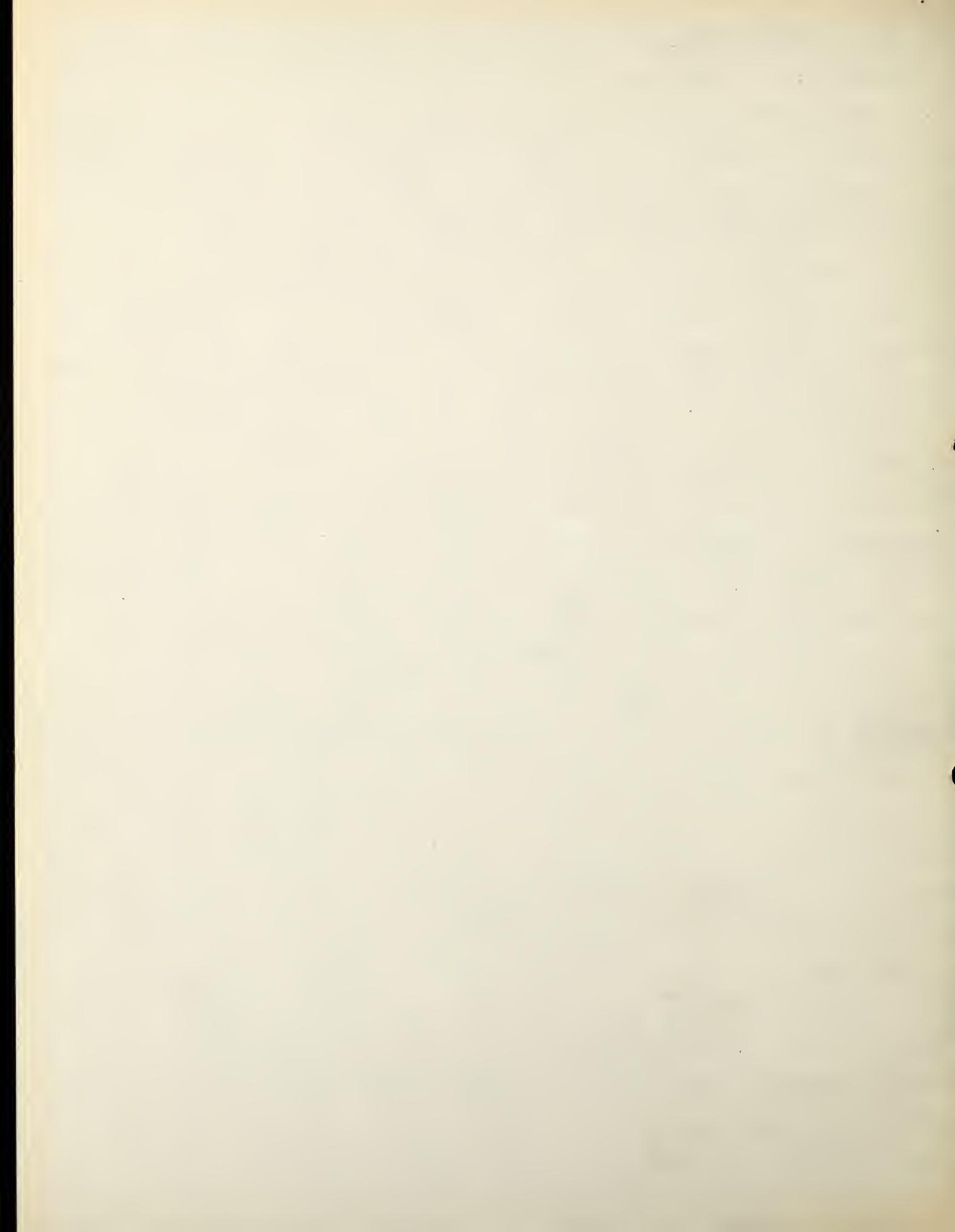
From the day when Revised Braille, Grade One and a Half, was adopted as the uniform type of the country the Xavier Free Publication Society for the Blind with the cooperation of members of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae has added in that type to its already rich stock of books in New York Point and American Braille, 812 titles making a total of 1,409 volumes. These include works of Art, Music, Biography, History, Literature, Poetry, Psychology, Travel, Fiction, as well as a large body of spiritual literature including several editions of prayer books, one of which is of a size small enough to be inconspicuous in public use. All of the foregoing publications are offered as a loan to any blind applicant in the United States and Canada. Most of its press-made books have been donated to such libraries as circulate their books either throughout the whole country or in a number of their respective neighboring states.

Editor's note: To date number of books in grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in this library is as follows: Press-
made books, titles 226; volumes 5826. Hand-copied books, titles 900; volumes 1800.



A full and accurate picture of the latter half of the eighteenth century would afford one of the most interesting studies to which the human mind could apply itself; but it cannot be said that any such picture already exists. We have many sketches of the period, lucid, brilliant, exhaustive, but all more or less partial, and affording merely so many hints and elements from which the true picture is to be combined. To the literary men of this period an imperishable interest attaches. We seem to see them as we see men who toil in soot and semi-darkness far down at the foundations of some huge building, lifting from the gloom at rare intervals a grimy head, and calling to us with a stentorian voice! We recognize in them the pioneers of popular literature, and feel for them the admiration which is due to that species of silent heroism which endures and labours without murmur in a cause which brings no personal reward, and whose triumph is deferred to an hour so distant that it is impossible that the original worker should behold it. There are those who reap and those who sow: for one, the golden weather and the joy of harvest; for the other, the bleak winds, the hard soil, and the labour done in hope, and only hope. It was the men of the eighteenth century who sowed the harvest which we reap to-day. It was Samuel Johnson and his contemporaries who abolished Grub Street, who raised literature in England into an honourable profession, who quarried through clay and rock to reach that gold of Golconda, of which they indeed secured little enough, but to which every man of letters can now help himself abundantly, and without restraint.

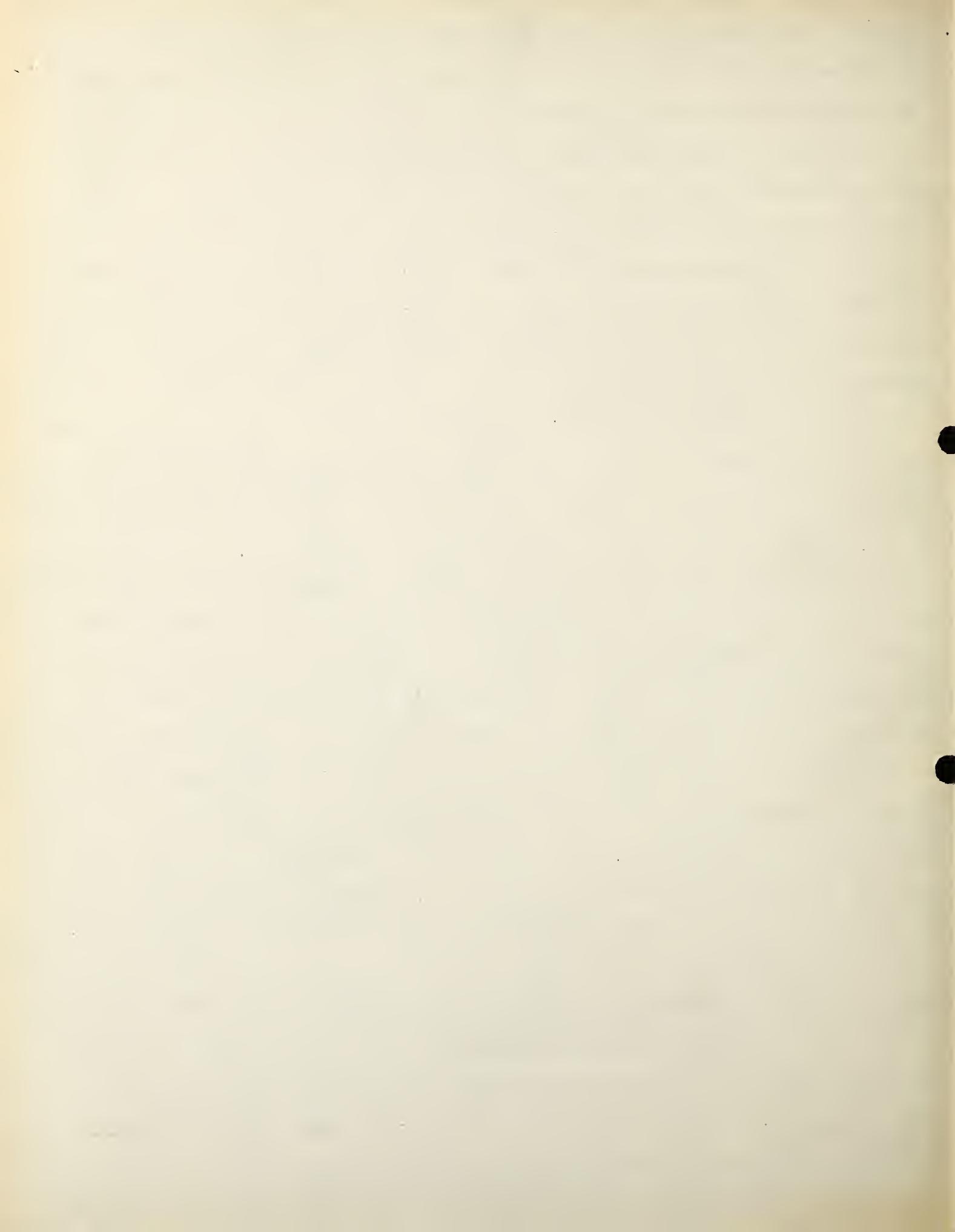
This England of the eighteenth century - Johnson's England, so to speak - was so entirely different from ours that it is difficult for us to arrive at a just understanding of its life. The French Revolution had not yet broken up the deadly stagnation which rested over Europe. It was an age of religion without faith, of politics without honour, and of life without morality. In forgotten pamphlets and remembered diaries, in the poetry of Cowper and the vindictive satire of Churchill, in the private correspondence of George Selwyn, the published diaries of Horace Walpole, the scanty records of the passionate invective of Burke, the sheets which held the terrible eloquence of Junius, and even in the yellow pages of the old club-books, with their scrawling memoranda of bets and debts, we find a picture, only too vivid and startling, of the customs and manners of the time. We hear, as in some magic



telephone, the confused hubbub of drawing-rooms, where dicers' oaths and dicers' gold rattle amid the whispers of the latest scandal or the next projected bribery; and we hear too, with even more terrible distinctness, the sea-like roar of the vast mobs which besiege the House of Commons, clamouring for Wilkes and the freedom of the press. We are face to face with corruption in politics, incompetence in council, and paganism in religion. It was Robert Walpole who said - not with noble scorn, but with sincere conviction - that every man had his price; nor is there any reason to believe that he ever found himself wrong in his estimate of those with whom he had to deal. It is Johnson who tells us that Walpole confessed that he always talked grossly at his table, because he found that was the only species of conversation in which everybody could indulge. There is no British statesman of to-day whose honour would permit him to use the secret intelligence of the Government for private purposes upon the Stock Exchange; but in the days of the Georges this was one of the most fruitful sources of income to a minister. There is not a page in the biographies of the period which does not bear witness to the venality and degradation of public life, and equally to the corruption of general morals. Out of their own mouths we convict statesmen who thought it no more dishonour to provide for themselves, and build up stately fortunes for their children, out of the public purse, than to ride after the hounds or eat a dinner. If we withdraw from the Parliamentary records of the age such noble names as Burke, Barre, Rockingham, Chatham, Wilberforce, and the faithful few who followed them, we have not only withdrawn the great lights from the firmament of debate, but all light from the firmament of public virtue. We walk amid a ghastly phantasmagoria of greed and envy; among men who have bribed their way to Parliament, and are utterly unscrupulous as to how they vote or what they do, so long as the literally golden goal of official life is quickly reached. Almost the one object of public life in those days was to make money, and Cowper did not exaggerate when he wrote:

The levée swarms, as if in golden pomp
Were charactered on every statesman's door --
"Battered and bankrupt fortunes mended here."

The public purse was only too public, for all hands were as deep in it as circumstances would permit. At the levée of a Grenville or a Grafton £200 bank-bills were dealt round

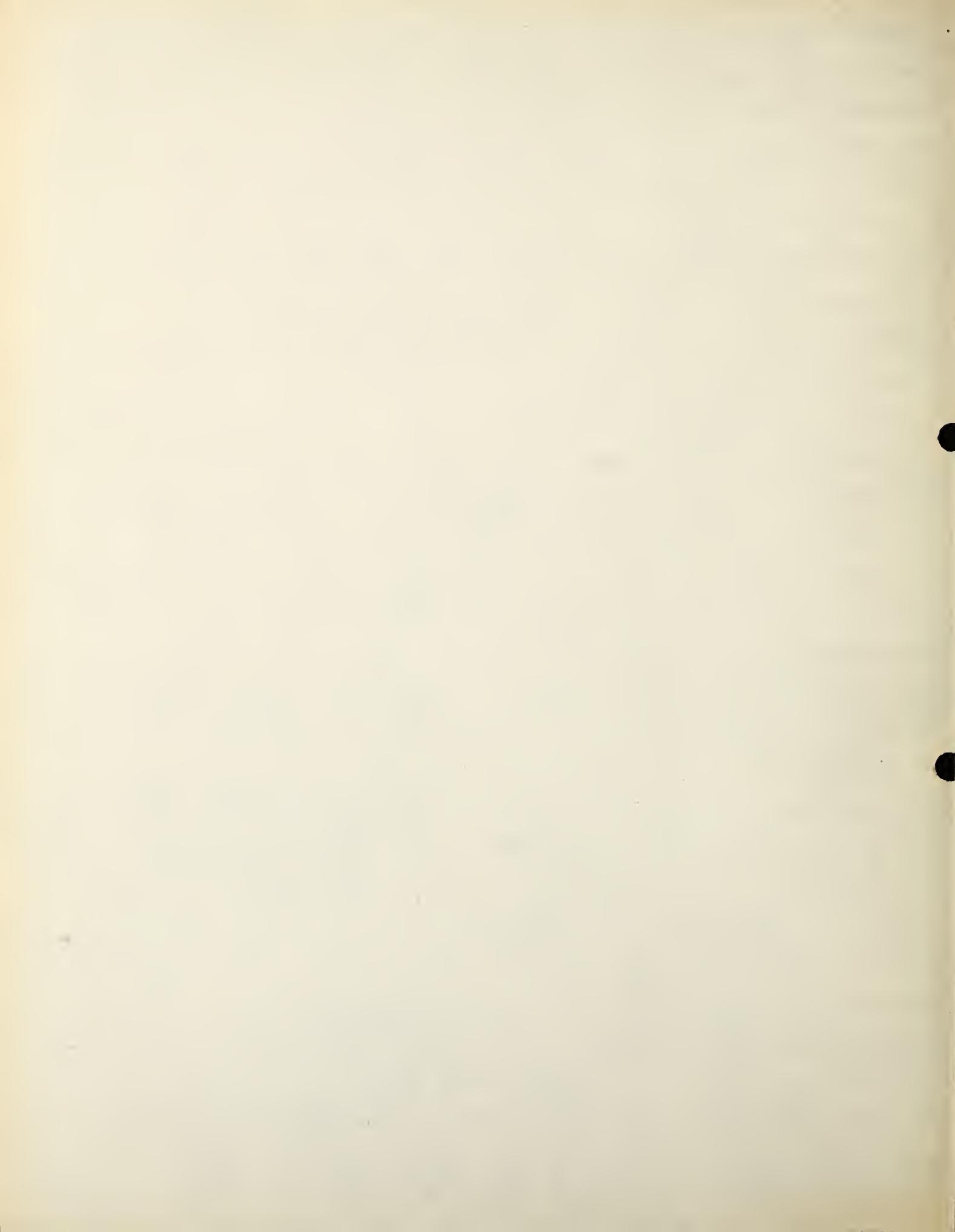


with lavish profusion, and the position of a Government might be accurately determined by the amount it was willing to pay to be supported. It is calculated that every change of Government added from nine to fifteen thousand pounds per annum to the Pension List, and what this means may be measured by a statement attributed to Burke, that "five Prime Ministers maintained themselves for an average of just fourteen months apiece, from the day when they were kissed in to the day when they were kicked out." That is, to put it in round numbers, in less than six years from forty-five to seventy-five thousand pounds per annum were permanently added to the Pension List by ministers who could not rise, and much less fall, without pensioning all their dependents, from a nephew or a secretary to a broker or a cook. We cannot wonder that Johnson, in his dictionary, defined a pension as "pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country," and a pensioner as "a slave of the State hired by a stipend to obey his master." Probably the one meritorious pension granted in the latter half of the eighteenth century was the 300 per annum given to Johnson, and, as we all know, he was bitterly reproached for accepting it.

The social life of the period was little better than the public life. Drunkenness and betting were the most venial of its vices. Cabinet ministers were "conspicuous for impudent vice, for daily dissipation, for pranks which would have been regarded as childish and unbecoming in a crack cavalry regiment in the worst days of military licence." One Secretary of State was notorious as the greatest drunkard and most unlucky gambler of his age; another official personage had established his reputation on one gift only - if gift it may be called - the power to out-drinking any man in the three kingdoms. A Prime Minister was permitted to appear at the opera with his mistress, and another Secretary of State was esteemed the very vilest public man of his century:

Too infamous to have a friend
Too bad for bad men to command,
Or good to name.

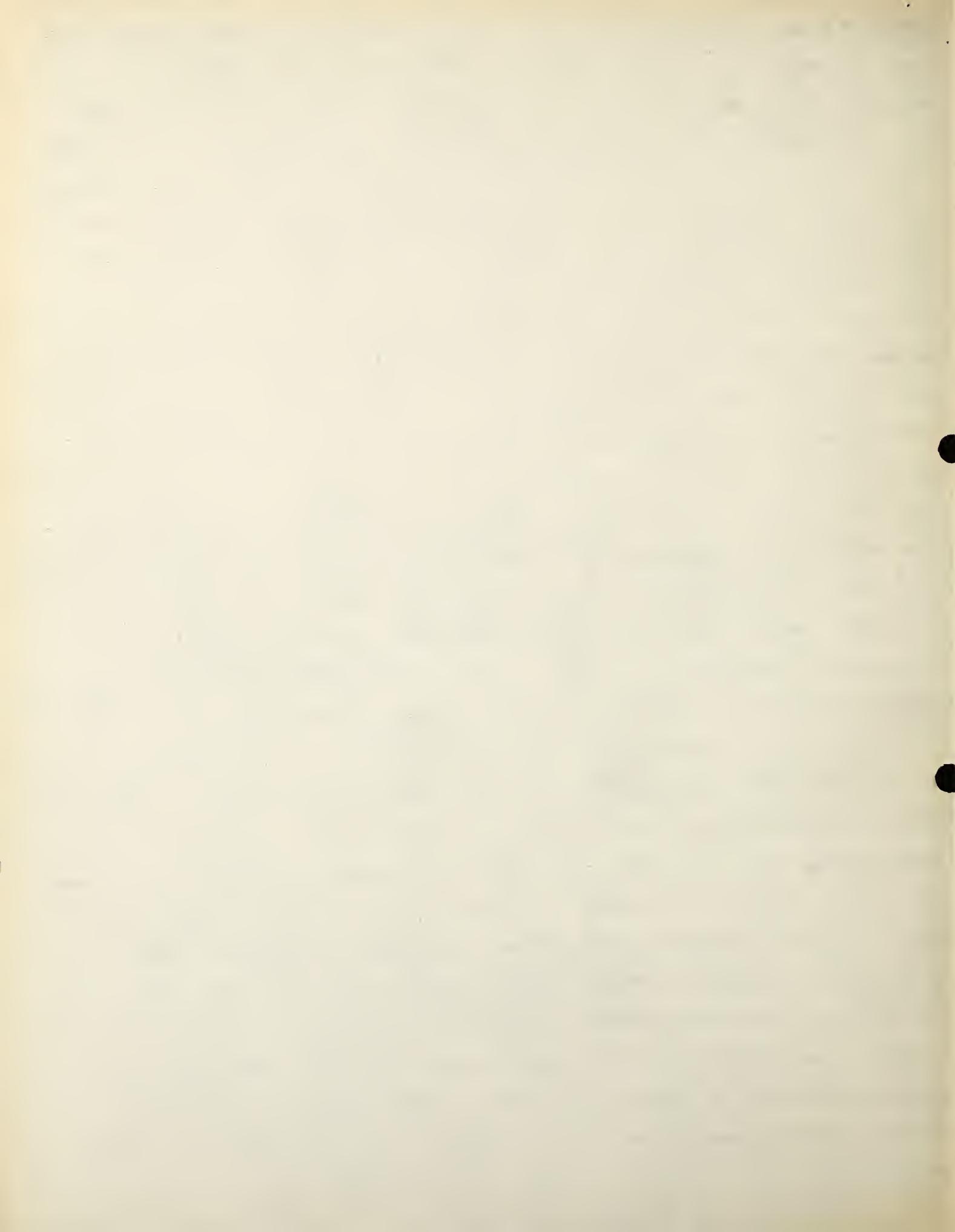
The passion for gaming was at its height. Bets were offered upon everything: whether or not a ministry would last six months, a celebrated criminal would be hanged, a war with any given country would begin or end at any given time. Everything, from the state of the weather to the state of the world, was discussed to a running accompaniment of odds and guineas. The usual demoralization ensued. In every drawing-room the ladies were the most eager players, and at the clubs the most reckless were the younger men. The noblemen who



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thronged the clubs did not always trouble themselves to play fair, especially when the contest lay between a wealthy stripling and an impecunious profligate, and the losses sometimes were enormous. Life among the upper classes was of that species which is ironically described as short and merry. "A squire," says Mr. Trevelyan, "past fifty-five, who still rode to hounds or walked after partridges, was the envy of the countryside for his health, unless he had long been its scorn for his sobriety." Profligacy and drinking fill the earlier chapters of such lives: gout and premature decay the later. Even Horace Walpole ceases to be cynical, and catches something of the iron glow of Tacitus, as he paints the picture of cabinet ministers and statesmen "reeling into the ferry-boat" at forty-five, worn out with drunkenness and gout. Walpole's caustic obituaries of celebrated libertines are not pleasant reading, but they are valuable for the lurid illumination which they pour on the character of the eighteenth century.

When the customs of the upper classes were what they were, it is not surprising that the life of the lower classes was inconceivably brutal and degraded. The most instructive commentary on lower-class customs is found in Hogarth's pictures and John Wesley's journals. In the Beer Street and Gin Lane of the great artist there is given the truest portraiture of drunkenness, in all its filth and madness, which the pencil every drew, and we cannot doubt that the details of these terrible canvases were sketched from actual life. In the journals of the great evangelist there are chronicled the faithful reports of an eye-witness who saw many towns and many sides of life; who probably knew the village life of England as no other man has ever done; who had a thorough acquaintance with his country, from the Tweed to the Land's End; and what impression do we gather from his pages? Everywhere we read of almost inconceivable ignorance and brutality among the poor: how the churches of those who should have aided him were closed against him; how violent mobs were always ready to rise at the first chance of mischief. The inhumanity of man to man encouraged moral callousness, and left little room for the blossoming of any refining sentiments or acts. Every week a host of young lads were hanged for theft, and the spectacle of a criminal riding through the streets to Tyburn, and getting as drunk as he conveniently could upon the way, was too common to attract attention. London was called the City of the Gallows, for from whatever

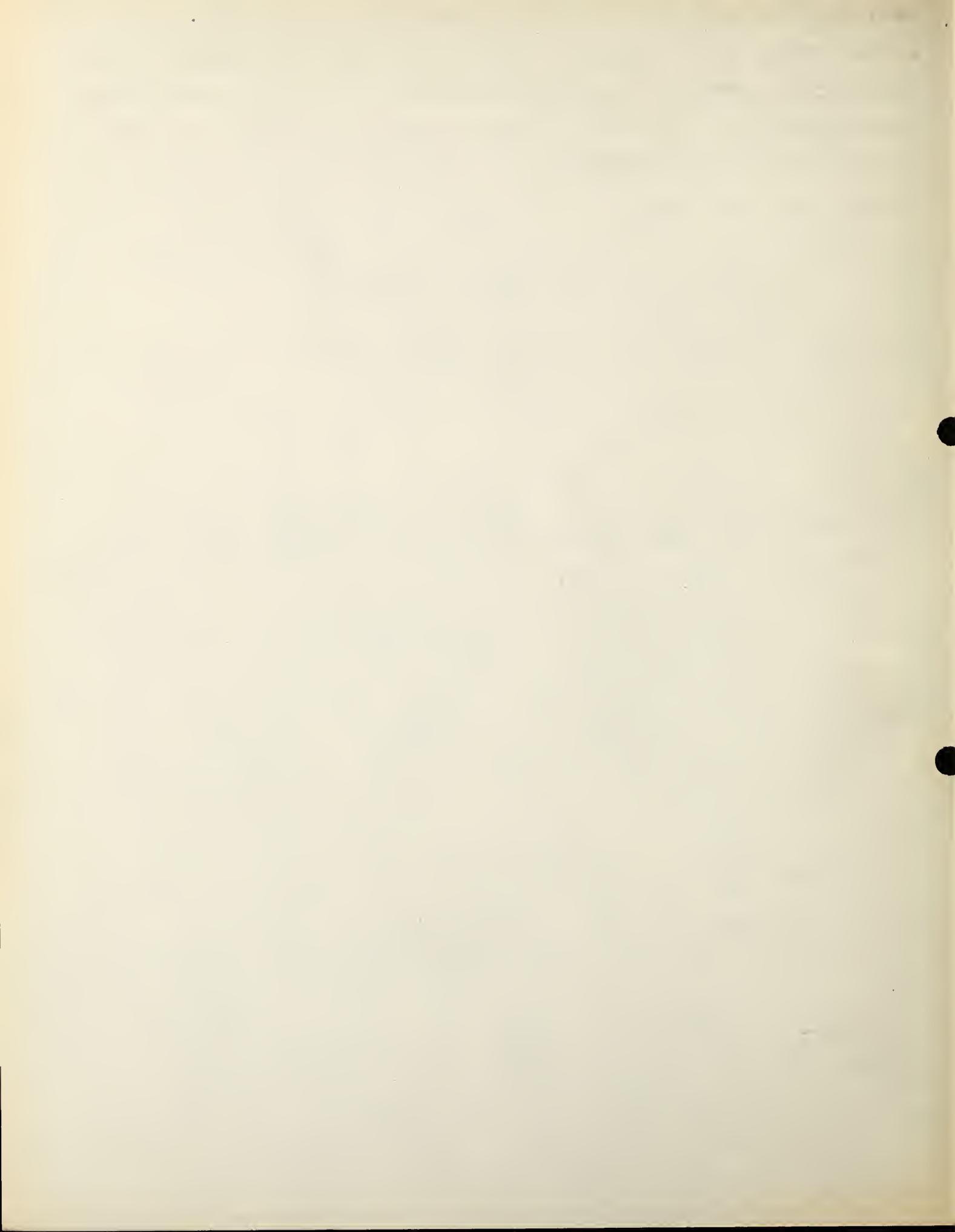


point you entered it, by land or water, you passed between a lane of gibbets, ~~handxmarkary~~, where the corpses of felons hung, rotting and bleaching in the light. Nor was crime suppressed by this stringency of the law. Highwaymen rode into town at nightfall, coolly tying their horses to the palings of Hyde Park, and executed their plans of robbery in the very presence of the impotent protectors of the public peace. London was infested by gangs of youths, whose nightly pastime was to bludgeon inoffensive watchmen, and to gouge out the eyes of chance travellers. Dean Swift dared not go out after dark, and Johnson wrote:

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.

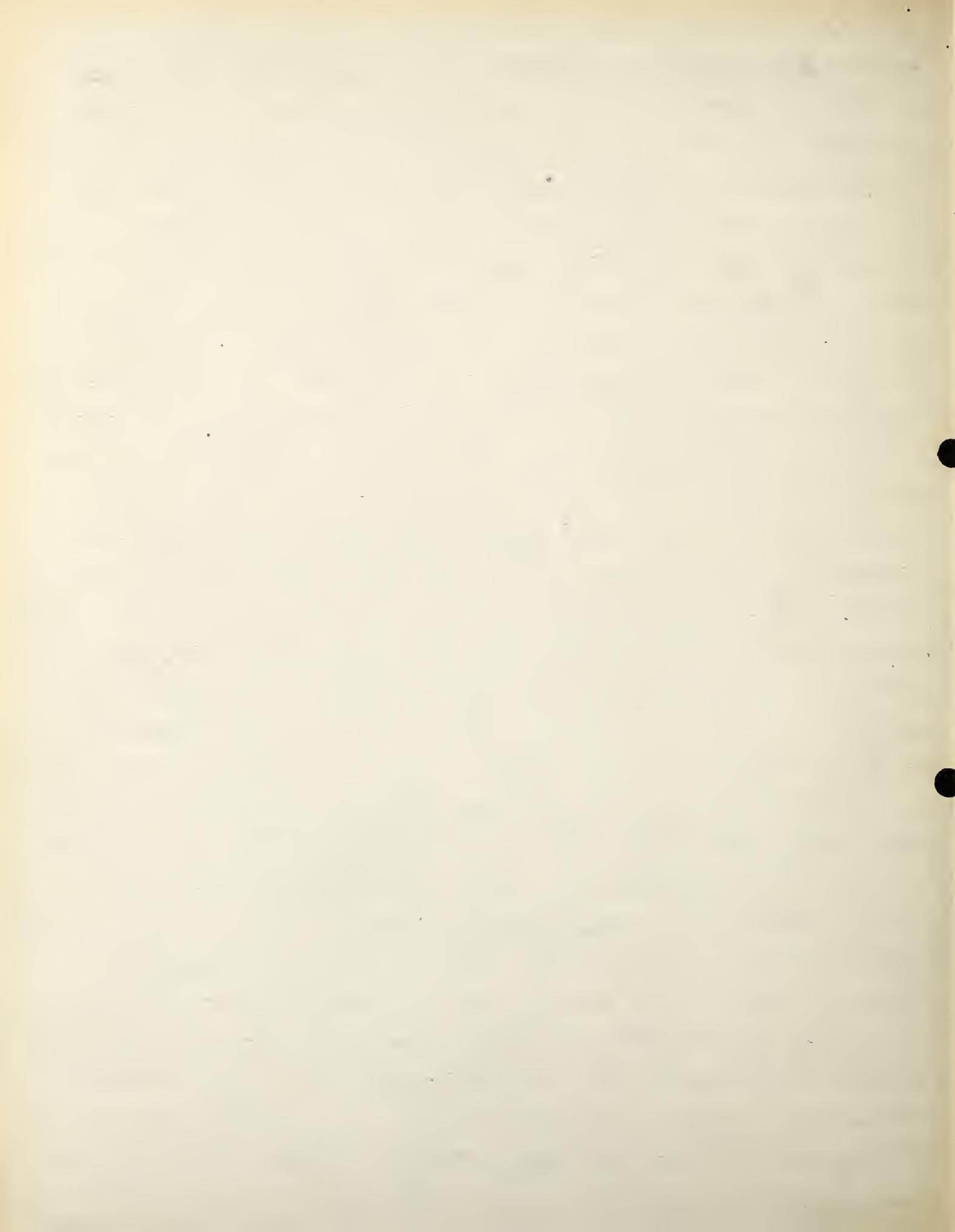
Ludgate Hill swarmed with mock Parsons, and thousands of spurious marriages were celebrated every year. In the public prints of the time we read an advertisement like this: "For sale, a negro boy, aged eleven years. Inquire at the Virginia Coffee-house, Threadneedle Street, behind the Royal Exchange." So little was the public conscience alive to the wrong of slavery, that every George Whitefield thought it no shame to buy slaves as part of the property of his orphanage-house in America. The press-gang was a constant public terror. Smuggling was a respectable and lucrative employment; brandy was four shillings a gallon, a port a shilling a bottle. In some parishes every fourth house was a tavern, and in the windows of many might be read the announcement, "Drunk for a penny, and drunk with straw to lie upon for twopence." The amusements of the people were characterized by a sort of rough jollity, and in Johnson's day football was still played in the Strand, and smock-races were run in Pall Mall. It is hard to believe that this England of Johnson is but a hundred years removed from us; the chronological gulf of separation is slight enough, but the moral and social gulf immeasurable.

It is scarcely surprising that in such a period political liberty was not understood, and that the very foundations of right government were insecure. Freedom of speech was, in fact, hardly more possible under the Georges than the first Stuarts. Subservience to the court was as indispensable a condition of successful public life as the bribery of the constituencies. George III ~~xxx~~ never forgot a division or forgave an adverse vote. The ~~xxk~~ most diligent and painstaking student of Parliamentary debates was the King himself, and the object of his studies was to discover and repress any opinion that conflicted with his own.



Brave men who had served under the British flag with honour in every quarter of the globe, were deliberately ignored and even deprived of their commissions, because their political opinions did not coincide with those of their royal master; and the sovereign of a great empire could sink so low as to request his Prime Minister to furnish him with a list of those who had voted in the minority, that he might turn his back upon them at to-morrow's levee. "If the spirit of service could be killed in an English army," said the indignant Chatham, "such strokes of wanton injustice would bid fair for it." When George III said with bitter truth that "politics were a trade for a scoundrel and not for a gentleman," he forgot how much he himself had done to degrade them, and how the worst scoundrels of politics were those who stood nearest the royal person and ate the royal bread. George III was not above "paving the way for a new contest in a county by discharging the outstanding debts of the last candidate, subsidizing the patron of a borough with a grant out of the Privy Purse; and writing with the pen of an English sovereign, to offer a subject some 'gold pills' for the purpose of houssing the freeholders." He manipulated the constituencies with the unscrupulous zeal and astuteness of a born electioneering agent. With a King who openly dealt in every species of political jobbery, it is not surprising that there should be a public demoralized to the last degree by bribery and rapacity. It was really the rapacity of the placeman which cost Britain her American colonies. Provinces were repeatedly taxed to support sinecurists whom they never saw, and in an evil hour the American colonies were suggested as an admirable field for the exploitation of the political jobber. The fiery pen of Junius protested "that it was not Virginia that wanted a Governor, but a Court favourite that wanted a salary." The debt of gratitude that the present generation owes to Junius it would be impossible to overstate. Often he may be envenomed, but he is seldom unveracious; and it is to this man, who dwelt apart in honourable pride and scorn, condemning from his secret judgment-seat the evils of his time; who was more powerful than Cabinets and more feared than kings; who lived his silent life with the iron mask ever on his face, and died and made no sign; it is to this man that England owes much of her precious heritage of liberty which is hers to-day. Junius and John Wilkes were the political saviours of the eighteenth century; Johnson and Wesley were its moral and religious saviours.

It is related that Johnson and Savage once walked the streets of London all night, be-



cause they were too poor to procure lodgings; but, says Johnson, "We were in high spirits and brimful of patriotism; we inveighed against the Ministry, and resolved to stand by our country." It is ludicrous enough - two ragged literary hacks, without a sixpence for their beds, resolving to stand by their country - and yet that was precisely what the country most needed, the loyal adherence of true and upright souls like Johnson's. For the problem Johnson had to face was that of a country fast going to pieces, and how to save her. The celebrated observation of Lord Chesterfield, that he saw in France every sign that preceded great revolutions, might have been applied with equal truth to England. For in England, as in France, Voltairism had infected the thinking classes, political blindness & had fallen on the ruling classes, and the passion of revolution was already seething in the hearts of the lower classes. Add to this the spectacle of a Church whose spiritual power had waned almost to extinction because its priests had lost sincerity and merited contempt, a general scorn of literature, a general disbelief in virtue, and you have indeed all the conditions which precede and produce revolutions. Even men like David Hume and Horace Walpole believed in the imminence of some vast political convulsion, and Walpole had more than once seen London at the mercy of as turbulent and resolute a mob as ever tore up the pavingstones of Paris for barricades, and fought behind them with the wild ferocity of tigers. In such an age Johnson went to church, and Wesley went into the highways and ~~hedges~~ hedges to care for those whom the Church neglected. If Walpole had visited Moorfields at four o'clock on a New Year's morning, he would have found thousands of people standing hushed before the appeals of Wesley; or had he gone to Bristol, he might have found still vaster crowds of grimy miners weeping under the impassioned oratory of Whitefield. The very enthusiasm and strength of character which would have made many a miner and mechanic a daring and dreaded captain of a mob, Wesley directed to the peaceful battle-fields of righteousness, and thus changed the men who might have proclaimed a Commune into the most loyal subjects that the king possessed. Thus it happened that when the great Revolution came, fifty years of the great evangelical revival had done their work, and it was only the trailing edges of the storm-cloud that swept our shores. This is a conclusion now universally admitted by all competent historians, and it is equally certain that what Wesley did in one domain of national life, Johnson did, by very different means, in another. Both were great



conservative forces, and incredible as it would have seemed to the men of Johnson's day, yet it was from an obscure and excommunicated clergyman, and from a ranged, neglected, half-blind, and scrofulous scholar, who had known what it was to work in literature for fifteenpence a day, that the true salvation of England came.



Latin Epic Poetry. From The Story of the World's Literature, by John Macy.

O courteous Mantuan spirit, whose fame still lasts in the world, and will last as long as time. --Dante.

It was the artistic and patriotic ambition of Roman writers to create a literature as great as that of Greece. This ambition was never realized in drama, but it was approximately realized in poetry in the work of the preeminent Latin poet, Virgil. He not only perfected and crowned the work of earlier Latin poets but was for centuries "the" poet of Europe, as Aristotle was "the" philosopher. The classic culture of Europe through the Middle Ages was Latin and not Greek, except as the Latin had borrowed and absorbed the Greek, and Virgil was, and is, the most splendid voice of Rome. Oddly enough, the Christian world made him a kind of saint, seer, and magician, subject of superstitious legend; and Dante in the thirteenth century chose him as his father and guide. He deserved his enormous reputation, however distorted, and except for some niggling criticism at the beginning of the nineteenth century, all men of letters, poets and critics, have regarded him as the greatest of Latin writers, and as one of the five or six supreme poets of the world.

More than a century before Virgil, the poet Ennius had written the "Annales," a long narrative poem which seems to have been something like a national epic and of which the remaining fragments, a few hundred lines, show dramatic intensity and poetic power. But the national spirit had not solidified, and what is more important, the national language had not reached its highest development. Ennius adapted the Greek hexameter to the Latin language, and Virgil perfected the hexameter, which Tennyson called "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man."

The first important work of Virgil is the "Eclogues" or "Bucolics," pastoral poems of country life and legend imitated from the Greek of Theocritus but full too of Virgil's love of nature and of the actual north Italian farm-land where he lived. The "xxxix" "Eclogues" alone might have made Virgil one of the national poets of old and of new Italy (even with the passing of Latin as a popular spoken language); for the Italian landscape and the Italian spring have not changed, and no poet has felt them more sensitively than Virgil. His humanity and sympathy and charm give life to the somewhat artificial and obsolete shepherds and

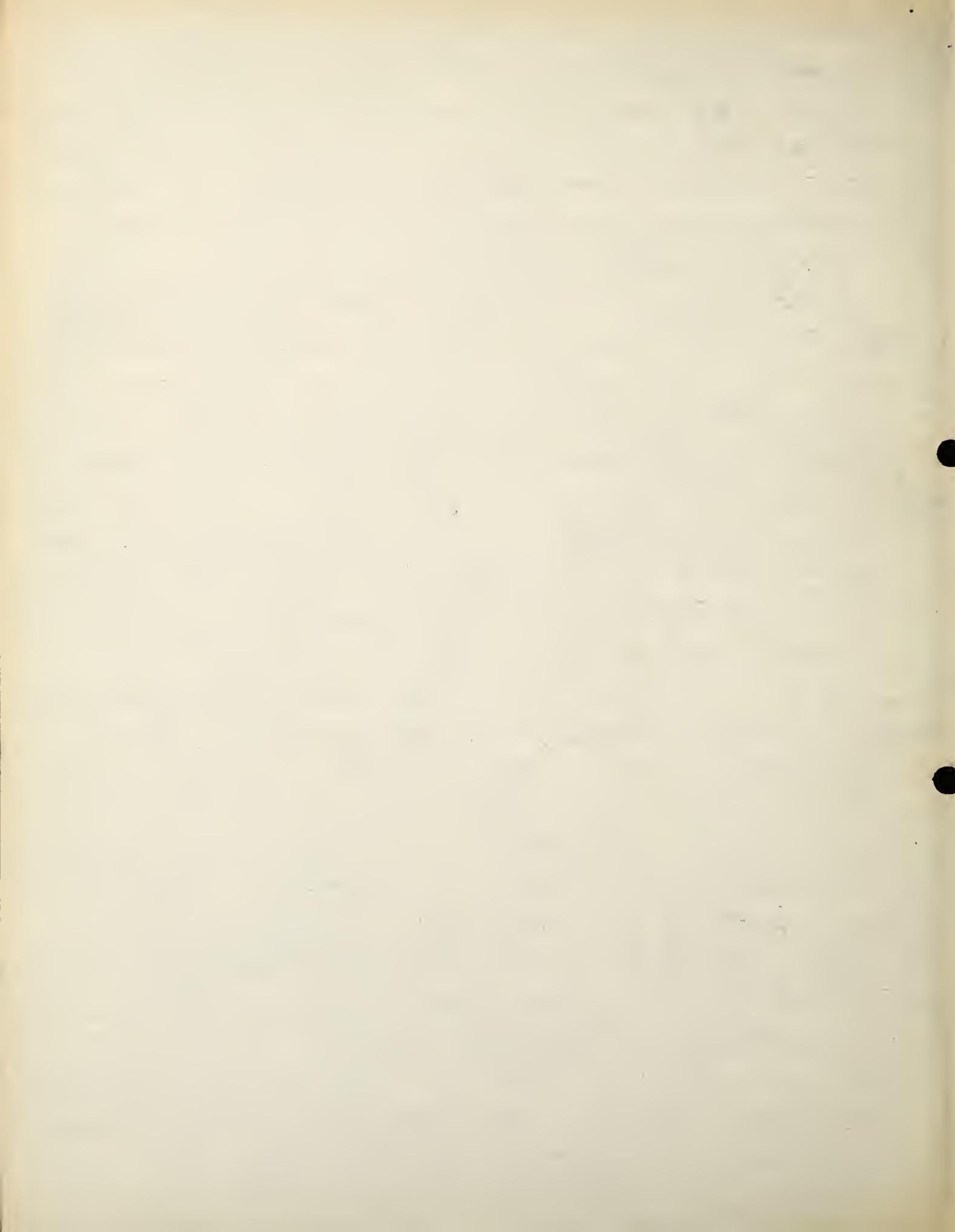


gods and redeem the immaturity of this early verse. The true poets announce themselves at once even in youthful work. About one of the "Eclogues" there is a strange superstitious story, absurd on the face of it, but important in literary history, because it accounts in part for the respect paid to Virgil by Christians. A vague account of a child who was to be born and to usher in a reign of peace was interpreted as a prophecy of Christ! In uncritical times when valuable works were being neglected or destroyed, it was fortunate that Virgil's reputation was in part preserved by a misunderstanding.

The "Eclogues," fine as they are in spots, are little more than an artificial literary exercise in preparation for the "Georgics". The "Georgics" are genuine nature poetry, "a song of the husbandry of fields and cattle, and of trees." It may well be that Maecenas, the rich patron of poets, wishing to promote a sort of "back-to-the land" movement, encouraged Virgil to celebrate rural life. At any rate it was a theme in which Virgil's genius was happily at home, even more happily and naturally than in the "Aeneid". He loved the country as profoundly as did his Greek master, Hesiod, and he knew farm-life at first hand. His scenes are as fresh today as they were two thousand years ago and his nightingale still sings, lovely as the nightingale of Keats.

The Aeneid was to some extent a patriotic duty. The real hero of it is not the mere man, the faithful Aeneas, but the eternal city of Rome. Earlier poets had established the legend, which has no basis in fact, that Rome was founded by heroic wanderers from fallen Troy, and Virgil takes this idea as the skeleton of his theme. Since Aeneas must make a long and devious journey from Troy to the country of Latium, there is abundant adventure on the way, as exciting as that in the "Odyssey"; and behind the "arms and the man" there is the conventional celestial machinery of the gods and fate guiding the hero, the individual, and the great city to high destinies. In our time when poetry is only a pleasant artistic plaything it is almost impossible to realize the reception which the Romans gave the Aeneid. It expressed all that was ideal in the Roman state. Because of its subject and its unrivaled use of the Latin tongue it dominated Latin literature henceforth.

Virgil did not live to know what a great thing he had done. The poem was published after his death, and the story goes that he was so dissatisfied with his work (it is a feeling that every conscientious and delicate artist knows) that he wished the poem destroyed, and that it

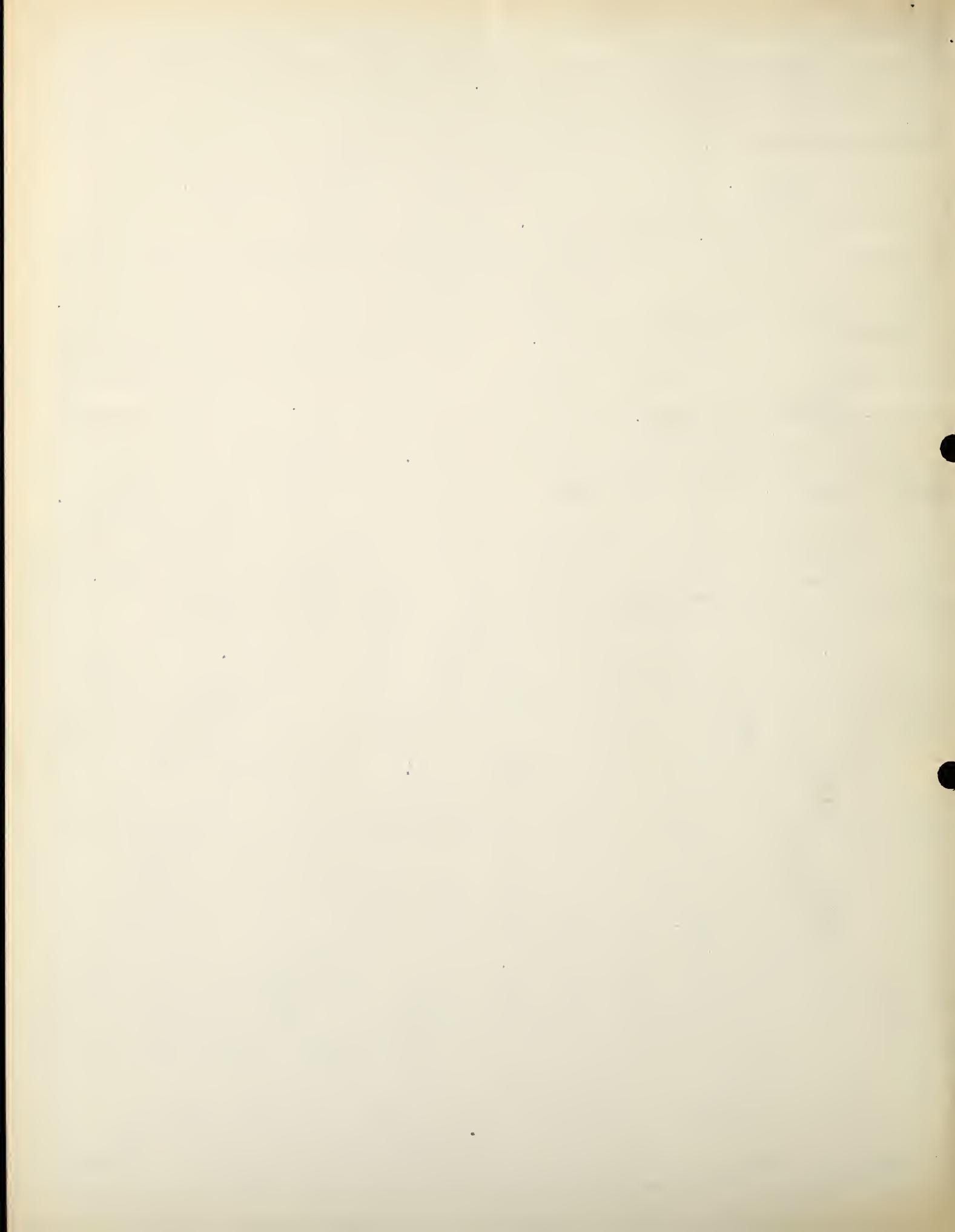


was saved by his friends and the command of the emperor Augustus. As the emperor is the final personal hero of the poem, the subject of the great eulogistic passage, he had especial reason for preserving the work of his most ~~xxxx~~ distinguished subject. If Virgil had lived he would have been crowned as second only to the emperor. As it was his tomb became a religious shrine. And no poet ever better deserved such homage.

Let us read the *Aeneid* in the plainest translation, if we are so unfortunate as to have no ear for Latin verse, in the honest prose of John Conington. And what have we? Primarily a story, which ~~no~~ one needs to be neither Roman nor scholar to enjoy. The only parts of the story which fail are the battle scenes - a glorious failure! Virgil had to put them in because they belong in his narrative of struggling and conquering Rome. But his gentle soul is not made for battles; he has almost none of Homer's dashing delight in a conflict. He is more philosophic and humane than Homer - we will not stir up the foolish question which is the greater poet, for all great things are independently, incomparably great - and his theme in the introduction to his poem is the effort, the bravery, the difficulty that went into the founding of Rome.

Virgil in the very act of celebrating the glory and greatness of Rome feels the "tears of things." He is a romantic in every sense of a word which has been worried to death, and which came from Rome! And he is a romancer. The Romans did not have (except possibly in the work of Petronius Arbiter, of whom we shall say a word later) anything like our novel, and their sense of romance, their love of a love story, expressed itself and found its satisfaction in drama and poetry. To the literature of romance Virgil has added one of the great stories, the story of Dido. The love of Dido and *Aeneas* is only an episode in the career of the hero; it is the final tragedy in the life of the woman, and that is true to human nature, which is the basis of all literature, novels or mythological epics.

Because Latin dominated later European literatures, and because Virgil is the commanding genius in Latin literature, he has been a vast power in English



poetry (in the times almost past when English poets read Latin as a matter of course), and he has tempted many men of talent to translate him. Dryden's translation is an English classic like Chapman's "Homer" or Pope's. In the nineteenth century the amazing William Morris, who could rip off a hundred lines of poetry before breakfast and design a tapestry before lunch, made a spirited translation in swinging long lines somewhat like Chapman's "Homer". If Matthew Arnold had written an essay on "Translating Virgil" like his essay on Homer, he would probably have laid a severe hand on Morris, and on all other translators. I take most pleasure in the prose translations, those of Conington and J.W. Mackail. Mackail knows Latin like a second mother tongue, and he writes excellent English. Conington's introductory essay not only reviews previous translations of Virgil, but throws light on the whole vexed problem of translating poetry from one language to another.

Poets are but human beings; but if there is any truth in the fancy that they are inspired, the words of Dido about AEneas may be applied to their creator: "I do believe that he has the blood of gods in his veins."

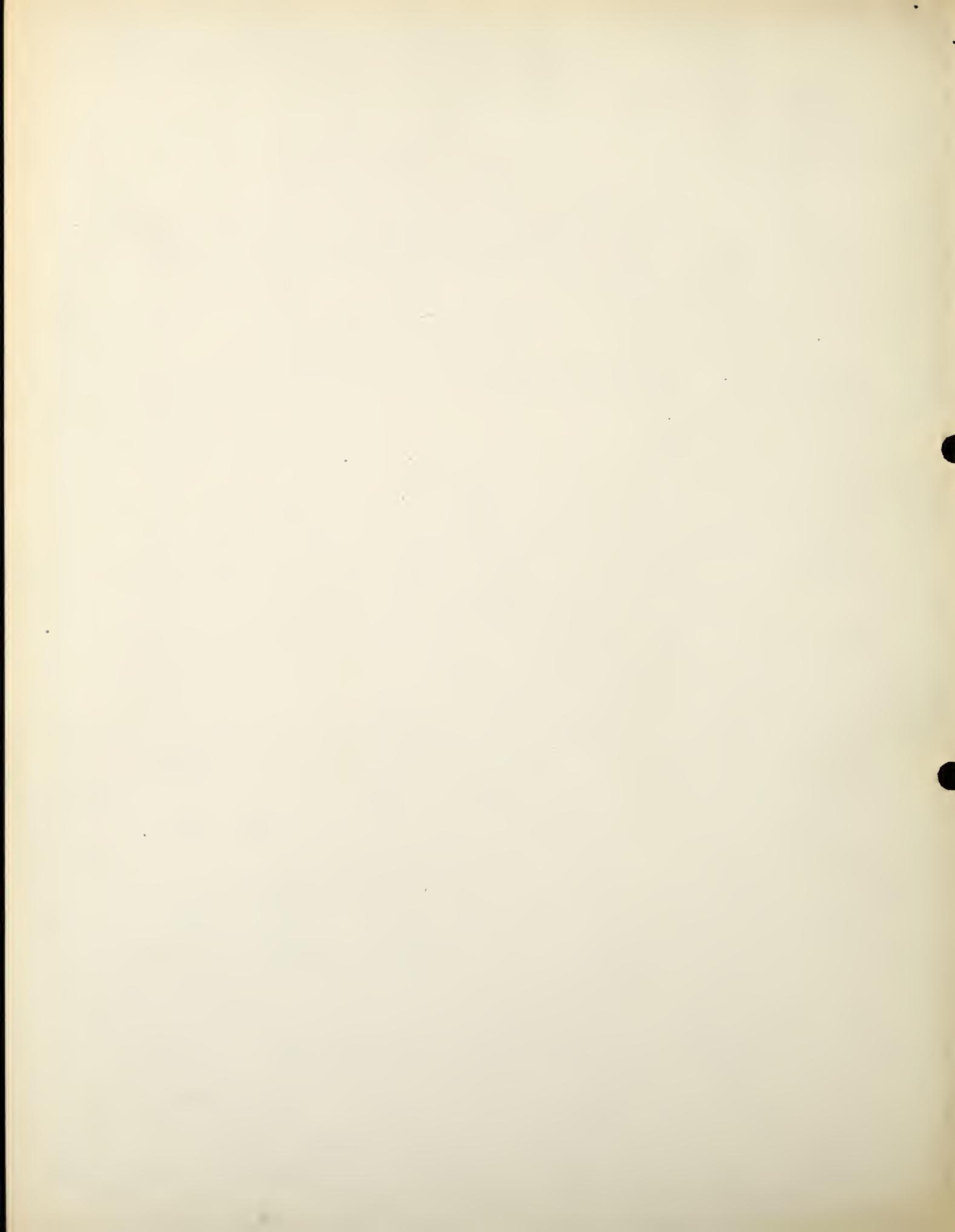
Editor's note: The following titles by and on Virgil are in braille:

Virgil. The Aeneid, books 1 - 6. C.E. Bennett, editor. With vocabulary. 11v. APH

-----The Georgics and Eclogues translated into English versy by T.C. Williams. 3v. NYPL

-----The Aeneid, books 1 - 5. Cambridge edition. With vocabulary. 5v. NIB

Rand, Edward K. The magical art of Virgil. 6v. NYPL



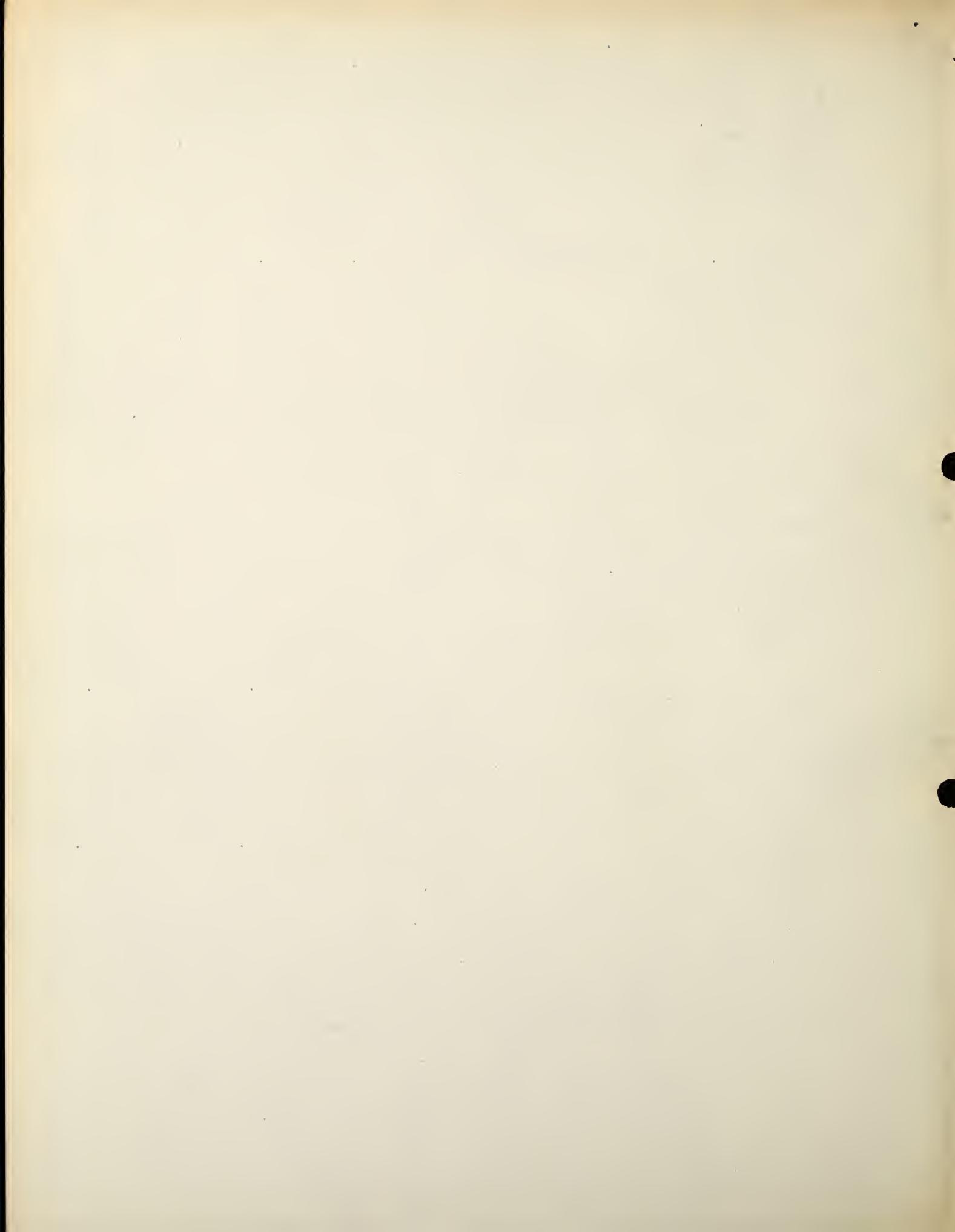
Latin Prose. From The Story of the World's Literature, by John Macy.

What is base never is expedient, not even when you obtain what you think to be useful.

Cicero's Offices.

In the first half of the century before Christ there lived and wrote and spoke a man who was in his time and for centuries after the dominant figure in Latin prose - Cicero. He was politician, historian, orator, philosopher, critic, moralist, advocate. And he was more than all that; he made the standard Latin prose of the sixteen or more centuries that followed him. Good Latin after him was Ciceronian, though, to be sure, much of the Latin of medieval churchmen and philosophers was far away from the elegant classic Roman. There is no other man, so far as I know, in all literature whose individual style imposed itself on almost every writer who ventured to use his language for artistic effect. When he was killed by one of the brutal flukes of Roman politics his head was cut off. The wife of Mark Antony thrust a hairpin through the tongue. But that tongue continued to speak for hundreds of years.

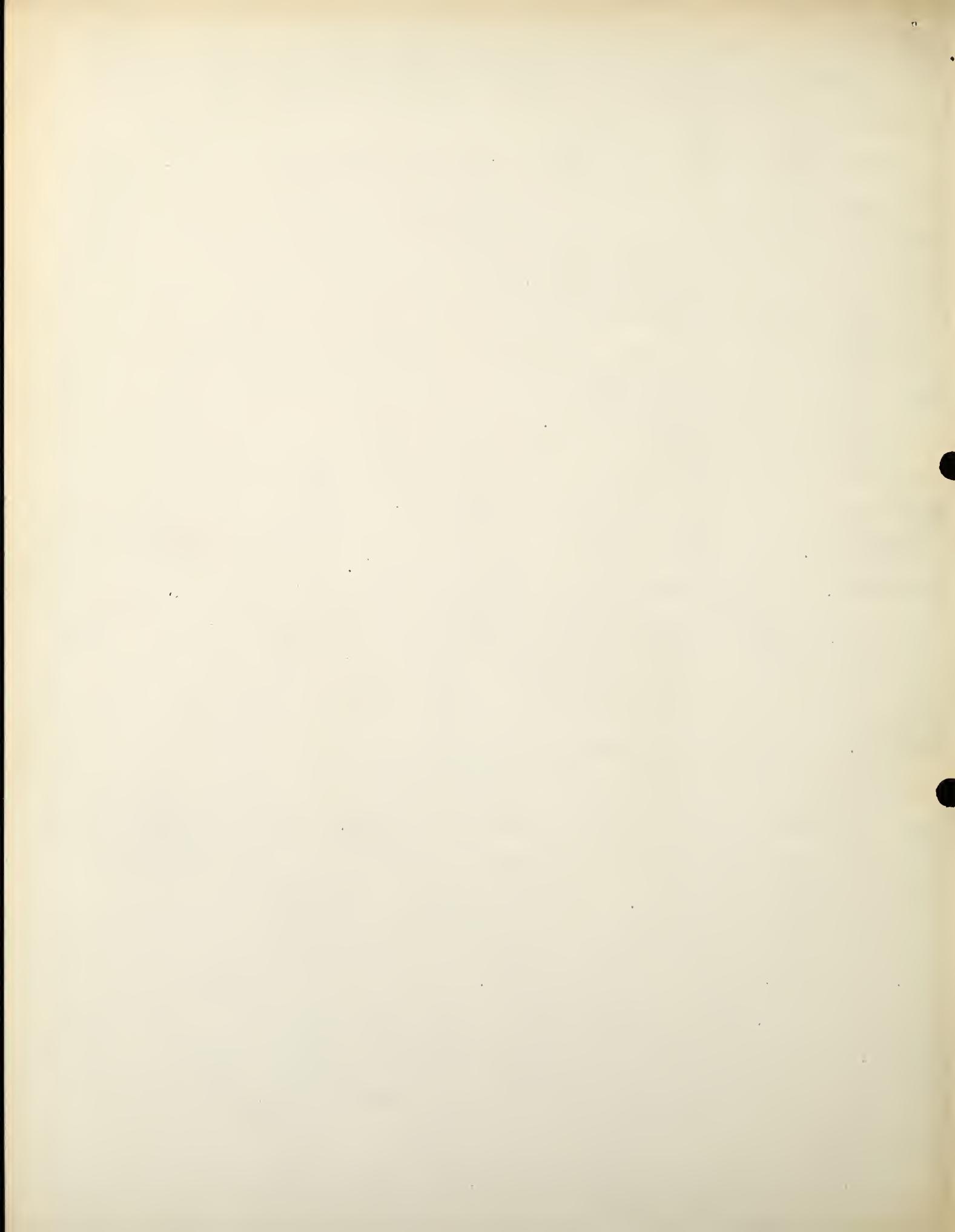
Because Cicero is so rich in quotations and allusions he is the source of much of our knowledge of the literature that preceded him. For example, the finest passages of Ennius that are preserved to us we owe to Cicero who quoted them as passages of poetic power. His philosophy, which is Academic, with a strong leaning toward the Stoic on its ethical side, is highly moral and so made him acceptable to Christian writers, including St. Jerome and St. Augustine. And he was the model of eloquence and elegance for many writers of English down through the eighteenth century. So that we all have a touch of Cicero in us, whether we know it or not. It has been held against him that he was not a deeply original man, that he was derivative, a plagiarist, and a mere phrase maker; and it is true that many of the political and legal issued which were the occasions of his speeches are deader than those which awakened sonorous echoes in the halls of Congress last year. Who of us that has labored over the famous oration against Catiline did not grow weary both of the conspirator and the orator? Nevertheless, if Cicero was a phrase maker,



he was a skillful one; and that after all is what literature is, phrase-making, whether the impulse behind the phrase be shallow or profound. He was a great letter-writer, and his familiar epistles not only are pleasant to read but give valuable intimate details of the life of his times. They are the immediate inspiration of the letters of the younger Pliny, which are invaluable little essays on life and nature; and all the best letter-writers in English in the eighteenth century, when letter-writing was a fine art, were in some measure pupils of Cicero.

After Cicero, and in spite of his influence, Latin prose is said to have degenerated. But there are some lovely colors in the twilight of the classics. The "Satirae" of Petronius, who was a friend of the emperor Nero, is very amusing and is important as a picture of Roman life. In the fragment which has survived we have the only thing in Latin literature which resembles a modern novel. It is a laughing and honest picture of society, or of one section of it. As that society was dissolute and gross, the picture is not altogether edifying. A recent English translation of it caused a flutter among the timidly moral. But Professor Mackail of Oxford, a sound authority on Latin and English literature, justly compares Petronius to Shakespeare and Fielding. And let us reiterate one principle on which this brief survey of literature is based - namely, that any intelligent person can read anything ever put on paper without the slightest moral damage. And unintelligent humorless people are safe because they will not read literature or will not understand what they try to read.

Petronius approximates the novel of manners and customs, that is, of daily life, what in our time is called realism. A century later appeared the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius, which contains the story of Cupid and Psyche, a most charming romance. If that story were used as a school text-book instead of the works of the great Caesar and Cicero and the intolerably dull fellow, Nepos, we should all have grown up with a greater affection for Latin. As it is, we depend for our translated knowledge of Latin upon modern writers. The story of Cupid and



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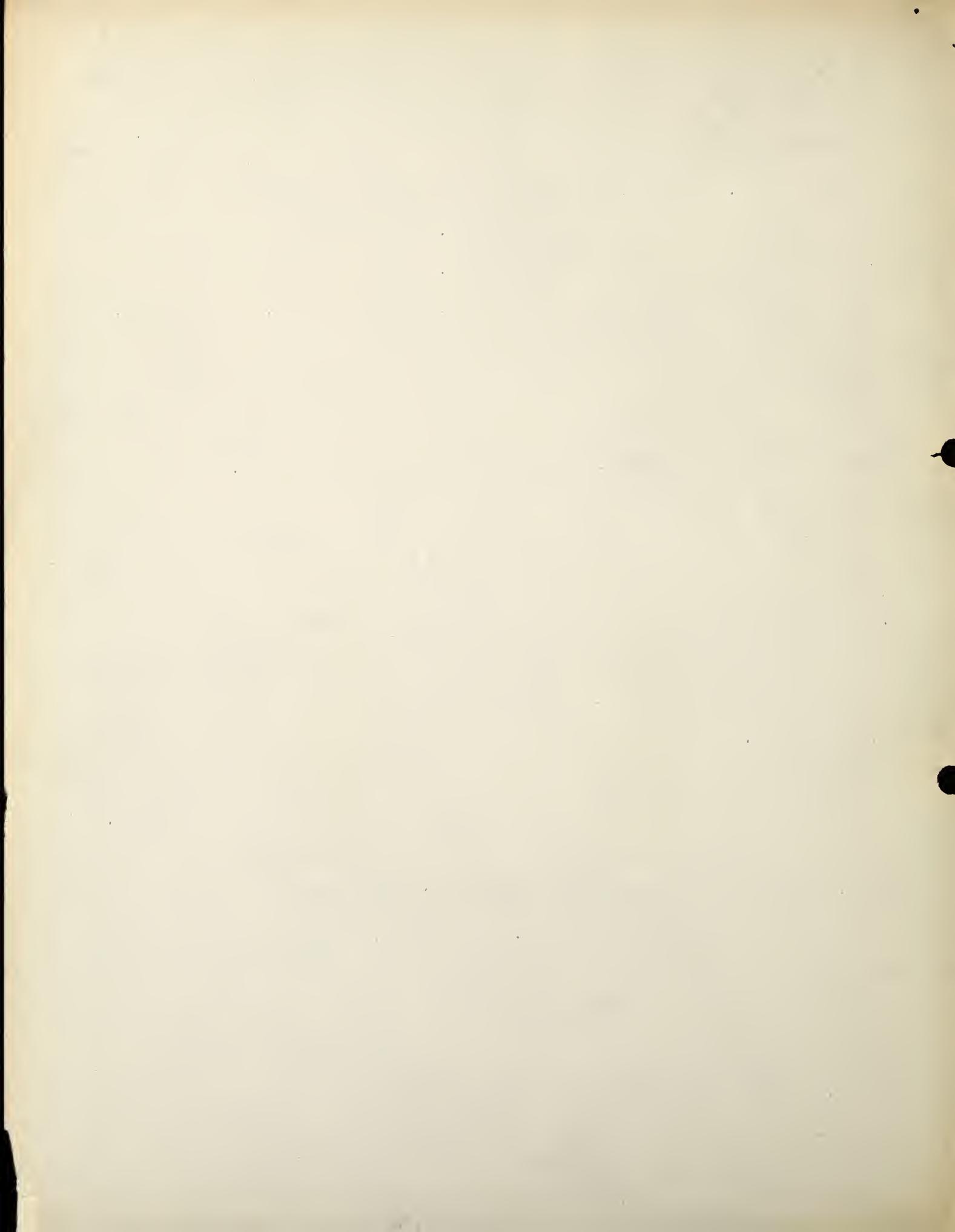
Psyche lives for us in William Morris's "Earthly Paradise", and the "Golden Ass" is the source of episodes in "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," and the "Decameron."

The joyous and fanciful creation of Apuleius is a bright island in a rather dull river. For Latin became the official language of schoolmen and churchmen, some of whom were men of genius, but whose ideas were expository, religious, and philosophical, not artisitic.

Many writers are important in history, in philosophy, in religion, who are not literary artists; and many writers who are rogues and rascals and do not care which way the old world turns are simply born artists with the magic gift of words. A man who was not a great artist but who did almost as much as Cicero to establish classic literary Latin was Quintilian, a critic and rhetorician whose book on oratory tells us more about Latin literature than any other work by a Roman. He was almost the only successful teacher in the world who, after twenty years of practical experience, wrote a book on education. In an age of competition when there were no university professorships to keep a studious man in a high seat Quintilian by sheer merit held his place at the head of his profession. In spirit he resembles, though he does not equal, Aristotle. For let us understand this clearly; though it is one of those odious comparisons and dubious generalities of which we should be wary: the Latin mind was in most departments of thought inferior to the Greek.

A product of the Ciceronian tradition as fostered by Quintilian is the correspondence of the younger Pliny, a friend and avowed follower of Tacitus and a favorite of the Emperor Trajan. His uncle, Pliny the Elder, a distinguished naturalist and man of affairs, gave him every advantage of education and social position and helped to make him a pedant and prig. His letters are important for the light they throw on the social and political life of the times. But from the point of view of literary art their value is not first rate.

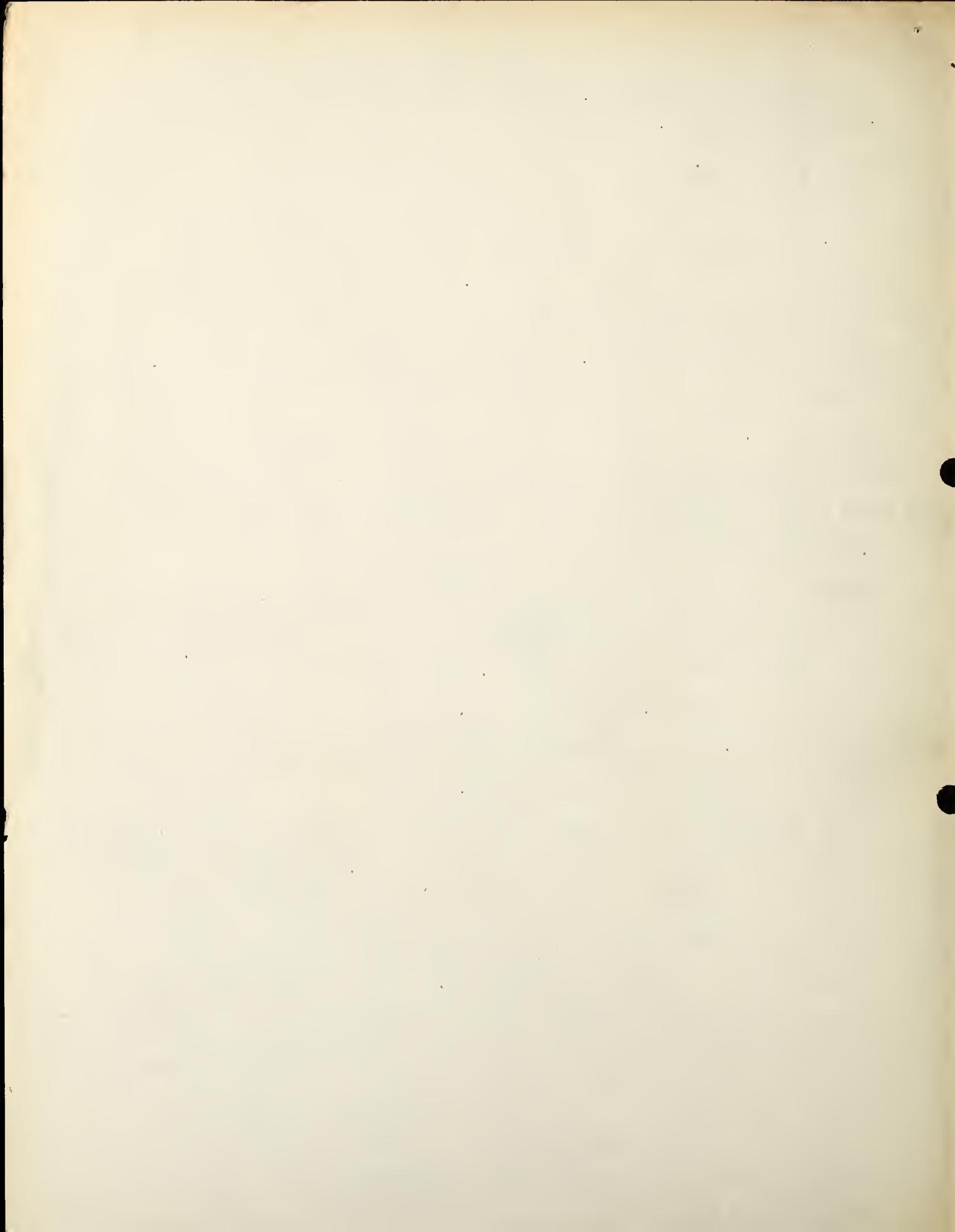
As the Christian church conquered Rome, Rome with its language conquered



the Church. Latin is to this day the language of the Catholic Church, and for many centuries, when many languages were being developed, Latin was the mother tongue of wisdom, the first thing which an educated man was supposed to know and did know.

Latin persisted because Rome was the world and because Rome became Christian. All learned works for more than a thousand years, works devotional and works secular, were written in Latin. And though Christian Latin probably lost some of the elegance of classic Latin, there were master-pieces written long after the end of old Rome. For a few illustrious examples: St. Augustine's "Confessions" and "City of God" in the fourth and fifth centuries; and about the same time St. Jerome's Latin (Vulgate) version of the Bible; in the thirteenth century the philosophic and theological books of St. Thomas Aquinas, which are the work of a profound mind and became the standard philosophy of the Roman Church. And learning was not confined to monks and priests. A secular philosopher like Spinoza wrote Latin as a matter of course.

In our day a man may be very highly cultivated and not be able to "construe" a sentence from Cicero or Virgil. As a formal literary exercise the classics, Greek and Latin, are on the wane. But Latin got into our blood in spite of ourselves. For it is incorporated in almost every modern western European language - the romance languages, French, Italian, Spanish, and that magnificent eclectic thief which we try to speak and write, English. French is modern Latin preserving much of the form and spirit of the ancient language. English is to some extent Germanic in form and part of its vocabulary is Germanic but a rich part is Latin. The advice, often repeated, to use "good strong Anglo-Saxon words" is utter nonsense. Most of the common roots of speech (those that relate to physical processes that we share with the animals) are Anglo-Saxon, but the moment we leave them for human relations, that is, civilized life, the words necessarily become Latin. We walk, start, stop, breathe, sleep, wake, talk, live and die - all Anglo-Saxon; but advance, retreat, approach and retire, inspire and animate, confer and discuss, com-



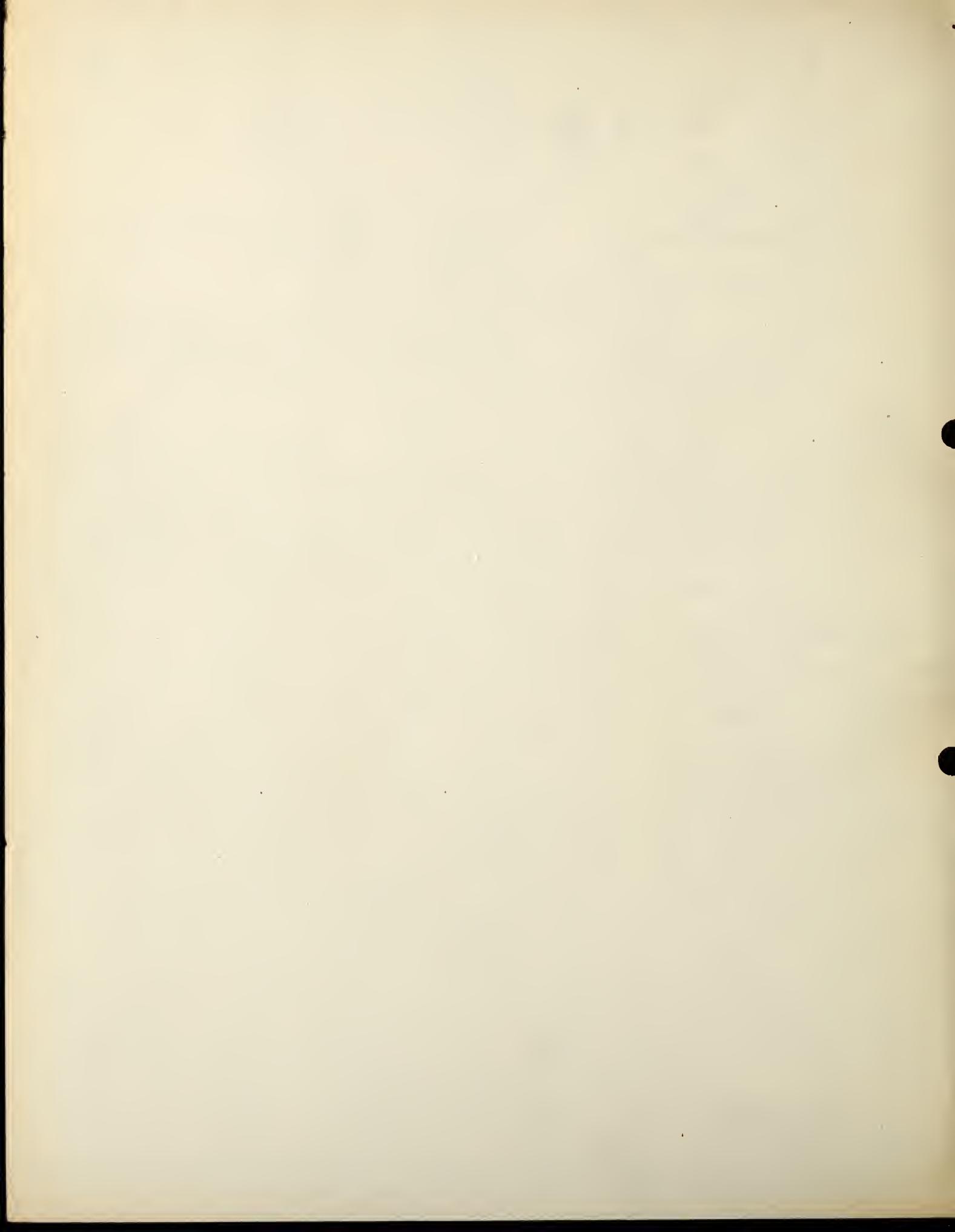
pare, refute, debate, perish or survive, to say nothing of the vocabularies of business, commerce, finance as well as of government, diplomacy, and the professions, are Latin. We can no more get along without words of Latin origin than we can live without a head on our shoulders. It is true that English has been effectively, even beautifully, used by writers who have not studied Latin. But it is also true that most of the great modern writers have had at least a schoolboy's acquaintance with the classics, a little knowledge of Greek and Latin meanings, of the root-sense of words. No doubt much of the old-fashioned schoolroom drill in the classics was dry and fruitless, and there were many unimaginative pedants who could read Latin verse at sight and yet never learned to think clearly or to write their own language skillfully. Nevertheless, those who are trying to banish from the schools even the poor smattering of Latin that the ordinary pupil can get are rendering no service to education. Macaulay defined the true scholar as a man who reads Plato with his feet on the fender. This defines not only the scholar but the lover of literature who reads for pleasure; and the sense of pleasure, not the solemn obligation of self-improvement, is the real motive for reading. Whether or not Macaulay's ideal scholar exists in this world, there is still an audience to whom the classics speak in translation. Let us not call Latin a dead language; it has a double immortality, in its modern linguistic children and in its imperishable patrician self. Rome is still the eternal city.

Editor's note: The following titles are in braille:

Cicero, Marcus Tullius. Six orations. Greenough and Kittridge edition.

With vocabulary. 9v. APH

Life of Cicero. In volume 5 of Plutarch's Lives. NIB



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List of Abbreviations and Abbreviated names used in this magazine,
(Includes a complete list of libraries and presses)

> Albany. New York State Library.

ABFR American Brotherhood of Free Reading for the Blind,
184 Sovth Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California

ABP American Braille Press, 4 Rue de Montevideo, Paris, France.

APH American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky.

> ARC American Red Cross, 315 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C.

> Atlanta. Georgia Library Commission, State Capitol, Georgia.

> Austin. Texas State Library.

BIA Braille Institute of America, 739 N. Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

> Canada. Canadian National Institute, Library Department, 64 Baldwin St., Toronto, Canada.

Chicago. Chicago Public Library. Illinois.

> Cincinnati. Cincinnati Public Library, Vine Street. Ohio.

> Cleveland. Cleveland Public Library, Ohio.

CPH Clovernook Printing House for the Blind, Mt. Healthy, Ohio.

> Dallas. Dallas Public Library, Texas.

> Denver. Denver Public Library, Colorado.

> Detroit. Detroit Public Library, Lothrop Branch, Michigan.

FF Federal fund (Books provided by)

Honolulu. Library of Hawaii.

HMP Howe Memorial Press, Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass.

> Jacksonville. Illinois Free Circulating Library for the Blind, Illinois.

> LC Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

> New Orleans. New Orleans Public Library, Louisiana.

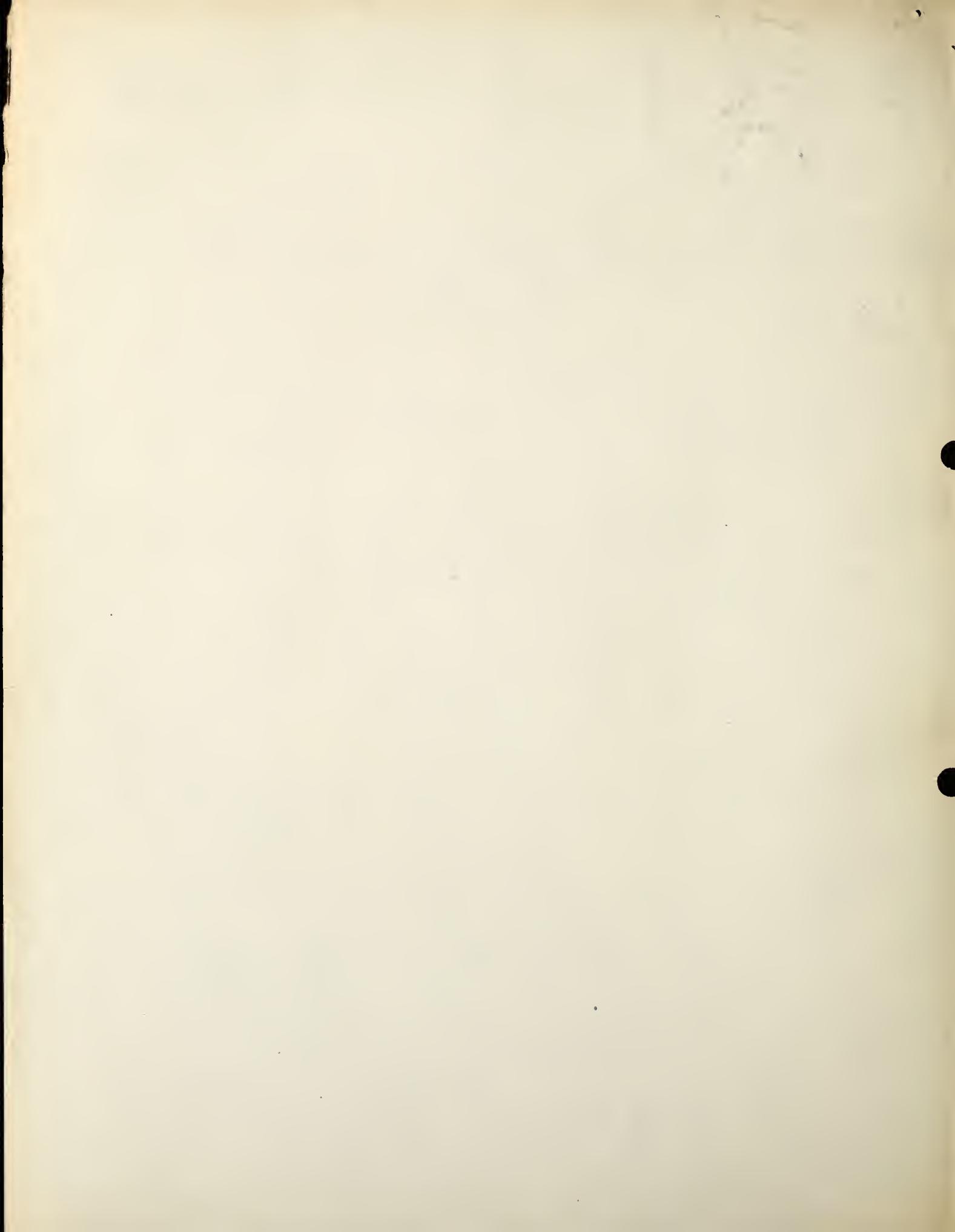
NIB National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St., London, England.

> NLB National Library for the Blind, 1800 D Street, Washington, D.C.

> NYPL New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, N.Y.C.

> Oklahoma. Library Commission, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

> Omaha. Omaha Public Library, Nebraska



> Perkins. Perkins Institution Library, Watertown, Mass.

> Philadelphia. Free Library for the Blind, Logan Square, Philadelphia.

> Pittsburgh. Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Portland. Library Association of Portland, Oregon.

PPS Pax Publishing Society, Logansport, Indiana.

RBA Royal Blind Asylum and School, Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh, Scotland.

RWAP Reading with a Purpose Series.

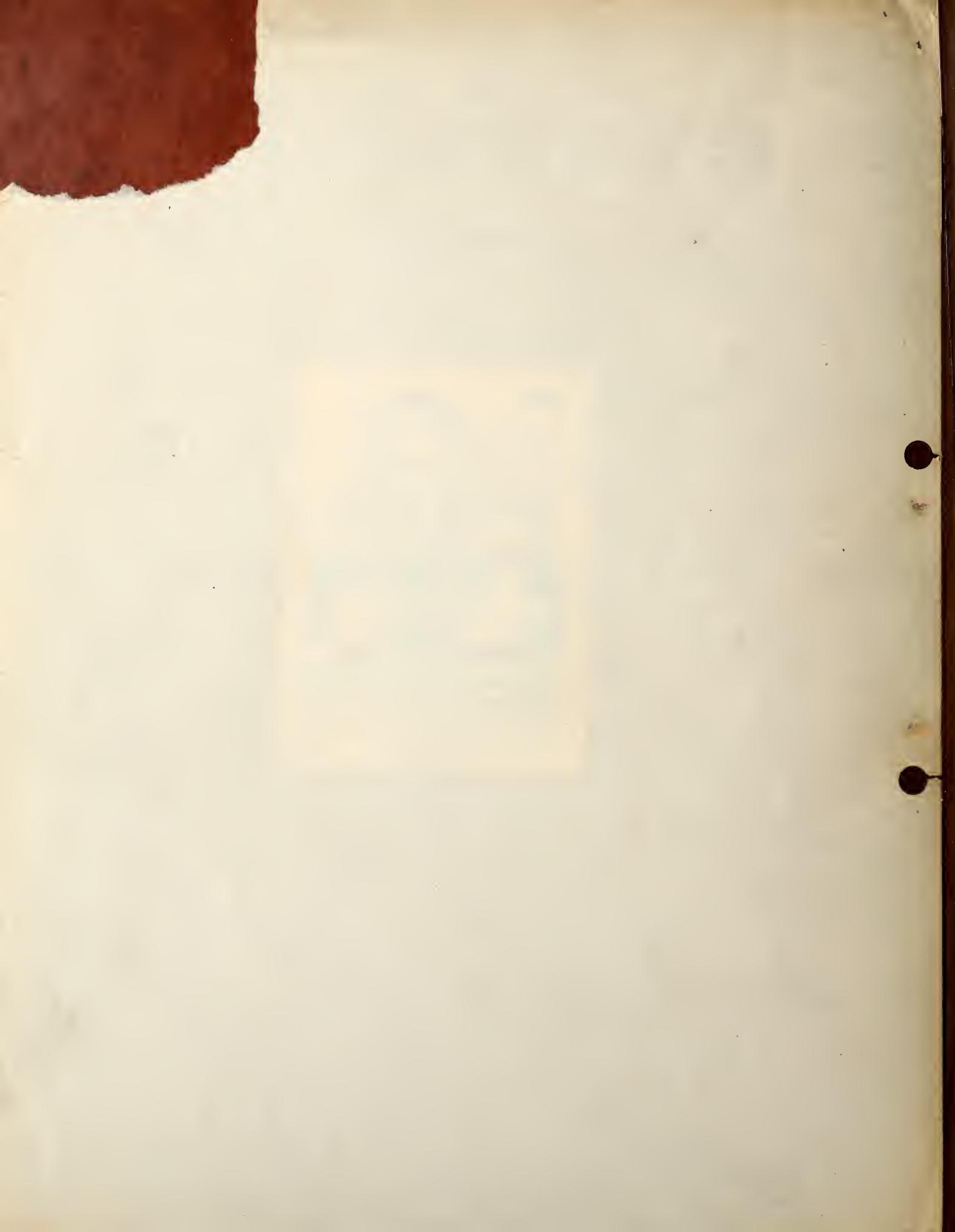
> Sacramento. California State Library.

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